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LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
President of the French Republic

LOUIS NAPOLEON

AND

MADEMOISELLE DE MONTIJO

CANCELLED

BY

IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND

TRANSLATED BY

ELIZABETH GILBERT MARTIN

WITH PORTRAITS

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1897

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PORTRAITS

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the French Republic ..... *Frontispiece*

The Empress Eugénie at the Age of Twenty-six ..... *Face page* 432

LOUIS NAPOLEON

AND

MADEMOISELLE DE MONTIJO

INTRODUCTION

THIS is the fifteenth of November, 1895. Attended only by a warden, I am visiting the palace of Compiègne, where, thirty years ago to a day, I wished the Empress Eugénie many happy returns of her fête. Everybody offered her a bouquet and kissed her hand, and received in acknowledgment a gentle and majestic smile. I pass through every room of the château. Here is the large gallery which was used as a dining-hall, the salon where the sovereign drank her afternoon tea in company with some privileged guests to whom a verbal invitation had been conveyed in the morning by the lady of the palace; there is the card-room where they spent the evening; yonder the drawing-room where people met before setting out on a hunt. I walk about in rooms which no one used to enter: the Emperor's study and his bedroom, the chamber and dressing-room of the Empress. What a contrast between this furniture, these objects of art, these pictures which

have remained absolutely the same, and the royalties, the empires, whose very ruins exist no longer! A pale autumnal sun, which is like a vague reflection of vanished splendors, lights up the deserted halls.

I remember that among the invited guests of the Compiègne *series* of thirty years ago there figured Ferdinand de Lesseps, Prosper Mérimée, Baron Haussmann, and Leverrier the astronomer. One day this famous discoverer of a planet gave a little lecture on astronomy to the visitors at the château. He spoke of the plurality of worlds and demonstrated that ours is but a barely perceptible atom in the immensity of the universe. I seem still to hear the Emperor saying slowly, in a melancholy voice, at the end of this lesson: "Great God! what petty things we are!" Napoleon III. was quite right, and it is above all in palaces, abodes as instructive as churches and cemeteries, that this saying needs to be repeated.

Close to the chapel in the château of Compiègne there is a small salon which is known as the Salon of the Reviews, because it contains two pictures representing the shade of the victor of Austerlitz passing phantom soldiers in review. For the Second Empire, as for the First, there are already phantasmal reviews and many an evocation from beyond the tomb. What has become of the statesmen, the generals, diplomats, literary men, and scientists who shone in this château once so animated, to-day so tranquil? I recall some verses from the *Imita-*

tion of Jesus Christ: "Tell me, where are those masters whom you have known, and whom in their lifetime you have seen flourish by their doctrine? To-day their place is occupied by others, and I know not whether they think of their predecessors. So long as they lived they counted for somewhat, and now they are forgotten. Oh! how quickly passes the glory of the world!"

It was while passing through the apartments of the palace of Louis XIV., when the offices of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, of which I was a member, were stationed there in 1871, that the idea of writing the *Women of Versailles* occurred to me. It was while contemplating the ruins of the Tuileries that I determined to recount the lives of the sovereigns and princesses who inhabited that fatal palace. The visits which in these latter times I have made to the châteaux of Fontainebleau and Compiègne are what have decided me to occupy myself with the Second Empire. After terminating with the death of Queen Marie-Amélie, the thirty-sixth of the volumes which I had consecrated to the *Women of Versailles* and the *Women of the Tuileries*, I was inclined to consider my task ended, and feared to weary the patience of a public which, to my great surprise, had remained faithful to me during twenty-five years. Some possibly too kindly persons have persuaded me to resume the pen and to study the Second Empire as I had studied the preceding epochs. I objected that it is perhaps too soon to speak of the

reign of Napoleon III. They reply that, on the contrary, the time has come to approach this period and to profit by the testimony which can be given by those of the Emperor's contemporaries who are still living. History could wait before steam and electricity. Nowadays it makes haste. Possibly this precipitation may be a test of verity. When speaking of recent events one cannot state facts inexactly without being immediately contradicted. It is different when one studies remote periods; the errors committed could in that case be pointed out only by a very small number of the learned, who are usually too much occupied by their own labors to have leisure to consider those of others. One might say that the history of our days is made instantaneously. It is like a judicial inquiry to which ocular and auricular witnesses are summoned.

Under the pretext that I had seen the Court of the Second Empire near at hand, some of my friends have advised me to write my memoirs. Not for an instant did I entertain the notion of following this counsel. My humble career is far too obscure to tempt me to interest the public in it. Nothing in my life merits description. I have been a mere spectator. The only thing I can do is to relate what I have seen, and speak of illustrious persons with whom I have found myself in relations. But I will never blend my personality with my studies. It suffices me to reconstruct in thought the scenes, by turn dazzling and sombre, which have so

greatly impressed me. I have been present at all the acts of the drama, I have witnessed apotheoses as well as overthrow and ruin. I saw the Empress Eugénie going to Notre Dame on the day of her marriage. I was very near her in the same church when she went with her son to hear the *Te Deum* chanted for the victory of Solferino. The little prince was then three years old. I think I see him still with his white dress and his blue sash. Watching closely every movement of his mother, he rose, knelt, and seated himself whenever she did. The carriage in which the Empress and her child returned to the Tuileries was filled with flowers. I have been invited to the public and the private entertainments of the Court, to those fancy balls where the sovereign appeared in resplendent costumes, and at other times hid her beauty under mask and domino. I saw the Universal Exposition of 1867, splendid zenith of a reign, and the crushing disasters that came after. I was present at the birth of the Empire, I witnessed its last agony, and from the terraces, surmounted by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I watched the crowd crossing the Pont de la Concorde to invade the Corps Législatif and proclaim the downfall of Napoleon III. and his dynasty. Having been in relations with the greater part of the famous men and women who were conspicuous in Paris when I was young, I might say I had a proscenium box from which to witness the varied and extraordinary scenes which unrolled be-

fore my eyes, and the memory of which I am desirous to retrace.

I am no longer at an age when one can make plans which demand much time, and I know not whether I shall have either the years or the leisure necessary to delineate a complete study of Parisian society under the Second Empire. In the present volume I shall confine myself to a rapid glance at the early lives of the Emperor and the Empress, from their birth until their marriage.

The life of Napoleon III. before his coming to the throne has already been the theme of numerous and important historic studies. Among others may be mentioned the works of MM. de La Gorce, Blanchard Jerrold, Georges Duval, Thirria, Fernand Giraudeau, and Emile Ollivier. Every one of these remarkable works we have found very useful. We thank and congratulate their authors.

Whatever judgment posterity may pass upon the second Emperor, it is an incontestable fact that for nearly twenty-two years he was the most conspicuous personage in all the world. No figure in the latter half of the nineteenth century has so obtruded itself into history. One of the most singular characters that has ever been examined is certainly that of the victor of Solferino, the vanquished of Sedan; more cosmopolitan than French, at once a dreamer and a man of action, by turns and even sometimes simultaneously democrat and autocrat, tormented now by the prejudices of the past, and now by new

ideas, the representative of Cæsarism and, at the end of his reign, the champion of popular liberties, taking for counsellors men thoroughly antipodal in their antecedents and their doctrines, looking like a sphinx and not always able to guess his own riddle, active beneath an indolent appearance, impassioned despite an imperturbable indifference, energetic yet with an air of extreme moderation, loving humanity while contemning it, kind to the humble and compassionate to the poor, very seriously occupied with the idea of bettering the material and moral condition of the majority, victim of the faults of others still more than of his own, and better than his destiny. The Republic will always reproach the second Emperor with having made the *coup d'État* and interfered with liberty. The frightful disasters which concluded his reign cannot be forgotten. A grudge is borne him for not remaining true to his Bordeaux programme: "The Empire is peace," a truly fecund programme which would have permitted him to realize his dream of extinguishing pauperism. But, on the other hand, people remember that he took part in every great affair in all quarters of the globe, that he broached all problems, raised all questions, that his eagles soared victoriously from Pekin to Mexico, that he strengthened universal suffrage, proclaimed the principle of national sovereignty and the principle of nationalities, realized in Italy, perhaps, alas! to the detriment of France, the dream of Dante and of

Machiavelli, emancipated the petty nations of the Balkan peninsula, inaugurated the system of commercial liberty, sought every means which might bring together and unite peoples, and borrowed more than one useful reform from socialism. It is remembered, in fine, that he declared that nations should be the arbiters of their own destinies, and that he tried to substitute for the ancient system of conquests the maxim: "Right before might." The ideas of this modern and revolutionary sovereign, this transitional man between the old Monarchy and the Republic, were developed in an imperfect manner only, and fortune, whose favorite he had been so long, ended by being pitiless in his regard. But his work, though interrupted, had a certain grandeur.

Perdent opera interrupta,—minœque
Murorum ingentes.

Others, perhaps, will accomplish what he vainly dreamed, and democracy may some day do that wherein a Cæsar failed.

The life of a man whose destiny has been so unexpected and so strange will be the subject of numberless historical studies, and afford room for the most contradictory appreciations. We are persuaded that the best means of judging the character and the rôle of Napoleon III. would be afforded by publishing his correspondence in full, as that of Napoleon I. has been, and adding to it all his literary or political works, his professions of faith, and

his speeches from the throne. In these would be found the elements of an essentially curious autobiography.

History attaches itself, by preference, to personages whose career has been fruitful in contrasts, and whose destiny has had a touch of romance. That is why the Empress Eugénie will interest so highly not merely her own epoch but the centuries to come. A living symbol of the vicissitudes and the ironies of fortune, she has been by turns a splendid sovereign, a happy wife, envied and flattered above all others, and a *mater dolorosa*. Much will be said about her because she possessed all that is required to impress the imagination, and, according to the saying of Napoleon I., imagination rules the world. At the time when the news of the marriage of Mademoiselle de Montijo and Napoleon III. began to spread in Paris, some one hastened to carry it to M. de Lamartine, thinking it would be badly received and censured by him. Instead of that, the great poet exclaimed: "The Emperor has just realized the most beautiful dream possible to man: to raise the woman he loves above all other women." The Empress was married for love, and nothing is more poetic, nothing more popular, than love. The unfortunate sovereign has held a sceptre which women prize above that of royalty or empire,— the sceptre of beauty. She has incarnated all joys and all sufferings, and there is not in the world a more striking contrast than that between her dazzling

robes of former times and her widow's dress, the black woollen gown she wears to-day.

The Empress Eugénie is a remarkably gifted woman. Truly Spanish in character, impassioned for religion and for glory, she loves all that is beautiful, chivalrous, heroic. There is vehemence in her mind and exaltation in her heart. Adventurous things have always attracted her. She is pleased by what is extraordinary: "I belong," she said one day, with a smile, "to the family of the Cid, and the family of Don Quixote." She expresses herself with vivacity and charm, sometimes even with eloquence, in the languages of her two countries. When she broaches any subject of discussion, political, historic, or literary, she examines it on all sides, she exhausts it. Her style is impulsive, original, full of color and imagery. Her very clear, very firm handwriting indicates a character full of energy. She reads much and easily assimilates all she reads. Hers is a nature full of resources, which immeasurable misfortunes have not beaten down and which everything still interests. Her life has glided by like a dream, a starry dream that changed into a horrible nightmare. But the Empress has been on a level with her misfortune, and we do not believe that any widow, any mother deprived of her only child, has shown more dignity in her sorrow.

It would be playing the courtier, it would be flattering a dethroned sovereign, and consequently failing in respect for her, to say that she has not

often been deceived in political matters. But it can be affirmed that she has always been so in good faith, and that her errors were caused by noble and generous sentiments. That is why she has inspired a sentiment of commiseration and respect even in adversaries who were most irritated against the imperial régime.

Many who were severe upon the triumphant sovereign are affected in presence of the unfortunate woman. By the very excess of the calamities whose weight ennobles her, the widow of Napoleon III. has disarmed envy, and when she passes through the city where once she reigned with so much splendor, there is a sort of tacit agreement, a truce of God, between all parties and in all the journals, to avoid distressing her. Writers have long hesitated to mention her, fearing to disturb her sorrow. But now, when the historic movement is approaching the reign of Napoleon III., it is impossible that his companion should escape history. The Empress has played a part too active, she has exerted too great an influence, to be kept out of narratives wherein she must necessarily, and perhaps even in her own despite, hold a place so important. At present, when psychology is intimately united with history, and when historians, while scrupulously respecting truth, seek to give their narrations the animation and attraction of the novel, such a figure as that of the Empress Eugénie will thrust itself into the most profound and conscientious investigations. The

least details of her existence will be studied, one might say, with a microscope. Her portraits and her letters will be collected. Her least words and actions will be recorded. She will excite the same curiosity as Marie Antoinette. The fêtes of the Tuileries, of Fontainebleau, and Compiègne will be described like those of Versailles and the Little Trianon. Of all the women who have played a part in the second half of the nineteenth century, we think that the Empress Eugénie is she with whom posterity will be most occupied. She would assuredly have had less prestige if the Empire had not been overthrown. Which will interest future generations most? Is it the bride of Notre Dame? Is it the châtelaine of the Tuileries? Is it the intrepid woman who, at the moment when Orsini's bombs had just exploded, ascended the grand staircase of the Opéra, pale but impassible, leaning on the Emperor with one arm, and with the other holding up the train of her blood-stained robe? Is it the sovereign who emulates the Sisters of Charity and who, as she leaves the hospital of Saint-Antoine, after a visit to the cholera patients, sees women of the people, admirers of her courage, spring forward to cut fragments from her flounces, regarding them as relics? Is it the Juno reigning over an Olympus of emperors and kings at the Exposition of 1867? No; it is the mother who weeps and prays in Zululand on the spot where her son had fallen after fighting like a young lion. What posterity will

prefer to contemplate on the brow of the Empress Eugénie is not a crown of empire, but a crown of thorns.

We make no pretension to write a definitive history of the last woman of the Tuileries. Such a task would demand a talent we do not possess. Our desire is merely to publish concerning the widow of Napoleon III., and the society by which she was surrounded, a modest essay similar to our studies of the heroines who preceded her in the fatal palace whose very ruins have disappeared. In speaking of the various dynasties that have reigned in France we have thus far sought to hold the balances evenly between all, and our appreciations of monarchies have contained nothing that could offend republican consciences. Our sole merit, we believe, has been a complete impartiality, praising what is good, blaming what is bad. This entire sincerity will continue to be our rule. Besides, at a period when our work is subjected to excessive public criticism, we could not be partial with impunity. The events to be spoken of are too recent to be misrepresented. We shall try to produce, not an apology but a sort of photographic representation of persons and things. The time for courtiers has passed by. To-day there is but one power before whom all must bow without exception. That power is the truth.

COMPIÈGNE, November 15, 1895.

CHAPTER I

THE CHILDHOOD OF LOUIS NAPOLEON

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS, whose third son was the Emperor Napoleon III., was born in Paris, April 10, 1783. Her father, General Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was president of the Constituent Assembly, and general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, notwithstanding the pledges he had given to liberal ideas and the Revolution, was guillotined during the Terror, July 23, 1794. His wife, the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, born Tascher de la Pagerie, was incarcerated at the same time in the prison des Carmes, and only saved from the scaffold by the execution of Robespierre. On March 9, 1796, she married General Bonaparte, and the children of her first marriage, Eugène and Hortense, were treated with great kindness by her second husband. On January 4, 1802, Hortense married Louis Bonaparte, born at Ajaccio, September 2, 1778, the third brother of the First Consul. She brought into the world, October 10, 1802, a son, Napoleon-Charles, who died at The Hague, in 1807; October 11, 1804, a second son, who died in 1831, at Forli, at the time of the insur-

rection of the Romagna; and April 20, 1808, a third, who was the Emperor Napoleon III.

Honors were not lacking to Louis Bonaparte. His all-powerful brother could say to him: —

"*I have loaded thee with them, I would overwhelm thee with them.*"

He had made him general of division, prince, constable, commandant of the place of Paris, and charged him with the organization of an army intended to protect the north of France and the shipyards of Antwerp and Holland. Louis had acquitted himself so well that he had been put in the order of the day in a bulletin from the Grand Army. It was then that he said to his brother: "Enough of grandeurs and of glory. I have but one more wish: to live tranquil and retired." The Emperor responded by proclaiming Louis King of Holland, June 5, 1806, at Saint-Cloud. The new King and Queen Hortense made their formal entry at The Hague, June 23.

Notwithstanding a destiny so brilliant, Hortense was far from happy. Her marriage with Louis Bonaparte had not been one of inclination on either side. There was a constantly increasing incompatibility of temper between the pair. However, the death of their eldest son, the prince royal, who was carried off by croup, May 4, 1807, caused them a sorrow which brought about a brief reconciliation. They went together at this time to Cauterets. The breach seemed to be healed, and when it was learned

that the Queen was again pregnant, people thought it was definitively closed. On the contrary, this was even the precise cause of a misunderstanding. Hortense wished her child to be born in Paris. She obtained permission from the Emperor, in spite of her husband, who returned alone, and deeply offended, to The Hague.

Queen Hortense's house in Paris was situated in a street then called Cerutti, but now Laffitte. At present the number is seventeen. The future Emperor was born there at one o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 20, 1808. Salvos of artillery announced the prince's birth throughout the vast extent of the Empire, from Hamburg to Rome, from the Pyrenees to the Danube. The new-born child was privately baptized by Cardinal Fesch, but as the Emperor was absent, he received at first no Christian name. It was not until June 2 that he was given those of Charles-Louis-Napoleon. A family register, intended for the children of the Napoleonic dynasty, had been deposited in the senate-house. It was a sort of great book of rights to the imperial succession, and Charles-Louis-Napoleon was inscribed therein. The only prince who figured there after him was the King of Rome.

Louis-Napoleon did not remain a Dutch prince long. His father, King Louis, would not accept the rôle of a crowned prefect. He quarrelled with the Emperor, whose requirements seemed to him incompatible with the independence and dignity of the

Dutch nation. July 1, 1810, he signed at Harlem his abdication in favor of his eldest son, Napoleon-Louis, and, failing him, in favor of his second son, Charles-Louis-Napoleon. The act was accompanied by a proclamation to the Hollanders, in which he said: "I shall never forget a people so good and virtuous as you; my last thought, my last wish, will be for your welfare. Now that I can no longer be reached by malevolence and calumny, at least in what concerns myself, I have the just hope that you will at last receive the reward of all your sacrifices and of your courageous perseverance and resignation." Fearing lest an attempt should be made to seize his person, the King desired the two acts to remain unknown until after his departure, which took place at midnight, July 2. He wept over his eldest son, whom he left at Harlem, and quitted his pavilion on foot and secretly, passing through the garden to reach his carriage. While doing so he had a fall which nearly prevented his departure. He carried away with him only ten thousand florins and his decorations in brilliants. He sent a Dutch counsellor of state to Plombières, where Queen Hortense then was, to invite her to assume the regency in the name of the prince royal. The Queen had no time to accept this invitation, for six days after the abdication of the King, the Emperor issued a decree annexing Holland to France. One of his aides-de-camp, General Lauriston, went to find the prince royal, and brought him back

to France, where he was put in charge of his mother.

Taking precautions to prevent being arrested by his brother, Louis sought refuge in Bohemia, and arrived at Toplitz, July 9. When he learned that the rights of his son had been disregarded, he addressed a protest to all the courts. M. Decazes went to Toplitz to induce him, in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, to return to France. The dethroned King refused, and took shelter at Gratz, in Styria, where he remained until 1813.

The happiness of having her eldest son again, and of being able to educate both of her children in Paris, completely reconciled Hortense to the loss of a crown. The Emperor treated the little princes with great kindness. November 10, 1810, the younger, Louis-Napoleon, and the children of several great personages of the Empire (Prince de Neufchâtel, Duc de Montebello, Duc de Bassano, Duc de Cadore, Comte de Cessac, Duc de Trevise, Duc de Bellune, Duc d'Abrantès, Comte Dejean, Comte de Beauharnais, Comte Rampon, Comte Daru, Comte Duchâtel, Comte Capulli, Comte de Lauriston, Comte Lemarrois, Comte Defrance, Comte de Turenne, Comte de Lagrange, Comte Gros, Baron Curial, Baron Colbert, Baron Gobert, and Comte Becker) were solemnly held at the baptismal font by the Emperor and the Empress Marie Louise, in the chapel of the palace of Fontainebleau. The music of a new mass by Lesueur was

performed. Monseigneur de La Roche, Bishop of Versailles, officiated. On leaving the chapel the Emperor said, alluding to the interesting condition of Marie Louise: "Before long, gentlemen, I hope we shall have another infant to baptize." The next day he sent Queen Hortense a magnificent pearl necklace, the clasp of which was a sapphire set in brilliants. All members of the Queen's household who had been present at the ceremony likewise received rich presents. Louis-Napoleon passed from the care of his nurse, Madame Bure, into that of his governess, Madame de Boubers, and of Mademoiselle Cochelet, the Queen's reader. The Abbé Bertrand was appointed his tutor, while his elder brother was under the instruction of the famous Hellenist, M. Hase.

The birth of the King of Rome did not change the Emperor's sentiments toward his young nephews. They were well brought up by their mother, who took pains to convince them that they were nobodies, and could rely only on themselves. She forbade their being addressed as Monseigneur and Imperial Highness. They were often called: "My little Napoleon, my little Louis." After examining her sons on what they knew already, Hortense would run over the list of what they had still to learn in order to be self-sufficing and able to create the resources necessary to their existence. One day, while holding them both on her knees, she said: —

"If you had nothing more at all, and were alone

in the world, what would you do, Napoleon, to get out of such a scrape?"

"I would become a soldier, and fight so well that they would make me an officer."

"And how would you earn your living, Louis?"

"I would sell bunches of violets, like the little boy at the door of the Tuileries, from whom we buy some every day."

The second Emperor recorded his recollections of his childhood in a fragmentary memoir, communicated by the Empress Eugénie to M. Blanchard Jerrold, who has given an English version of them in his interesting volume, *The Life of Napoleon III.*, from which we shall borrow numerous documents.

"My first recollections," says the Emperor, "go back to my baptism; I was baptized in my third year. Next I remember Malmaison. I still see the Empress Josephine in her salon on the ground floor, covering me with caresses, and already flattering my self-love by repeating my bright sayings. For my grandmother spoiled me in the full sense of the word, while my mother, on the contrary, from my earliest infancy, took pains to correct my faults and develop my qualities. I recollect that when my brother and I arrived at Malmaison we could do whatever we pleased. The Empress, who was passionately fond of plants and hot-houses, allowed us to cut the sugar canes to suck them, and always told us to ask for whatever we wanted. One day, when she made this remark on the eve of a feast, my

brother, who was three years older than I, and hence more sentimental, asked for a watch with our mother's portrait. But when the Empress said to me: 'Louis, ask for just what will please you best,' I asked to go and walk in the mud with the street Arabs."

The Emperor thus describes his passion for military things: "Like all children, but perhaps more than all others, soldiers attracted my eyes and were the subject of all my thoughts. Whenever I could escape from the salon at Malmaison, I would hurry towards the grand staircase, where two grenadiers of the Imperial Guard were always on duty. I remember saying to them: 'I can do the exercise, too; I have a little gun.' And the grenadier would tell me to command him, and I would say: 'Present arms! Carry arms! Shoulder arms!' and the grenadier would execute all the movements to give me pleasure. My rapture can be imagined. Wishing to prove my gratitude I would run to a place where biscuits had been given us, take one and run to put it into the hand of the grenadier, who would laugh and accept it."

Happy in the progress of her children and the good will of the Emperor, Hortense was at this time contented with her lot. Very much the fashion, flattered by the best society, both French and foreign, she led a princely existence in Paris, where her house, in the rue Cerutti, was the rendezvous of all the leaders in politics, letters, and arts. She

painted, she sang, she composed pleasing romances. This was an artist queen, amiable, gracious, attractive, having friends and admirers in all parties.

Meanwhile the unhappy Louis, a king without a crown, a husband without a wife, a father without children, was leading the saddest of lives in his voluntary exile. When the news reached him of the senatorial decree of December 15, 1810, by which an appanage around his estate of Saint-Leu was awarded him in place of his throne of Holland, he wrote to Queen Hortense: "My pain and sorrow would be at their height could I accept the shameful appanage intended for me. . . . I command you to refuse even the least portion of this vile and disgraceful gift. I annul in advance any acceptance or consent which you could give either for yourself or for my children. All my private estates are at your service and theirs. I authorize you to take possession of them. That, with your own property, will enable you to live as a private person; as queen, wife, mother, under every aspect, any other gift would insult you, and I would disown you at all times, as in all places."

No sooner was France unfortunate than Louis wished to serve her. January 1, 1813, he wrote to his brother: "I come, Sire, to offer to the land where I was born, and to you, my name, my remaining strength, and all the services of which I am capable, if only I may do so with honor." This offer was not accepted. Seeing that war was about to break

out between Austria and France, Louis was unwilling to remain in the dominions of the Emperor Francis, and set off for Switzerland, July 10. Before leaving Styria, he wrote a little poem in which he said: —

Adieu, florissante contrée,
Où nul ne comprit tous mes maux,
Mais où, l'âme triste, eplorée,
J'ai souvent rêvé le repos. . . .
Confidents d'un cœur solitaire,
Jeunes arbres, mes seuls amis,
Puisse votre ombre hospitalière
Mieux abriter d'autres proscrits.[1]

Louis hoped for a moment that his brother would send him back to Holland, where he still had real sympathizers. But Napoleon said: "I would prefer that Holland should return to the control of the house of Orange, than to that of my brother." The allies, having entered Switzerland, Louis left that country, December 22, 1813, and reached Paris, January 1, 1814, where he went to the house of Madame Mère. January 10, he obtained an interview with the Emperor, through the intermediation of the Empress Marie Louise. The meeting was frigid. The brothers did not embrace. Louis saw Napoleon a second time, on the eve of his departure

[1] Adieu, flourishing country, — Where no one comprehends my woes, — But where, soul-sick and weeping, — I often have dreamed repose. . . . — Confidants of a solitary heart, — Young trees, my only friends, — May your hospitable shade — Give better shelter to other exiles.

for the army. March 16, he wrote him these prophetic lines: "If Your Majesty does not sign a peace, you may be thoroughly convinced that your government will not last three weeks longer. A little coolness and good sense are all that is required to judge how things stand at this moment." Louis lived in Paris from the beginning of January until March 30, when he accompanied the Empress Marie Louise to Blois, after vainly counselling her to remain in Paris even after the entry of the allies.

Hortense was an ardent, energetic, impassioned woman, whose heart throbbed responsive to everything soldierly and chivalric. At the time of the invasion she thought and acted like a true patriot, and notwithstanding their extreme youth, her sons shared her generous emotions. At the first rumor of invasion by a foreign army she tried to make them comprehend how they would be affected by such a calamity. After describing the devastated country, the burned cabins, the foodless peasants, the orphaned children, she asked if, since they were not old enough to fight, they would not at least share all they possessed with the unhappy. The little princes at once offered all their toys, their money, and whatever they had. Mademoiselle Cochelet, who relates this anecdote, adds: "The Queen accepted their sacrifice, but made it tell in a manner they would feel daily, and so be reminded of the misfortunes of a country with which they ought to identify themselves. It was agreed that they should go without

dessert so long as there was war on French territory. Prince Napoleon told me this with a sort of pride; he had made his brother Louis, who was only six years old, understand that to associate them in this way with the common distress was to make them of some importance."

If Marie Louise had had the sentiments and the energy of Hortense, she would at least have saved the cause of the King of Rome, if not that of the Emperor. "Sister," said the Queen to the Empress, who was about to start for Blois, "you know that in leaving Paris you neutralize the defence, and thus lose your crown; I see that you are making the sacrifice with much resignation." Marie Louise replied: "You are right; it is not my fault, the council has settled it this way." Hortense exclaimed: "I wish I were the mother of the King of Rome; the energy I would display would inspire everybody else."

The weakness displayed by public opinion made her angry, and she said, bitterly: "Can an army take possession of a capital so easily? and with the Emperor so near! But I remember that Madrid held out for days against our armies; there are thousands of such examples and we are Frenchmen!"

It was the 29th of March. The enemy was approaching. Marie Louise had just quitted the Tuileries. King Louis, learning that his wife and children had not yet departed, sent word to the Queen that she seemed to forget that if Paris were

taken her children might be seized as hostages. At nine o'clock in the evening the carriages started. The Queen rode in the first one with her children; the Comtesse de Mailly, under-governess to the princes, the Comte and Comtesse d'Arjuzon, and Madame Bure were in the second, and Mademoiselle Cochelet in the third, carrying with her all the Queen's fortune, that is to say, her diamonds. As the Cossacks had already been seen near Paris, the Queen, dreading to meet them, ordered her courier to ride well in advance of the carriages, and to fire a pistol in the air if he perceived an enemy. Such a signal was to make the carriages turn back.

Hortense would not yet despair. She fancied that Napoleon was about to appear as a deliverer. For that reason she went away slowly, and spent the night at the Little Trianon. The next day, March 30, Marshal Moncey and a handful of soldiers made a heroic defence at the Clichy barrier.

From the garden of the Trianon, Hortense heard the cannonading at Paris distinctly. When the fighting was over, and the capitulation signed, the despairing Queen, deciding to continue her route, went first to Rambouillet, and then to the château of Navarre, near Evreux, where she rejoined her mother.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST RESTORATION

THE death agony of the Empire had just begun. The allies were masters of Paris. Napoleon was at Fontainebleau; Marie Louise and the King of Rome at Blois; Josephine, Hortense, and her children at the château of Navarre. The senate had recalled the Bourbons. The Emperor had abdicated, April 6, for himself and his dynasty. April 11, the Powers signed a treaty conferring the sovereignty of the island of Elba on Napoleon and granting pecuniary advantages to the members of his family, especially an annual pension of four hundred thousand francs for Queen Hortense and her sons.

Hortense had protectors among the allies: Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians (Leopold I.), Prince Metternich, and Comte de Nesselrode, both of whom had been in Paris, one as Austrian ambassador and the other as chief secretary of the Russian embassy, and both were then frequenters of the Queen's salon. However, she took no steps toward securing the advantages conferred on her by the treaty of April 11. On the 9th, she wrote a letter from Navarre to Made-

moiselle Cochelet in which she said: "My dear Louise, not only you but everybody is writing to inquire what I want, what I ask for. Nothing at all, I answer. What can I desire? When one has sufficient strength of mind to make a great decision and to contemplate a voyage to India or America with coolness, it is useless to ask for anything whatever. Really, I am not so very much to be pitied personally, for I have suffered greatly amidst grandeurs. Perhaps I am going to taste tranquillity and find it preferable to all the brilliant agitation which surrounded me. I do not think I can remain in France; the deep interest displayed for me might result in giving umbrage. That idea is crushing; but I will cause uneasiness to no one."

What especially troubled the Queen was the fear that her sons might be taken from her. "Ah!" she adds, in the same letter, "I hope that my children will not be reclaimed, for then I would have no courage left. Brought up by my care they would find themselves happy in all positions. I would teach them to meet either good or evil fortune worthily, and to place their happiness in their own self-approval. That is worth more than crowns. They are well, and that makes me happy."

Mademoiselle Cochelet replied to the Queen: "I have just seen M. de Nesselrode again; he asked many questions about you. . . . Prince Leopold lodges in the same house as the Comtesse de Tascher; he is constantly thinking of you and your mother;

he is no ingrate; he remembers how kind both of you were to him. . . . Your friends insist that you shall return to Malmaison as soon as the Emperor Napoleon leaves Fontainebleau. They assert that the Emperor of Russia intends to go and see you at Navarre if you do not come to Malmaison. So you cannot avoid him; and remember that he has the future of your children in his hands."

Hortense replied, April 12: "My resolution afflicts you, my dear Louise! You all accuse me of childishness! You are unjust! The advice of the Duc de Vicence may be followed by my mother; she will go to Malmaison, but for me, *I stay;* I must not separate my cause from that of my children. It is they and their relatives that are sacrificed in all that is being done; therefore, I will not come to terms with those who are spoiling their destiny. . . . I have no doubt that the Emperor of Russia would be most kind to me; I have heard many good things about him, even from the Emperor Napoleon; but though I once had a curiosity to make his acquaintance, at present I do not wish to see him; is he not our conqueror? . . . My mother opposes all my plans; she says she needs me, but none the less I shall go to her who must be still more unhappy."

It was the Empress Marie Louise who, from Hortense's point of view, must be the most unhappy. She was then at Rambouillet, where she was awaiting the arrival of her father, the Emperor

of Austria. Hortense rejoined her there, April 16. She met with a very cool and embarrassed reception. Hortense perceived at once that Marie Louise, although afflicted, was not so heartbroken as Josephine. "I thought," the Queen has said, "that I was still more necessary to my mother, who felt so keenly the misfortunes of the Emperor; and since I embarrassed the Empress Marie Louise instead of consoling her, I went away. Her father was about to arrive; I had, in fact, met him on the road, in a little calash with M. de Metternich."

April 20, Napoleon, after bidding adieu to his guard, quitted Fontainebleau for the island of Elba. The Emperor Alexander may be said to have become at once the courtier of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. There Hortense rejoined her mother, and at first maintained a reserved attitude toward the Czar. M. de Nesselrode said at the time to Mademoiselle Cochelet: "Your Queen, who is usually so amiable, seems not to be so with our sovereign. This distresses him, for he greatly desires to be useful to her, and also to Prince Eugène. He finds the Queen very cold, very dignified; she has not responded to the offers he has made on behalf of her children; it will not be easy for him to oblige her if she refuses so obstinately. As for the Empress Josephine, he is charmed with her gentleness, her kindness, her unreserve." The Emperor Alexander had the greatest desire to please those whom he esteemed, but he suspected those who were too for-

ward. Hortense's coolness piqued him to the quick. He returned to Malmaison, and his exquisite courtesy soon won her over. "I find a truly feminine delicacy of feeling in the Emperor of Russia," said she; "he thoroughly comprehends our position, even our pride and reserve towards him, and it is impossible not to be grateful to him for it." To the great despair of legitimist society, the Czar displayed a sort of enthusiasm for Josephine, Hortense, and Prince Eugène. "What is the faubourg Saint-Germain to me?" said he. "So much the worse for those ladies if they have not captivated me. In the Empress Josephine and her children, I find all that wins admiration and attachment. I take far more pleasure with them, in the ease of private life, than with persons who act as if they were possessed, and who, instead of enjoying the triumph we have prepared for them, think only of annihilating their enemies, beginning with those who so long protected them; their exasperation wearies me." The Czar wished to pay a visit to Hortense at her house in the rue Cerutti. In receiving him she said: "You find my apartment empty; I have no longer any one to receive you with ceremony. But what difference does it make? Do you suppose that ante-chambers full of gilded liveries are what give pleasure to those who will come to see me nowadays?" Alexander replied: "I was for the regency, and especially wished that the country should be consulted; but they were in a hurry to recall the Bourbons, with-

out any guarantees. So much the worse for the French, if they turn out badly; it was they who wanted them and not I. I will always make your family respected. . . . If Russia suited you, I would be only too happy to offer you a palace; but you would find the climate too severe for your delicate health. . . . You are so much loved in France! Why not stay here?"

May 14, the Czar, wishing to see the château of Saint-Leu, was received there by Josephine and Hortense. He came without ceremony, in a little calash, with Comte Tchernischeff. The 21st he visited the machine of Marly in company with Hortense and her children, and in the evening dined at Malmaison with Josephine, who gave him a fine cameo, presented to her by Pius VII. He dined there again, the 23d, together with the King of Prussia and his sons (the future Frederick William IV. and the future Emperor William). When they saw the two sovereigns arrive Hortense's children, who were used to seeing kings of their own family, asked their governess if Frederick William III. and Alexander were also their uncles, and if they ought to call them so. "No," said the governess, "you will merely say Sire." She added: "This Emperor of Russia is a generous enemy who wishes to be of use to you in your misfortunes, and also to your mamma. Except for him you would have nothing left in the world, and the fate of your uncle, the Emperor, would be much worse than it is." Prince

Napoleon replied: "Then we ought to love him?" —"Yes, certainly," returned Madame de Boubers, "because you owe him gratitude." Little Prince Louis listened to this conversation without saying a word. Soon after, he tiptoed close to the Czar, and very quietly, without attracting any one's notice, slipped a tiny ring into his hand, and scampered off as fast as possible. His mother called him back to ask what he had been doing, and the child replied: "Uncle Eugène gave me that ring, and I wanted to give it to the Emperor Alexander, because he is good to mamma." The Czar attached the little ring to his watch and said that he would always wear it. If Napoleon III. had recalled more frequently this incident of his childhood, perhaps the Crimean war, that heroic but fatal mistake, would not have occurred.

Alexander returned to Malmaison, May 28. This time the Empress Josephine could not receive him. She was suffering from a throat complaint, the germ of which she had contracted during an evening excursion on the pond of Saint-Cucuphat. On the following day, Whitsunday, she breathed her last. Her funeral took place June 2. Twenty thousand people followed the hearse to the church of Rueil, where she was buried. The sons of Queen Hortense were the chief mourners. Alexander, who had sent a representative to Josephine's obsequies, left Paris the next day. Before departing he had obtained from Louis XVIII. the erection of Saint-Leu into a

duchy, with an appanage, for the benefit of Hortense and her children.

While his wife was coquetting with the allied powers, King Louis had maintained the noblest attitude. He did not separate himself from Marie Louise until she passed into the hands of foreigners, and then took refuge at Lausanne, under the name of Comte de Saint-Leu, although the allies had sent him an authorization to reside in France. On learning that Louis XVIII., without notifying him, had erected the domain of Saint-Leu into a duchy, he made a formal protest in which he renounced all the advantages granted him by the treaty of Fontainebleau of April 11, 1814, adding that he likewise renounced them for his children, and that being simply a private individual since his abdication, and having refused all the offers and rejected the appanage with which the senate decree of December 10, 1810, had sought to endow him, he did not intend to retain at his estate of Saint-Leu other dependencies than those which were there in 1809, and which alone belonged to him.

Louis was deeply affected when he learned that his wife had obtained an audience from Louis XVIII. to thank him, and had been received most courteously. M. de Sémonville said to Mademoiselle Cochelet: "Have you heard the news? Your Queen has turned the head of King Louis XVIII.; he talks of nobody else; he is enchanted with her wit, her tact, and all her ways,— in fact, they joke

him about it at the château. 'Arrange a divorce,' they say to him in his family, 'and marry her, since you find her so charming.'" The society of the faubourg Saint-Germain sharply criticised the sympathy of Louis XVIII. for Hortense, and maintained that her salon was merely a centre of incessant conspiracies against the Bourbons. Hortense did not conspire personally, but it is certain that at her house young Bonapartist officers, such as the Lawoëstines, the Flahauts, the La Bédoyères, talked vehemently against the court, and made no ceremony about announcing the prompt return of Napoleon.

December 31, 1814, many ladies who had gone to the Tuileries early in the evening to wish the members of the royal family a happy New Year, went afterwards to the house of Queen Hortense, as if the Empire had not yet fallen. During the carnival of 1815, the procession of the Fat Ox made its visit to the former Queen of Holland, the same as on preceding years. All the Bonapartists in Paris rejoiced whenever they heard Queen Hortense mentioned.

Meanwhile, the Queen was in bitter distress. King Louis demanded possession of his elder son, while consenting that the younger should remain with his mother. Hortense having opposed a plea in bar to this nevertheless very just demand, the cause went to the courts. Two celebrated lawyers, Tripier for the husband, and Bonnet for the wife, pleaded it before the civil tribunal of the

Seine. The latter, after recalling the fact that by letters patent Louis XVIII. had granted the duchy of Saint-Leu to the former Queen of Holland and her descendants, added these curious words: "All is ended by the signal benefit which has found grateful hearts. What do you think, then, of the indiscreet reclamation which tends to make a foreigner of the young Duc de Saint-Leu,—to take him from his mother, his country, and his king?" The court was unconvinced by this argument, and decided, March 7, 1815, that the elder son should be given back to his father within three months. But at the very moment when this decision was announced, it was learned in Paris that Napoleon had landed in France. That might change things.

The legitimists were so clamorous against the Queen that, seeing herself on the point of being treated as a suspected person, and perhaps imprisoned, she resolved to ensure the safety of her children and had them taken secretly to a shopkeeper on the boulevard, and hid herself in a house in the rue Duphot. Something told her that she would soon leave this asylum to make her reappearance at the Tuileries, and that Napoleon could not have taken such a step without having substantial chances of success. Notwithstanding her declarations of love for tranquillity and peace, Hortense's soul was ardent and craved emotions. With her adventurous and romantic character, she did not find it unpleasant to be present at the terrible game about to be played.

The hope of soon beholding the Emperor, whom she fairly worshipped, enchanted her. Hence she felt assured that this all-powerful protector would, doubtless, grant her what she most desired: the authorization to keep possession of both her sons, in spite of the suit she had just lost.

CHAPTER III

THE HUNDRED DAYS

QUEEN HORTENSE was not in the secret of the return from Elba. She was as much surprised as the royalists by the news of the Emperor's landing at the Gulf of Juan. None the less it was claimed that she had conspired, and deep resentment was displayed against her. In the notes left by Napoleon III. under the title: *Souvenirs de ma Vie*, he has written on this subject: "The royalists and body-guards manifested great irritation against my mother and her children. It was rumored that we were to be assassinated. One evening, our governess came to fetch us and, followed by a valet, she took us through the garden of my mother's house, No. 8, rue Cerutti, to a little room on the boulevard, where we were to remain in hiding. This was the first sign of a reverse of fortune. We were flying for the first time from the paternal roof, but our youth prevented us from comprehending the import of this event; we were delighted with the change of situation."

Hortense, who had accepted the title of Duchesse de Saint-Leu, with an appanage, from Louis XVIII.,

and been treated with great consideration by the Emperor Alexander, found herself very delicately situated toward both sovereigns, as well as toward Napoleon. Some years later she said to Madame Récamier: "I received the news of the Emperor's landing only through public channels, and it gave me more vexation than pleasure. I knew the Emperor too well to believe that he would have attempted such an enterprise without good reasons to expect success; but I was profoundly afflicted by the prospect of a civil war, and convinced that it could not be averted. The speedy arrival of the Emperor disconcerted all previsions; on hearing of the King's departure, and picturing him to myself old, infirm, and again forced to quit his country, I was deeply affected. The idea that he might at this moment accuse me of treason was insupportable, and in spite of the inconveniences to which such a step might expose me, I wrote to him to exculpate myself from all share in the events which had just occurred."

Hortense may have been a royalist, or passed for such, during the whole of the first Restoration, but all her imperialist ardor revived as soon as she found herself in the presence of Napoleon I., her benefactor, and it was with enthusiasm that in the evening of March 20, 1815, she beheld the victor of so many battles resume possession of the château of the Tuileries. She was awaiting him there, with the host of functionaries who had remained loyal to

the Empire, in the great illuminated apartments, and witnessed the frenzied applause, the delirious joy, the passionate transports, which saluted his return.

M. Thiers relates that Napoleon was affectionate towards all who were present, except Hortense, on perceiving whom he exclaimed, "You in Paris! You are the only one I did not wish to find here." The historian cites other very severe remarks which Napoleon may have added. According to the account given by the Queen to Madame Récamier, and related by the latter in her souvenirs, things did not happen precisely as they are described by M. Thiers. It was not on the evening of March 20, but the next day, that Napoleon sharply reproached his sister-in-law. This version is the more probable, for the Emperor would, doubtless, wish to spare her a public reproof.

Here, moreover, is the story told by Hortense herself to Madame Récamier: "The tumult was such that I found it difficult to approach the Emperor. He received me coldly, said but a few words, and appointed an hour for me the next morning. The Emperor always frightened me very much, and the tone in which he made this appointment was not calculated to reassure me. I went to it, nevertheless, with as tranquil a countenance as I was able to assume. I was introduced into his cabinet. No sooner were we alone than he came quickly toward me. 'Did you comprehend your situation so little,'

he said, brusquely, 'that you were able to renounce your name and the rank I had given you, and to accept a title from the Bourbons? Was that your duty?'

"'My duty, Sire,' said I, summoning all my courage to reply, 'was to think of my children's future, since Your Majesty's abdication left me no other to fulfil.'

"'Your children!' exclaimed the Emperor. 'Were not your children my nephews before they were your sons? Have you forgotten that? Do you think you have the right to degrade them from the rank which is theirs?' — And as I looked at him in amazement, he added, with increasing anger: 'Have you not read the Code?' I confessed my ignorance, remembering, meanwhile, how ill he used to take it if any woman, and especially those of his family, dared display any acquaintance with legislation. Thereupon he volubly explained the article of the law which forbids any one to change the condition of minors or make any renunciation in their name. While speaking he was striding up and down his cabinet, the window of which was open to the first rays of a lovely spring sun. I followed, trying to make him understand that, not knowing the laws, I had thought of nothing but the interests of my children, and taken counsel only of my heart. The Emperor suddenly stopped short, and turning brusquely towards me, said: 'Then it should have told you, Madame, that when one has shared the

prosperity of a family, one should know how to endure its adversities.' At these last words I melted into tears."

A great clamor broke out at this moment. Napoleon approached the window. The crowd filling the garden of the Tuileries greeted him with applause, and Hortense dried her eyes.

The wrath of the Emperor was appeased. "I am a good father," said he to his step-daughter, embracing her.

Before this reconciliation with the Emperor, whose anger had perhaps been more feigned than real, Hortense had written to her brother, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais: "My dear Eugène, an enthusiasm of which you have not the least idea has brought back the Emperor to France. He has received me very coldly. I think he does not approve of my remaining here. He told me he counted on you, and that he had written you from Lyons. My God! if we only do not have war! It will not come, I hope, from the Emperor of Russia; he disapproves it so! Ah! talk peace to him, use your influence with him; the needs of humanity demand it. I hope I shall soon see you. I was obliged to conceal myself for twelve days, because a thousand rumors were in circulation concerning me. Adieu, I am dead with fatigue." This letter, having been intercepted, was laid before the Congress of Vienna. Some wished to see in it the proof of Prince Eugène's participation in the return from

Elba. But the Czar defended the Prince, to whom the Congress awarded the enjoyment of his endowments and personal property, and assigned him the château of Bayreuth as a residence. Eugène had no notion of rejoining Napoleon in Paris. He remained in Bavaria, near his father-in-law, King Maximilian, while Hortense was doing the honors of the Tuileries, and afterwards of the Elysée, where Napoleon installed himself, April 17.

One thing that contributed to the joy caused the former Queen of Holland by the Emperor's return, was his authorizing her to keep possession of her two sons, in spite of the legal decision which had just condemned her to restore the elder to King Louis. The latter had taken refuge at Rome, September 24, 1814, where he received a cordial reception from Pope Pius VII. During the Hundred Days, he thought for a moment of returning to France, but on conditions which his brother would not accept. Napoleon said, on the rock of Saint Helena: "On my return from Elba, in 1815, Louis wrote me a long letter from Rome, and sent me an embassy; he said it was his treaty, his conditions for returning to me. I replied that I was in no case to make treaties, but that, if he returned, he was my brother and would be well received.

"Would it be believed that one of his conditions was that he should be at liberty to divorce Hortense? I was very rough with the negotiator for having dared to burden himself with such an absurdity, for

having entertained the notion that such a thing was negotiable. I reminded Louis that our family statutes explicitly forbade it; policy, morality, and public opinion were not less adverse, I told him, assuring him, moreover, that if through his means his children came to lose their rank, I would interest myself far more in them than in him, albeit he was my brother."

During the whole of the Hundred Days Queen Hortense, who was in as great favor as ever with Napoleon, exerted a real influence. It was through her good offices that the dowager Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of Louis Philippe, and the Duchesse de Bourbon, aunt of that prince and mother of the Duc d'Enghien, were authorized to remain in France, and received a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon treated Hortense as an affectionate father treats his daughter. He protected her and her children. The presence of the two princes consoled him somewhat for the absence of the King of Rome.

The Queen, accompanied by her two sons, was present, June 1, at the ceremony of the Field of May, where Napoleon and his court appeared for the last time in all the splendor of imperial pomp, and where the sovereign whom fortune was about to betray, standing erect on the first step of a pyramidal platform, exclaimed: "Soldiers of the national guard of the Empire, soldiers on land and sea, I confide to you the imperial eagle of the national colors. Swear to defend it at the cost of your blood against

the enemies of the fatherland. Swear to die rather than suffer foreigners to dictate the law to the country." In the evening of June 11, Hortense took her sons to the Elysée to bid adieu to their uncle, who was about to start for the fatal campaign of which Waterloo was to be the issue. The Queen was still there at half-past three in the morning, when Napoleon quitted the Elysée and said to the wife of General Bertrand, before entering the carriage: "We must hope, Madame Bertrand, that we may not soon have to wish for the island of Elba." Nine days later, June 21, Napoleon returned vanquished to the Elysée. Again he found Hortense there. The next day she witnessed the death struggle of the Empire, the drama of the second abdication.

"In the afternoon," writes Mademoiselle Cochelet, "Queen Hortense went to the Elysée; I had the honor to accompany her, and I remained in the attendants' room while Her Majesty was with the Emperor. I presently saw her walking in the gardens with Madame Mère, while the Emperor, a few paces away from them, was talking with his brother Lucien. All of a sudden, cries of 'Long live the Emperor!' made us all rush to the windows. The crowd, exasperated by the abdication, was surrounding the palace and the gardens, demanding the Emperor with loud cries; and when they saw him walking about, several men had climbed over the walls to run towards him; they

had thrown themselves at his feet and, with those penetrating accents which come from the soul, had implored him not to desert them, to abandon this plan of abdication which reduced them to despair, and to place himself at their head to repel the enemy." All this devotion was fruitless. Napoleon, stricken down by fatality, could do nothing more.

Hortense returned home heartbroken. In the carriage she said to Mademoiselle Cochelet: "The Emperor asked if Malmaison belonged to me, and I replied that it was my brother's, but it was all the same thing. Then he said he wished to go there and begged me to accompany him."

"And you consented, Madame?"

"Certainly, I am too happy to be able to show him my gratitude for all he has done for me."

"But reflect, Madame, on the danger of the circumstances in which we are; surely it is very unsafe for you to identify yourself in this way with the Emperor's fate."

"That is an additional reason why I do not hesitate to do so! I make it a duty, and the more risks the Emperor runs the better pleased I am to show him all my devotion."

After placing her two sons in safety at the house of Madame Tessier, in the boulevard Montmartre, Hortense went to Malmaison to receive the Emperor. He arrived at about one o'clock in the afternoon, June 25, and remained until five in the evening,

June 29. This sojourn, the first station of his calvary, was a torture to the vanquished of Waterloo. Louis XVI. had not been more undecided, more troubled, nor more cast down. Hortense witnessed all the agonies of the man of destiny, expiating by moral tortures his long triumphs. Madame Mère was the last member of the imperial family who came to take leave of Napoleon. Their separation was a scene from the antique, a scene worthy of Plutarch. At the moment of departure they exchanged these simple words: "Adieu, my son!"—"Mother, adieu!" At the same moment, Hortense entreated the Emperor to accept a diamond necklace which might be the last resource of a man who had distributed so many treasures. Napoleon refused, but as Hortense insisted with tears, he finally allowed her to slip the necklace into his overcoat pocket. Talma, in the uniform of a national guard, witnessed the farewells of the hero and his family. Never, in any of the plays he had enacted, had the great tragedian witnessed a more pathetic scene. Under the reign of Napoleon III. there was placed in the court of Malmaison a bronze eagle on a pedestal with a commemorative inscription, on the very spot where Napoleon entered his carriage, departing never to return.

Louis Napoleon was a child of only seven years when the drama of the Hundred Days was unfolded before his eyes. But the spectacles he witnessed during that period, so tragic and so short, must

have left an ineffaceable impression on his youthful imagination. He had seen the last beams of the imperial sun, a setting sun, but still magnificent. He had received his uncle's caresses. He had seen the joy and the tears of his mother. Associated with the dazzling pomp of the ceremony of the Field of May, and then sheltered in the lodging of a shopkeeper, he was already accustomed to vicissitudes of fortune. In the foreign land, where all his family were to be pursued by the suspicions and the ill will of the great European powers, he could say, like the Louis XVII. of Victor Hugo: —

Et pourtant, écoutez, bien loin dans ma mémoire,
J'ai d'heureux souvenirs avant ces jours d'effroi,
J'entendais en dormant des bruits confus de gloire,
Et des peuples joyeux veillaient autour de moi.[1]

The grand figure of the Emperor Napoleon was to be eternally graven in the mind of this proscribed and unfortunate child, whose existence was destined to know all the extremes of good and evil fortune. He was about to begin an exile which was not to end until thirty-three years later, after having been interrupted only by six years of captivity.

[1] Yet listen, far distant in my memory, — I have happy souvenirs before these frightful days, — Sleeping I heard the confused sounds of glory, — And joyous peoples watched around me.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST YEARS OF EXILE

HORTENSE and her children could not remain in France. The Emperor Alexander no longer protected them. They left Paris, July 17, 1815, at nine o'clock in the evening. The Queen entered her carriage with her sons. Her equerry, M. de Marmold, and Comte de Voyna, aide-de-camp of the Austrian general, and Prince de Schwartzenberg, who had been commissioned to guard the fugitives, followed in a berline. The night was spent at the château of Bercy, the dwelling of M. de Nicolaï, who received the exiles most respectfully; and then they turned towards Switzerland. At Dijon, the Queen was the object of a hostile demonstration. Some officers of the royal guard wished to prevent her from continuing her journey, and to make her a prisoner. It required all the energy of M. de Voyna to foil this brutal attempt. At Dôle there was a different manifestation. The population was Bonapartist, and seeing an Austrian officer near the Queen, imagined that she was a captive and must be delivered. Hortense herself had to undeceive the crowd. She finally reached Geneva with her

children, and alighted at a modest inn, the Hôtel du Sécheron. As she had set off for Switzerland provided with passports signed by the ambassadors of all the great powers, she thought herself safe in Switzerland. But the day after her arrival, the governor of the city, in spite of M. de Voyna's protests, informed her that she must go away. Not knowing where to find an asylum, she said, with a smile, to the Austrian officer: "Throw me into the lake, for I certainly must be somewhere." After quitting Geneva, she went to Aix in Savoy, which remained a French possession for a few days longer, and where she had made several sojourns in the splendid imperial times. She was much liked there. The alms she had given and the hospital she had founded were not forgotten. Hortense was still at Aix when she experienced one of the greatest griefs of her life. She was forced to part with her elder son in obedience to the entirely just claim of her husband. Relying on the suit he had gained in Paris, the effect of which had been impeded by Napoleon on his return from Elba, Louis, who had taken refuge in Rome, sent Baron de Zuite to Savoy in search of the young Prince Napoleon. This prince and his brother had not been parted for a single day since 1810, and were profoundly attached to each other. They were not less deeply afflicted than their mother. Mademoiselle Cochelet writes: "I did not know how to soothe the grief of my dear Prince Louis, and divert him from his loneliness.

This amiable child was gentle, timid, and reserved in disposition; he said little, but his mind, at once quick, reflective, and penetrating, expressed itself in well-chosen words, full of justice and finesse, which I liked to hear and to repeat. He was so grieved by his brother's departure that he fell ill with a jaundice, which, fortunately, was not dangerous. The Queen became so seriously ill that I nearly went distracted. She had fainting fits several times a day, which alarmed me to the last degree, and from which she recovered only to fall into a state of depression from which nothing could rouse her."

Not many days later, the ministers of the allied courts authorized Hortense and her second son to reside in Switzerland. Signed by Castlereagh, Hardenberg, Humboldt, Weissenberg, Rasoumosky, Metternich, and Capo d'Istria, the procès-verbal of their conference of October 21, 1815, was thus worded: "The request of Madame the Duchesse de Saint-Leu (the powers no longer gave any other name to Queen Hortense), being conformable to the resolution by which the ministers agreed, in their session of August 27, to authorize her sojourn in Switzerland, under the surveillance of the missions of the four courts and that of the legation of His Most Christian Majesty, and the French Minister having signified that he finds no inconvenience in her settling in the canton of Saint-Gall, it has been agreed that the respective envoys of the four courts

to the Helvetic Confederation shall be charged to request that government to permit Madame the Duchesse de Saint-Leu and her son, together with their suite, to establish themselves in the canton of Saint-Gall, under a promise not to leave it."

Hortense and her son quitted Aix in Savoy, November 21, and in the evening of the same day arrived at Prégny, near Geneva, a domain belonging to the Queen. On the 30th they were at Lausanne. They spent the night of December 1 at Payerne. On the 6th they arrived at Zurich. Cold, snow, the slow pace at which they travelled, and the poorness of the inns all aided in making the wanderings of the exiles more painful.

The Queen had just obtained from the allied courts a new authorization to remain at Constance in the grand-duchy of Baden, which was very near Switzerland, until she could install herself in the canton of Saint-Gall. She arrived there with her son, December 7. Half dead with cold and fatigue, the Queen had all the difficulty in the world in climbing the narrow winding stairs which led to the apartment of the wretched inn at which she alighted.

The wife of Charles-Louis-Frédéric, Grand-duke of Baden, the Grand-duchess Stéphanie, daughter of Comte Claude de Beauharnais, a senator under the Empire, a peer of France under the Restoration, was a near relative and intimate friend of Queen Hortense. But as a Frenchwoman, a cousin-german of Hortense, and an adopted daughter of Napoleon,

the Grand-duchess Stéphanie was suspected by the Allies, who wished her husband to repudiate her. Notwithstanding her good will, she could not openly display her affection for her cousin: "Be patient," she wrote to her, "keep very quiet, and perhaps by spring things will be settled to everybody's satisfaction; by that time passions will be calmed, and many things forgotten."

Hortense hired a more than modest house, situated on a tongue of land near Constance, at the spot where the lake narrows near the Rhine. She furnished it with a piano and some movables that came from Paris. "At last," she exclaimed, "I have *a little home*." A few days afterwards some former conventionists, who had been ordered to leave Berne, passed through Constance, nearly all of them infirm and in a state of destitution. Hortense assisted them in their distress. Her reverses of fortune did not prevent her from being charitable.

Hardly had the Queen taken possession of her new abode when she received a visit which deeply moved her, that of the Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Born Princess of Salm-Kirbourg, this great-hearted woman had been married when very young to the sovereign of the petty principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, on the Danube, some eighty kilometres from Stuttgart. In her youth she had lived much in Paris, with her brother, who had built on the bank of the Seine the fine mansion of Salm, now the Hôtel of the Legion of Honor. Inti-

mately connected with the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, she had given their children, Eugène and Hortense, the most affectionate care while they were imprisoned under the Terror. At the time of his power in Germany, Napoleon testified his interest in the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern by marrying their son to a niece of Murat. As a child, Hortense had found a protectress in the Princess. An exile, she once more found a friend in this generous woman. The proximity of Sigmaringen had counted for something in the desire Queen Hortense had displayed to settle in Constance. She experienced profound pleasure in receiving the Princess there, and returned her visit at Sigmaringen, where she was welcomed as if she still occupied a throne.

Let us note, by the way, that from the marriage of a Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen with a niece of Murat was born Prince Antoine, who married, in 1834, a daughter of the Grand-duke of Baden, and became the father of the present King of Roumania and of that Prince Leopold whose candidature to the throne of Spain was the pretext, if not the cause, of the Franco-German war in 1870. When General Prim proposed this plan, he fancied that it would be acceptable to Napoleon III. on account of the family connection and his early memories. Alas! it was otherwise.

But let us return to the year 1816 and the villa of Constance. Prince Eugène came there from Munich, where he was treated with much generosity

by his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, to spend Holy Week. The brother and sister passed eight days together, which were full of charm.

Not long afterwards, the Queen, accompanied by Louis Napoleon, returned Prince Eugène's visit. He was at the time in Bavaria, near Lake Wurmsée, in a fine residence lent him by his father-in-law at Berg. Eugène and his wife, the Princess Augusta, received Hortense most cordially. They were surrounded by their five children: Josephine, born in 1807, who, in 1823, married the Prince-royal of Sweden, afterwards King Oscar I.; Eugénie, born in 1808, who married Frederick, Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, in 1826; Auguste, born in 1810, who married Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, in 1835, and died two months after his marriage; Amélie, born in 1812, who married in 1832 Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil; Théodolinde, born in 1814, who married Count William of Wurtemberg in 1841. At the time of Hortense's visit to her brother, his second son, Maximilien, was yet unborn. He came into the world the following year. It was he who married, in 1839, the Grand-duchess Marie of Russia, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, and was the father of the present dukes of Leuchtenberg.

Eugène was delighted to show his superb children to his sister. Carrying her the youngest, little Théodolinde, "This one is yours," said he; "I think her astonishingly like what you were as a baby, and

I greatly hope she may resemble you in every way." Louis Napoleon was at first intimidated by the sight of so many unknown faces, but he was soon reassured and took great pleasure in playing with his little cousins.

After a short stay in Berg, Hortense returned to Constance. Louis Napoleon's studies now began in earnest. Accomplishments were taught him by his mother; other things by his tutor, the Abbé Bertrand, assisted by M. Lebas, son of a member of the Convention. The young prince displayed good qualities: a love of study, gentleness, and charity. During his hours of recreation he played with the neighboring children, especially with the son of the miller at the Rhine bridge, and sometimes wandered beyond the precincts of the garden. One day he returned home in shirt sleeves and barefooted, through mud and snow. On being asked how he got into that condition, he answered that he had met a destitute family, and that, having no money, he had given one of them his shoes and another his coat.

It was in this year, 1816, that Queen Hortense began writing her memoirs, which she finished, but of which only the fragment including the years 1831–32 has appeared. This fragment is deeply interesting. The memoirs are in the possession of the Empress Eugénie, and it is to be hoped that they may be published in their entirety.

In 1817, the Grand-duchess of Baden had ex-

pressed a wish to go and see her cousin. This project alarmed the diplomatists, who forced the Grand-duke to refuse a refuge in his dominions to the exile. Hortense knew not where to lay her head. Now that Napoleon could no longer protect her, she could apply to herself these lines of her friend, the poet Arnault: —

De ta tige detachée
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où vas-tu? — Je n'en sais rien,
L'orage a brisé le chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien.
De son inconstante haleine
Le Zephyr ou l'Aquilon
Depuis ces jours me promène
De la montagne à la plaine
Et de la plaine au vallon,
Je vais où le vent me mêne
Sans me plaindre et sans crier.
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où vont la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier.[1]

Hearing of the Queen's distress, the magistrates of the Swiss canton of Thurgau, the nearest one to Constance, sent her word that if she wished to establish herself in their country both authorities and

[1] Torn from thy stem — Poor withered leaf, — Whither goest thou? — I know not. — The storm has rent the oak — Which was my sole support. — With its inconstant breath — Zephyr or Boreas — Since then has driven me — From mountain to plain — And from plain to valley, — I go where the wind leads me — Without complaint or outcry. — I go where all things go, — Where go the rose leaf — And the leaf of laurel.

people would uphold her in so doing. Like all the newly formed cantons, Thurgau was democratic, and feared neither the Bourbons nor their allies.

Very grateful for this hospitable offer, Hortense, February 10, 1817, bought, for thirty thousand florins, the little château of Arenenberg in this canton. The house, however, required many repairs to make it habitable, and she was unable to live in it until 1819.

Prince Eugène, for his part, as soon as he learned that his sister could no longer remain in Constance, urged her coming to him in Bavaria. But the Queen had so great a fear of embarrassing him that she would not at first consent, and did so only after ascertaining that King Maximilian was of her brother's mind. But even then she would not go to Munich, where her presence might have incommoded the court, but remained at Augsburg, a city fifty-seven kilometres distant, where her brother could visit her often. She left Constance with her son, May 6, 1817, and established herself at Augsburg, at whose excellent university Louis Napoleon pursued his studies for more than four years. His first communion was also made there. His father wrote him as follows, April 9, 1821: "I have received your letter of March 13. I thank your mamma, your tutor, and the abbé for having prepared you to fulfil the first solemn duty proposed to you by religion. I give you my blessing with all my heart. I pray God to create in you a heart pure

and grateful to Him who is the author of all good, to give you the lights necessary to fulfil all the duties that your country or your parents may lay upon you, and to render you always able to discern good from evil. Adieu, my dear, I embrace you with all my heart, and I renew on this solemn occasion the paternal blessing which I give you in thought every morning and every night, and at all times when my imagination turns in your direction. Your affectionate father, Louis." At Augsburg, the Prince also received the sacrament of confirmation, which was conferred by the bishop of the city, in presence of Prince Eugène.

Louis Napoleon was still at Augsburg when he heard of the Emperor's death at Saint Helena. On receiving this news he wrote his mother a letter (published for the first time in English by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, and in French by M. G. Duval), in which he said, under date of July 24, 1821: "My dear mamma, the day approaches when I shall see you again, and when I can try to console you for this unhappy event. As you may believe, this death has caused me great sorrow, which is increased when I think of the grief it will occasion to all my family; happily he is in a better world than ours, where he peacefully enjoys the fruit of his good actions. . . . When I do wrong, if I think of this *great man*, I seem to feel a spirit within me which bids me make myself worthy of the name of *Napoleon*. . . . You can well fancy

the consolations lavished on me by M. Le Bas on this occasion. He gave me a holiday for three days after the sad news arrived. Fortunately, I am young, and often seem to have forgotten this misfortune, but although my habitual gaiety sometimes reappears, that does not prevent my heart from being sad, nor from having an eternal hatred against the English." One might say that the mind of the young prince was already haunted by the spirit of Napoleon, but his hatred against the English was not to be so enduring as his cult for their prisoner.

CHAPTER V

ROME

AFTER installing herself, in 1819, at the château of Arenenberg, Queen Hortense used to spend the whole year there, with the exception of the winter months, which she passed either at Geneva or Rome. In alternating thus between Switzerland and the Eternal City, she entered into the views of the Emperor.

In his letter on the *History of France*, addressed to Prince Napoleon, son of King Jérôme, the Duc d'Aumale has written: "No, your uncle had not that aversion to the papacy with which you credit him. You cannot have forgotten the curious instructions which General Bertrand brought back to King Joseph from Saint Helena in 1821. On his deathbed Napoleon urged his family to establish itself at Rome and attach a powerful theocracy to its interests; it would soon have a pope and cardinals. A few years more and the desire of Napoleon might have been fulfilled; one of your cousins might have been seated on the throne of Saint Peter, which might have been better defended."

The instructions alluded to by the Duc d'Aumale

may be found in volume ten of the *Memoirs of King Joseph*, under the heading: "Extracts from Napoleon's conversation of April 21, 1821": "The Emperor has desired the Grand Marshal to say to Madame Mère that she cannot do better than marry her daughters into Roman families; that they should ally themselves with all the princely families; namely, with all those which have had popes; that the alliance with the Hercolanis and the Gabriellis was well managed; that he had strongly disapproved the Swedish marriage (one of Lucien's daughters had married a Swede); that his nieces might wash the feet of a pope, but not those of the Queen of Sweden or any other. The Emperor added that the Bonapartes might also intermarry, but they ought not to marry in France, at least until there was a change of government."

Napoleon returned to the same subject, April 24, 1821, eleven days before his death. He said that his family was, in fact, of Roman origin, there having been Bonapartes in Rome in the year 1000; that it was the imprecations launched at the Constable de Bourbon by a Bonaparte which caused the sack of Rome. The Emperor added that his name would always be popular in Italy, where he had renewed the souvenirs of the country. His conclusion was that his family could establish itself only in a theocracy like Rome, or a republic like Switzerland, which had force enough to maintain its independence. In making one's self an oligarch of Berne

or any other canton, one was independent and owed nothing to anybody. Madame Mère should comprehend this thoroughly. With a score of marriages the Bonapartes could possess themselves of Rome and Switzerland. Lucien ought to make cardinals of his sons as soon as possible.

Lucien had not awaited the Emperor's downfall to settle himself in Rome. Pius VII., who showed him the utmost good will, had, in 1814, made him a Roman prince, with the title of Canino. Madame Mère had likewise taken shelter in the Papal states, arriving with her brother, Cardinal Fesch, at the very time when Pius VII. re-entered in triumph after the captivity of Fontainebleau. The Holy Father said to them: "You are welcome to Rome, which has always been the fatherland of great exiles." Madame Mère had rejoined Napoleon at the island of Elba, and during the Hundred Days at Paris. When her son departed for Saint Helena she returned to Rome, where she arrived August 15, 1815. Then she wrote to Cardinal Consalvi, secretary of state: "I am verily the mother of all sorrows, and my only remaining consolation is to know that the Holy Father forgets the past, to remember only the kindness bestowed by him on all the members of my family. We find no support save in the pontifical government, and our gratitude for such a benefit is great." She established herself in the Falconieri palace, rue Julia, at the corner of the Corso and the Piazza di Venezia. Cardinal Fesch

occupied the second story. This residence became the meeting point for those members of the Bonaparte family who were not in exile elsewhere. Lucien, Louis, and Jérôme came there in turn. They had been preceded by Elisa and Pauline.

Madame Récamier has given some curious details concerning Hortense's visit to Rome in 1824. She arrived with her two sons in the month of February. The friend of M. de Châteaubriand and the former Queen of Holland had not seen each other since the Hundred Days. They met, to their great surprise, in Saint Peter's, where they prayed beside each other. Madame Récamier was closely connected with the French ambassador, the Duc de Laval-Montmorency, and politics prevented the two ladies from exchanging visits. But they met by appointment in the Coliseum, and sat down together on the steps of the cross in the middle of the amphitheatre. Listen to Madame Récamier: "Night had come, a night of Italy; the moon was rising gently in the sky, behind the covered arcades of the Coliseum; the breeze of evening resounded in the deserted galleries. Beside me was this woman, herself a living ruin of so astonishing a fortune. A vague and undefinable emotion forced me to silence. The Queen also seemed absorbed in reflections. 'What events has it not required,' she said at length, turning towards me, 'to bring about our meeting here! Events of which I have often been the puppet and victim without either having seen or provoked them!'"

Some days later there was a masked ball at the house of Torlonia, the banker. Hortense and Madame Récamier agreed to wear the same costume: a white satin domino covered with lace, the sole difference being that Madame Récamier was to have a wreath of roses and the Queen a bouquet of the same flowers. Both were to wear their masks all the evening. Madame Récamier entered on the arm of the French ambassador, while Hortense was accompanied by Jérôme Bonaparte, the former King of Westphalia. Thereupon the two women invented a gay little conspiracy. They found means furtively to exchange the wreath for the bouquet. The ambassador of Louis XVIII. paid court to Hortense, taking her for Madame Récamier; the former Queen of Holland was soon surrounded by all the representatives of foreign courts, while Madame Récamier was attended by all the Bonapartes then in Rome. "However," she says, "this ruse, which was finally suspected, caused trouble in the respective societies. A rumor spread at the ball that Queen Hortense and I had exchanged disguises, and the embarrassment of those who accosted either of us, so long as they had not ascertained our identity, prolonged our enjoyment of this pleasantry. Still, everybody took part in it with a good grace, with the exception of the Princesse de Lieven, who always adhered to policy, even at a ball, and who was greatly aggrieved at having compromised herself with a female Bonaparte."

Soon afterwards, Madame Récamier received this letter from Queen Hortense: "Friday morning. — My dear Madame, it seems fated that I shall never have any pleasure, diversion, or interest without some attendant sorrow. I have received news from my brother. He has been suffering, but was better, they assure me, when the letter was sent; but I am extremely anxious. I hope that God will not deprive me of my only remaining friend, the best and most faithful man in existence. . . . I cannot go out with you to-day; however, I shall be happy to see you if you will meet me at Saint Peter's. I know you are not afraid of those who suffer, and you must do them good. That I wish for you at present sufficiently proves my sentiments toward you."

Hortense had not time to reach Munich before the death of her brother, who expired February 24, 1824, in his forty-third year. The end of his life had been tranquil. Sheltered in Bavaria, near his father-in-law, he was surrounded by universal affection. In 1823 he had married his daughter Josephine to the prince-royal of Sweden, afterwards King Oscar I.

Hortense returned, in deep affliction, to Arenenberg, whence she wrote to Madame Récamier: "This life so full of troubles no longer disturbs those whom we regret. I have nothing but tears, and doubtless he is happy! . . . I am at present in my retreat. Nature is superb. Notwithstanding the beautiful sky of Italy, I still find Arenenberg very

lovely; but I must always be attended by regrets; no doubt it is my destiny. Last year I was so contented here! I was very proud of neither regretting nor desiring anything in this world. I had a good brother and good children. At present I find it needful to remind myself that there are still those to whom I am necessary. . . . Adieu; do not forget me altogether; believe that your friendship has done me good. You know what it is to have a friendly voice reach you from your country in misfortune and isolation. Pray tell me again that I am unjust if I complain too much of destiny, and that I still have friends."

Louis Napoleon was profoundly grieved by the death of an uncle who had been a second father to him. He sadly resumed, in Switzerland, the course of his studies. The year 1825 was not marked for him by any incident. The woman of whom he was to be the husband, was born the following year.

CHAPTER VI

THE BIRTH OF THE EMPRESS

MAY 5, 1826, five years to a day after the death of the Emperor Napoleon I., at Saint Helena, there came into the world, at Grenada, the child destined to be the wife of the Emperor Napoleon III. In 1867, the municipality of the city put a marble plaque with an inscription in honor of "The Empress of the French, its noble compatriot," on the front of the house where she was born, No. 12, Gratia street.

The "calle de Gratia" is one of the aristocratic streets of the city. The houses lining it are nearly all built in the same style. The exterior is usually very simple, although embellished with balconies of wrought iron in the Louis XV. style. From the time of the domination of the Moors, Andalusia has maintained the custom of reserving luxury for the interior of houses. The impression of severity is modified as soon as one crosses the threshold. The *patio* comes into view with its graceful colonnades of marble surrounding the central fountain where the water flows amidst flowers, and all whose corners are occupied with narrow benches with long

wooden backs, spreading at the top into the form of a shield bearing the arms of the family and its alliances. The doors of the chambers and boudoirs open upon this *patio*, a summer residence whose atmosphere is always kept fresh by an ingenious system of aeration. The reception-rooms are on the first story. Such is even now the Guzman residence in Grenada, where the Empress Eugénie first saw the light.

In the acts of her birth and baptism the future sovereign is designated under the name of Marie-Eugénie-Ignace-Augustine, daughter of Don Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto-Carrero, Count of Teba, Marquis of Ardalès, grandee of Spain, and of Maria-Manuela de Kirkpatrick y Grivegnée, Countess of Teba, Marchioness of Ardalès.

At the time of the Empress's birth her father was styled the Comte de Teba. He did not assume the title of Comte de Montijo, belonging to his elder brother, the head of the family, until after the latter's death. The most illustrious souvenirs relate to this family, whose origin goes back much farther than the institution of nobility. Among its ancestors it counts Alfonso Perez de Guzman, that hero whose exploits are still recounted by Spanish peasants, Gonzalvo de Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain, and Antonio de Leve, the most skilful of the generals of Charles Fifth.

Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman, born at Valladolid, in 1278, died in 1320, has left a legendary

memory. He was governor of Tarifa, under Sancho IV., King of Castile, when the place was besieged by the Infante Don Juan, in revolt against the King, his brother. Don Juan, who had taken prisoner a son of Guzman, threatened the father with cutting the child's throat under the walls of the fortress if he would not surrender it. Guzman's only reply was to throw down a cutlass into the ditch below the ramparts. The child's throat was cut, but the besiegers, forced to raise the siege, beat a retreat. It was in memory of this stoical loyalty, immortalized by the verses of Lope de Vega, that the Guzman family took the noble device: "*My King before my Kin.*"

The Comte de Montijo and his younger brother, the Comte de Teba, father of the Empress, both distinguished themselves in Spain in the first years of this century, but they adopted different lines of conduct. The one was opposed to France, the other was her partisan. In March, 1808, when the mob tried to prevent Charles IV. from quitting Aranjuez by force, the Comte de Montijo was foremost amongst those who sought to impede his departure. Concerning this matter M. Thiers has written in his *History of the Consulate and the Empire:* "The throng at Aranjuez was extreme, and the most sinister and strange faces began to appear there. A singular personage, persecuted at court, who united to the birth and fortune of a great noble the art and inclination to move the popular masses, was in the midst

of this crowd, ready to give the signal for the insurrection." The Comte de Montijo, uncle to the Empress, declared himself energetically against the French invasion. He was one of the principal leaders of the insurrection in the kingdom of Valencia, and fought against the troops of Marshal Moncey.

Unlike M. Thiers, who expresses himself in rather contemptuous terms concerning the Comte de Montijo, M. Auguste Filon has eulogized him greatly in his fine study on Mérimée: "At the beginning of the century," he says, "the Comte de Montijo came very near changing the fate of the Spanish nation, and wresting his country from the most humiliating of tyrannies. He was akin to the conspirators of old by his audacity, and to the modern revolutionists by the breadth of his views. He entered the palace of Aranjuez at the head of a small but resolute troop, and for several hours kept the upper hand of the King, the Queen, and the favorite Godoy. But the nation remained inactive, and not a voice replied to his appeal. Eugenio de Montijo was regarded as a madman because he failed; he would have been a hero had he succeeded. His brother Cipriano (Don Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto-Carrero, Comte de Teba, father of the Empress) offered his sword to Napoleon."

Ardent by nature, the Comte de Teba was impassioned by the glory of the victor of Austerlitz, in whom he thought he saw the regenerator of Spain. He distinguished himself among those whom his

compatriots called the *afrancesados*, and served gloriously under the banners of France. At the battle of Salamanca, also called the battle of Arapiles, he lost an eye, and had a leg broken by a cannon ball. A colonel of artillery in 1814, he was again wounded at Buttes-Chaumont, where he commanded the students of the Polytechnic School. Invaded France was not defended more valiantly by any Frenchman than by this Spaniard. He fired the last discharges of cannon which delayed for a day the entry of the allies into Paris, and as M. Auguste Filon has said, "It is amidst this smoke that one loves to contemplate that beautiful pale face, ennobled rather than disfigured by the terrible wound which had deprived him of an eye, that soldier philosopher, his brain haunted by vague dreams of deliverance and progress, and bearing his misfortune proudly to the last."

Averse to the reactionary policy of King Ferdinand VII., the Comte de Teba did not at once return to Spain. It was at Paris, in 1814 and 1815, that he began to pay court to a charming young girl whom he aspired to marry. He met her at the house of M. and Madame Mathieu de Lesseps who then lived at No. 17 rue Saint-Florentin. This young girl, a native of Madrid, was called Maria Manuela de Kirkpatrick. Her genealogy is clearly established in the notes left by her cousin-german, Ferdinand de Lesseps, the illustrious creator of the Suez canal.

Maria Manuela de Kirkpatrick, who married the Comte de Teba, afterwards the Comte de Montijo, and became the mother of the Empress Eugénie, was descended from one of the most ancient and honorable families of the Low Countries, that of Grivegnée, whose members lived in Liège and were several times enrolled among its aldermen.

Henri de Grivegnée, born at Liège, June 2, 1784, established himself at Malaga, where he married a Spanish woman, Doña Antonia de Gallegos. From this marriage two daughters were born, Françoise and Catherine.

Françoise de Grivegnée married, at the close of the eighteenth century, Baron William Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, born at Dumfries, in Scotland, and belonging to an illustrious family, the head of which had been created a baron by Alexander III., King of Scotland, in 1227. William Kirkpatrick's devotion to the cause of the Stuarts forced him to leave England in order to escape persecution. He emigrated to the United States at the period when they proclaimed their independence, and the new government appointed him its consul at Malaga.

At this epoch Mathieu de Lesseps was residing at Cadiz in the capacity of special chargé d'affaires of the French republic in that city. He married the second daughter of Henri de Grivegnée and Antonia de Gallegos, Catherine de Grivegnée, who was born June 11, 1774, and died January 21, 1853, just before the marriage of her great-niece with the

Emperor Napoleon III. Mathieu de Lesseps, prefect and count of the Empire, died consul-general of France, at Tunis, in 1832. From his marriage with Catherine de Grivegnée were born Theodore (director of consulates and then senator under the Second Empire); Adèle (who married Dr. Cabarrus, the son of Madame Tallien); Ferdinand (the creator of the Suez canal); and Jules (who represented the Bey of Tunis at Paris).

Baron Kirkpatrick and Mathieu de Lesseps became friends in Spain and renewed their friendship in France. Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, after completing her education in a Parisian school, went to the house of her aunt, Madame Mathieu de Lesseps, and there, as we have already said, made the acquaintance of the Comte de Teba. The Count and the young girl returned to Spain almost at the same time, and were married in Grenada, December 15. From this marriage was born, January 29, 1825, Françoise (the Duchesse d'Albe), and May 5, 1826, Eugénie (the Empress).

Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, Comtesse de Teba, and later de Montijo (mother of the Duchesse d'Albe and of the Empress of the French), had a sister, Henrietta Kirkpatrick, who married the Comte François de Cabarrus, son of the former minister of finances to King Charles III. of Spain, and brother of Therezia Cabarrus, the celebrated woman who was successively the Marquise de Fontenay, Madame Tallien, and the Princesse de Chimay.

The following table sums up the genealogy of the Empress Eugénie and her relationship with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Henri de GRIVEGNÉE, married to Antonia de GALLEGOS.

Françoise de GRIVEGNÉE, married to Baron Kirkpatrick.	Catherine de GRIVEGNÉE, married to Mathieu de Lesseps.
Manuela, Comtesse de Montijo.	Ferdinand de Lesseps.
The Empress Eugénie.	

Hence the Comtesse de Montijo and Ferdinand de Lesseps were cousins-german, and the man who pierced the isthmus of Suez was the uncle, in Brittany fashion, of the sovereign of the French. This was one reason why the Empress was so deeply interested in one of the greatest enterprises of the century, and presided in such fairy-like splendor at the opening of the Suez canal.

CHAPTER VII

1830

WHILE the child destined to be one day the Empress of the French was beginning life in Malaga, Louis Napoleon, having quitted the university of Strasburg, was pursuing his studies in Switzerland. He took the courses in artillery and engineering at Thun, in the canton of Berne, under the direction of the brave colonel (afterwards general) Dufour, formerly an officer in Napoleon's army. During the great manœuvres the young prince marched from ten to twelve leagues a day, loaded with a knapsack, and slept in a tent at the foot of glaciers.

Early in the year 1829, Louis Napoleon desired to enlist under the Russian flag and fight against the Turks. January 19, he wrote the following letter to his father, which was published for the first time by M. Fernand Giraudeau in his fine work entitled, *Napoleon III. intime:* "My dear Papa, I have come to a great determination which I hope you will approve, because it is so fine and noble. Allow me to say that I love you with all my heart, and desire your permission above all. I am inexpressibly

anxious to make the campaign against the Turks next spring, as a volunteer in the Russian army. Mamma, to whom I have spoken of the matter, has wavered greatly, but feeling how useful it might be to me, has fully consented. As far as she can judge from his relations with her, the Emperor would be very kind to me; I would doubtless be on his staff. Mamma would select a former military man to accompany me. Lastly, I would do something worthy of you! If you will consent, everything will go wonderfully well, and mamma will make an application to the Emperor. Ah! my dear papa, remember that you were not as old as I when you had already covered yourself with glory! In making this campaign as a volunteer (which would bind me to nothing) I could have the advantage of instructing myself perfectly, of displaying to the world the courage I received from you at birth, and thereby of attracting general interest. My aunt, the Grand-duchess of Baden, to whom I mentioned it some months ago, induced me to ask your permission, saying that it was an action very worthy of one who is your son. Finally, my dear father, I beg you to answer me as soon as possible. Consider that I desire so greatly to make this campaign that if you will not give me your consent and blessing before I start, I shall die of vexation. Adieu, my dear papa, I entreat you again, in the name of all you hold most dear, permit me to render myself worthy of your name."

King Louis replied: —

"I suspected that the great victories of the Russians over the barbarous Mussulmans would arouse your warlike ardor. But your understanding and your qualities are so good that a little reflection will calm you thoroughly. . . . War, excepting the case of legitimate defence, that is to say, unless it is made for the welfare of one's country and in defence of its homes, is simply a barbarity, a ferocity, which differs from that of savages and ferocious beasts only by greater skill, deceit, and futility in its object. . . . This is enough on that head. I can only conclude by repeating what I have often said to you: *A man should fight for his country only.*"

Louis Napoleon yielded regretfully to his father's wishes. March 3, 1830, he addressed him a letter ending thus: "Adieu, my dear papa, believe in my sincere attachment. I have proved its reality by renouncing my project, for had I not loved you so well I could not have resisted the desire to carry it out, even against your will."

April 21, he wrote again: "To-day I am twenty-one; I have attained majority: but I see in that only another reason to obey you always, and, following your advice, to become worthy of you. I cannot employ this day better than in writing to my dear father to assure him anew of my sincere attachment and tender gratitude."

Nevertheless, the young prince, athirst for action and tormented by an ardent ambition to distinguish

himself in some way, chafed with impatience while awaiting an opportunity for action. In July he imagined that the time had come.

The revolution of 1830 was the retaliation of the tricolor on the white flag, the result of the alliance contracted during the whole period of the Restoration between the republicans and the imperialists. It originated in what might be called the policy of Béranger's Chansons.

In a very curious opuscule entitled: *Napoleon I. since his death*, M. Ernest Legouvé has written: "*Requiescant in pace* — they rest in peace — does not apply to all the dead. Some of them are more active than when alive. Very few statesmen at the head of our government within sixty years have been more deeply implicated in our affairs while in this world than Napoleon has been since he left it. This shade re-enters active life, this dead man becomes a party chieftain. The liberals enroll him in their ranks. As a matter of fact, nothing is more absurd than this amalgam of Bonapartism and liberalism. But the masses do not look into things so closely. Nor young men either; all of us, boys of from eighteen to twenty, were at the same time frantic Bonapartists and frantic liberals. As to the enthusiasm of the political leaders, it was premeditated; the alliance with Napoleon brought them two powerful auxiliaries: the people and the army. Hence they used his name as a weapon against the Bourbons; so much so that, when the July ordi-

nances precipitated the entire people on Paris in an attack on the monarchy, one might say that the assailants were led by the captive of Saint Helena: Napoleon is one of the July combatants."

Instructors of the conscripts of the riot, during the three days the veterans of the Empire led the charge against their former companions in arms, large numbers of whom were in the ranks of the royal guard. The men who were ignorantly laying the foundations of the throne of Louis Philippe, believed themselves to be fighting for the King of Rome.

Read Victor Hugo's poem entitled: "Dictated after July, 1830." It is a sort of Napoleonic cantata. What says the poet to the victors of the three days?

Trois jours vous ont suffi pour briser vos entraves.
Vous êtes les aînés d'une race de braves;
Vous êtes les fils des géants.

C'est pour vous qu'ils traçaient avec des funérailles
Ce cercle triomphal de plaines de batailles,
Chemin victorieux, prodigieux travail,
Qui, de France parti pour enserrer la terre
En passant par Moscou, Cadix, Rome et le Caire,
Va de Jemmapes à Montmirail.

Vous êtes les enfants des belliqueux lycées!
Là vous applaudissiez nos victoires passées.
Tous vos jeux s'ombrageaient des plis d'un étendard
Souvent Napoléon, plein de grandes pensées,
Passant les bras croisés dans vos lignes pressées,
Aimanta vos fronts d'un regard.

Aigle qu'ils devaient suivre! Aigle de notre armée,
Dont la plume sanglante en cent lieux est semée,
Dont la tonnerre un soir s'éteignit dans les flots,
Toi, qui les a couvés dans l'air paternelle,
Regarde, et sois joyeuse, et crie, et bats de l'aile,
Mère, tes aiglons sont éclos![1]

If the Napoleonic legend excited to this degree men who had no personal interest in developing it, one easily comprehends what effect it must have produced on the ardent youths who bore the Emperor's name and were his nephews. The revolution of July, made in the name of the tricolored

[1] Three days have been enough to break your chains.
You are the eldest of a race of heroes,
You are the sons of giants.

'Twas for you they traced with funerals
That triumphant circle of plains and battles,
Victorious pathway, prodigious labor,
Which, starting from France to surround the world,
And passing by way of Moscow, Cadiz, Rome, and Cairo,
Goes from Jemmapes to Montmirail.

You are the pupils of warlike schools!
There you applauded our past victories.
The folds of a standard shaded all your sports.
Often Napoleon, full of great thoughts,
Passing with folded arms amid your crowded ranks,
Magnetized your foreheads with a glance.

Eagle whom they must follow! Eagle of our hosts,
Whose bloody plumes in thousand fields are strewn,
Whose bolt one eve was quenched beneath the floods,
Thou who hast brooded them in the paternal air,
Look and be glad, and scream, and beat thy wings,
Mother, thine eaglets have chipped the shell.

flag, filled the sons of Louis Bonaparte with enthusiastic joy. "This revolution," their mother writes, "found my eldest son in Tuscany, in the midst of the industrial inventions with which he had occupied himself since his marriage for lack of something better, and my youngest in Switzerland, where he was studying artillery and engineering. Both of them seemed recalled to new life by the news of the events in Paris. Although apart, their impressions were the same: keen regrets at having been unable to fight with the Parisians, enthusiasm over their heroic conduct, and the legitimate hope of serving that fair France they loved so much. They said to me: 'At last she is free! Exile is ended, the fatherland is open; we will save her, no matter how!' Such were the contents of all their letters. I was far enough from sharing their hopes."

Queen Hortense received many letters at this period. Some of them said: "Come, we are free at last, and we are to see you again!" The others: "We thought of your cause when fighting." Her son, Louis Napoleon, wrote her, August 12: "The tricolored flag is floating in France! Happy they who could be the first to restore its former glories!" And on the 14th: "I hope that after these events we shall be allowed to enjoy the rights of French citizens. How glad I should be to see soldiers with the tricolored cockade!" Queen Hortense had more experience than her children. Their illusions distressed her. It was not the combatants of July who

were to profit by the revolution. The *sic vos non vobis* received its application.

At the very time when Napoleon seemed the object of universal enthusiasm at Paris, and when his memory attracted not merely fanatics but devotees, his family continued to be proscribed in virtue of article 4 of the law of January 12, 1816, which was thus expressed: "The ascendants and descendants of Napoleon Bonaparte, his uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, his brothers, their wives and their descendants, his sisters and their husbands, are excluded from the kingdom in perpetuity, and are bound to leave it within a month under the penalty imposed by article 9 of the penal code." This same law of January 12, 1816, had likewise proscribed a list of regicides. Article 7 was as follows: "Those of the regicides who, in contempt of a boundless clemency, have voted for the Additional Act or accepted functions or employments from the usurper and thereby declared themselves irreconcilable enemies of France and the legitimate government, are excluded in perpetuity from the kingdom; they cannot enjoy any civil right therein, or possess any property, titles, or pensions bestowed upon them gratuitously."

September 2, 1830, the chamber of deputies occupied itself with the law of January 12, 1816. It put an end to the proscription of the regicides, and maintained it for all members of the Bonaparte family. Article 7, which exiled the regicides, was

abrogated, and article 4, which proscribed the Bonapartes, was the object of the following stipulation: "Nothing is abated from the provisions contained in article 4 of the law aforesaid." Not one voice arose in favor of the Napoleonic family. The Emperor's name was not even mentioned.

No proscriptive law against Charles X. and his family had yet been decreed. (The Bourbons of the elder branch were not outlawed until April 10, 1832.) In 1830 the only exiles were the Bonapartes, and why were they banished? Because they were relatives of that Napoleon whom France was hailing as a demigod? All his marshals, all his generals, were overwhelmed with honors, and his kindred were proscribed! Such an anomaly wounded the heart of Queen Hortense. She made no public complaint. But in her private letters she breathed forth all her sadness. "I have just read," she wrote, "a law which amazes as much as it afflicts me. What! in this moment of enthusiasm and of liberty ought not France to open her arms to all her children, to those who for fifteen years have shared humiliation and suffering with her? Instead of that, for one single family an act of proscription is renewed. What are its crimes? Was it not driven out by foreigners? Was it not France which it served? To fear this family is to do it an honor which it repels. Its head exists no longer. If he conferred a grandeur and glory which at last are accepted, ought they to reject all who belonged to

him instead of paying a sacred debt by executing the treaty made by him for his family?" Hortense added, in speaking of the relatives of Napoleon: "There they remain, with all their misfortunes, unprotected and a prey to every annoyance which governments take pleasure in heaping on them. What can I, who only seek to temper their youth and maintain in them the love of country and of justice, say to my children? All I can do is to teach them that although men are ingrates and egotists one must still love them, and that it is sweeter to pardon than to inflict suffering.

"Adieu; you wished to hear from me, and you see that the impression of the moment is painful. I did not expect to go to Paris; far from that; I was making preparations for a journey to Italy. But the sight of this law, which expels us forever from that France we love so much, and where we still hoped to die, has renewed all my griefs. The proscription announced in days of misfortune was no doubt painful, but it came from enemies. To have it renewed by those whom we believed our friends strikes directly at the heart."

The former Queen of Holland thus expressed herself in another letter: "I have been more afflicted than any one else by this severe law; but I have resigned myself to it because, a Frenchwoman before all things, I cannot credit my dear fellow-countrymen, free at last, with an ingratitude which forms no part of their character. I have heard that strong

reasons had to be assigned in order to keep us away any longer. Our exile, it was said, seemed necessary to the peace and welfare of the country; it could not last long; why not submit to it when the glory of France was always our prime interest? I advise you then, Monsieur, always to depict regenerated France as free and happy in your poems, but not to add to them a single murmur on our account. You will make them sad, and your verses, if I may judge from those I have received, are too good not to produce an effect out of harmony with our resignation."

Nevertheless, Queen Hortense, and especially her sons, were embittered at heart.

In October, the Chamber of Deputies examined several petitions asking them to intervene in order to have the remains of Napoleon placed beneath the Vendôme column. The Chamber proceeded to the order of the day. Two days later, Victor Hugo wrote his ode to the column. Here are some of the most inflammatory strophes of the Napoleonic bard: —

Oh! quand par un beau jour sur la place Vendôme,
Homme dont tout un peuple adorait le fantôme,
Tu vins grave et serein.
Et que tu découvris ton œuvre magnifique,
Tranquille, et contenant d'un geste pacifique
Tes quatre aigles d'airain. . . .

Oh! qui t'eût dit alors, a ce faîte sublime,
Tandis que tu rêvais sur le trophée opime
Un avenir si beau,

Qu'un jour à cet affront il te faudrait descendre,
Que trois cent avocats oseraient à ta cendre
Chicaner ce tombeau.

Ainsi cent villes assiégées,
Memphis, Milan, Cadix, Berlin,
Soixante batailles rangées,
L'univers d'un seul homme plein;
N'avoir rien laissé dans le monde,
Dans la tombe la plus profonde,
Qu'il n'ait dompté, qu'il n'ait atteint;
Avoir, dans sa course guerrière,
Ravi le Kremlin au Czar Pierre,
L'Escurial à Charles Quint;

Ainsi ce souvenir qui pèse
Sur nos ennemis effarés;
Ainsi dans une cage anglaise
Tant de pleurs amers dévorés;
Cette incomparable fortune,
Cette gloire aux rois importune
Ce nom si grand, si vite acquis,
Sceptre unique, exil solitaire,
Ne valent pas six pieds de terre
Sous les canons qu'il a conquis! [1]

[1] When one fine day upon the place Vendôme,
Man whose shadow was adored by a whole people,
Thou camest serene and grave.
And when thou didst uncover thy magnificent work,
Tranquil, and restraining with a pacific gesture
Thy four bronze eagles. . . .

Who would have told thee at this sublime height,
While thou wert dreaming over this supreme trophy
A destiny so fair,
That one day thou must descend to this affront,
That three hundred lawyers would dare to thine ashes
To deny this tomb.

The echo of these impassioned dithyrambs reached the ears of Queen Hortense's children and thrilled them in their exile. Frenzied by their worship of their uncle's memory, excited by reading the *Victories and Conquests*, the *Memorial of Saint Helena*, and all the tales of the imperial epic, eager for action and emotion, they believed themselves born for audacious adventures, for war, for glory, for release from servile actions; they were carried away by the ardor of youth and devoured by the ambition to play a part. Despairing of an immediate chance to display themselves in France, they were about to attempt doing so in Italy.

So a hundred besieged cities,
Memphis, Milan, Cadiz, Berlin,
Sixty pitched battles,
The universe filled with a single man;
Not to have left in the world,
In the profoundest tomb,
A thing unconquered, unattained;
To have, in his warlike career,
Wrested the Kremlin from Czar Peter,
The Escurial from Charles Fifth;

So this souvenir which weighs
Upon our frightened enemies;
So in an English cage
To have devoured so many bitter tears;
That incomparable fortune,
That renown importunate to kings,
That unique sceptre, that solitary exile,
Are not worth six feet of ground
Beneath the cannons he conquered

CHAPTER VIII

THE ITALIAN MOVEMENT

THE origin of the Italian movement, in 1831, was the French revolution of 1830. A wave of liberalism agitated men's minds on both sides of the Alps, and the nationalities oppressed by the treaties of 1815 sighed for deliverance. The two sons of Louis Bonaparte regarded Italy as a marvellous field open to their activity. They were about to cast themselves headlong into adventures which pleased their heated and romantic fancy.

Concerning this, M. Fernand Giraudeau has remarked: "To comprehend so daring an enterprise, such a spurt of unreasoning enthusiasm, one must go back to an epoch different from ours. Ah! yes, Gambetta was quite right in saying: 'Heroic times are past.' But about 1830 they were at their best. Less reasonable, less practical than at present, the young men of that period were enthusiastic for nations more or less oppressed; some for Greece, whither many Frenchmen had hastened, and where Paul Bonaparte, Lucien's second son, was to die; others for Poland; still others for Italy, where many of our compatriots had risked their lives." The two

sons of the former King of Holland, moreover, considered themselves almost as much Italians as Frenchmen. Was not their family of Italian origin, and had not their uncle been simultaneously Emperor of the French and King of Italy?

What the two princes desired was not the suppression of the pontifical power, but its transformation into a modern and liberal régime similar to that which Pius IX. essayed to inaugurate some years later. Their objective point was a reformatory and anti-Austrian papacy, placing itself at the head of emancipating ideas. Such, also, was the ideal of Queen Hortense, who wrote, in 1831: "If the Pope were man enough to make suitable concessions, he would be the leader of all Italy to-morrow. He might again dictate laws in Europe, and restore to religion, allied to liberty, the splendor which it had of old."

It must be remembered, moreover, that the revolutionary party was not alone in thinking that reforms in the Papal States were necessary. Louis Philippe and his government were of the same opinion. The instructions addressed by General Sébastiani, minister of foreign affairs, to Comte de Sainte-Aulaire, French ambassador at Rome, March 6, 1831, contained the following passage: "For nearly twenty years the Legations, withdrawn from the pontifical authority, were subject to a government founded on the great bases of modern civilization; public prosperity and enlightenment made rapid

progress. The Vienna Congress replaced them under Roman domination. An enlightened policy would have taken into consideration the condition in which they had been for such a length of time, and prudently accorded institutions resembling as closely as possible those they had just lost. Far from that, even the privileges they had enjoyed until 1797 were not restored. The fatal effects of such an error were not long in making themselves felt. Restrained, to a certain degree, so long as Cardinal Consaloi held the reins of state with a firm hand, they broke out under the feeble administration of his successor. Poverty and general discontent, coming to the aid of the secret societies, engendered conspiracies and troubles. An unskilful and inquisitorial police, arbitrary imprisonments, multiplied and futile prosecutions, such is the spectacle presented by the Legations during several years, and it is not inapt to remark that in 1828 the French Government, in the instructions given to M. de Châteaubriand, pointed out, in energetic terms, the dangers of so disastrous a system."

The least spark was sufficient to kindle a conflagration on ground thus prepared, and a great effervescence already existed, in a latent condition, when Queen Hortense left the château of Arenenberg in October, 1830, to go with her second son, Louis Napoleon, to Rome. On the way she stopped at Florence, where she spent fifteen days. She did not meet her husband, as he was then in Rome with

Madame Mère. But she did meet her elder son, Napoleon, born October 17, 1804, and married to his first cousin, the Princess Charlotte Bonaparte, second daughter of Joseph, the former King of Spain. Prince Napoleon had just entered his 28th year. His mother has thus described him: "He was remarkably handsome and good, full of intelligence and ardor, and longing to employ his faculties for the welfare of others. . . . He had adopted these maxims: That one must be a man before being a prince; that high rank simply imposes an additional obligation towards one's kind, and that ill-fortune nobly endured heightens all our noble qualities. — The innumerable misfortunes of his family had also been the best of lessons. Thus, devoid of prejudices, with no regrets for the advantages he owed to his birth, making it his sole honor to be useful to humanity, he was a natural republican who disregarded the prerogatives he had lost, and believed that his assistance was due to all who suffered." This prince lived at Florence, near his father, of whom he was the consolation, and being very much attached to his young wife, he spent a peaceful life, engaged in industrial pursuits since he was not permitted to occupy himself with politics. He and his brother were never so happy as when together.

Queen Hortense and Prince Louis left Florence for Rome, November 15, 1830. Her elder son escorted her on horseback as far as the first station.

He was radiant with happiness and health. But let his mother tell the story: "And this heart so simple, noble, and affectionate was to beat only so short a time for the welfare of humanity! I embraced him again and again. I found it hard to leave him: I feared everything, but I was far from imagining the worst of all!

"On reaching Bolsena, I learned that my husband was to spend the night at Viterbo. My son Louis wished to set out on a post-horse to meet his father and pass some hours with him. Our carriages met about noon. He gave me back my son, and expressed his fears concerning the political ideas manifested by his children, and his desire that they should hold aloof from all events. In his anxious affection he would have wished, as I did, to keep them for himself alone; he would not consent to return me my son Louis except on condition that I should send him back a month or two before my journey to Florence."

Queen Hortense had been in Rome several days with Louis Napoleon when Pope Pius VIII. died, November 30, 1830. "He was loved and respected," she has said; "if he had lived, things would doubtless have remained tranquil. The interregnum seemed a favorable moment for young men full of ardor to shake off the yoke of a government which afforded no outlet to their activity, since at Rome every career, save an ecclesiastical one, is interdicted." During this interregnum Cardinal Fesch

learned that the government wished Prince Louis Napoleon to leave Rome. The cardinal having inquired the reasons for such a measure, none could be given, except that a young man named Bonaparte, who put a tricolored saddle-cloth on his horse, attracted too much attention and became dangerous to the government at a time of disorder. Fifty policemen surrounded the palace inhabited by the young prince and conducted him across the frontier.

Thenceforward Queen Hortense foreboded that her two sons would take part in the Italian movement. She wrote from Rome, January 8, to dissuade them from so doing. She explained in her letter the causes which rendered success impossible. "Italy," said she, "can do nothing without France; it must also wait patiently until France has settled her own affairs. Any imprudence will be prejudicial to both causes, because a fruitless resort to arms depresses for a long time both the forces and the members of a party to exalt the other at its expense; and those who fall are despised." Both princes replied that they approved their mother's conclusions, and for a time the Queen was reassured.

Meanwhile, Cardinal Capellari had been elected Pope, February 2, 1831, and took the name of Gregory XVI. Three days later the insurrectionary movement broke out at Bologna. It spread rapidly, and Queen Hortense, receiving no news from her sons, began to entertain serious fears that they had joined the insurgents. She left Rome in great

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anxiety, and went with all speed to Florence. "Even at the gate of the city," she has said, "I still hoped to see my children coming as usual on horseback to meet me; but in vain. I reached the inn, my legs trembling so beneath me that I could scarcely alight from the carriage. I spoke of them, but no one could tell me anything; they were supposed to be with their father. I had not yet lost all hope. M. de Bressieux ran to my husband's house. This moment of uncertainty was frightful. He returned at last to give me the most cruel blow. They were gone."

An instant later, a domestic, left in Florence by Louis Napoleon, brought a letter from him to his mother. "Your affection will comprehend us," said the prince; "we have taken engagements to which we could not be faithless, and the name we bear obliges us to assist the unfortunate people who appeal to us. Make my sister-in-law believe that I led away her husband, who suffers at having hidden from her any action of his life."

Menotti, that patriotic Modenese who was to be executed after the failure of the insurrection, had come to Florence to say to the two sons of Louis Bonaparte: "Italy has need of you," and the princes had responded to this appeal. Their father and mother, and their uncle Jérôme, did all they could to induce them to return. But it was too late. The more perilous the enterprise appeared, the more attractive they found it.

CHAPTER IX

THE INSURRECTION OF THE ROMAGNA

THREE days after the election of Gregory XVI., the movement described as constitutional broke out among the people of the Romagna. The colors of the ancient kingdom of Italy, red, white, and green, were run up at Bologna, February 5, 1831, and a provisional government constituted. It was composed of conspicuous members of the nobility, among whom were Comte Marescalchi and Comte Pepoli, who were connected by marriage with the Bonapartes. The pontifical troops evacuated the city without resistance. The pro-legate, Monseigneur Clavelli, retired to Florence. At Forli, the same day, the pro-legate, Monseigneur Gazzoli, published a notification in which he announced that, ceding to the unanimous wish of the people, and desiring to prevent grave disorders, he had determined to resign the reins of government to a committee composed of the gonfalonier and sixty other persons. At Ravenna, February 6, the pro-legate, Monseigneur Zacchini, a young prelate of recognized merit, summoned the notables of the city and himself created a governmental provisional committee. The tricolored

Italian cockade was displayed the same day in Rimini. The pontifical government took no steps toward arresting the progress of the insurrection.

The Marquis de La Tour-Maubourg, ambassador of France at Rome, wrote, February 12, to Louis Philippe's minister of foreign affairs: "The insurrectionary spirit is spreading rapidly in the states of the Pope. The province of Urbino and Pesaro has established its provisional government. The new authorities have made haste to proclaim respect for religion, the clergy, persons, and property; the abolition of the tax on grinding grain, and the reform of legislation." The ambassador adds, in another despatch, dated February 15: "I do not see to what means the Holy See can resort in order to re-establish its dominion over the provinces it has just lost. Force it does not possess; conciliation it cannot attempt without intending to comply with the demands of the people. No one ought to expect to see it enter into that system, and it must be admitted that there is a certain incompatibility between the form of sacerdotal government as it exists in Rome, and the institutions which the insurgents undoubtedly demand. Power, and all the means by which it is exerted, are in the hands of the princes of the Church; the superior council is composed of cardinals; prelates are the governors of the capital and the principal cities; even the minister of war is a prelate. Such means could not be retained in the establishment of a govern-

ment in which a shadow of liberty should prevail. To make some changes adapted to the times, even were they but feeble and few in number, would be to endanger the safety of the edifice; hence no one even thinks of it. No one imagines that the sovereign pontiff could dispense his authority except through hands consecrated at the altar. Unable to employ force, yet unwilling to concede anything, what means are left whereby the Holy See might regain its provinces? Not one, unless it be the support of Austria."

The two sons of Louis Bonaparte have quitted Florence, unknown to their father, and ranged themselves under the Italian flag. The constitutionals — the name assumed by the insurgents — are proud of counting in their ranks two nephews of the Emperor Napoleon; they give them an enthusiastic reception. Prince Louis writes to Queen Hortense, February 12: "My dear Mamma, we are delighted to find ourselves in the midst of people who treat us with the greatest affability and who are elated by patriotism. . . . Send us all the money you can; this is no time to think of economies. I hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be troubled on our account, and that you will try to pacify our father, who must be very angry with us." To his young brother's letter, Prince Napoleon added these few lines: "My dear Mamma, do not distress yourself about us. We are very well and in safety. I would be very contented if my separation from

Charlotte, the first and, I hope, the last, did not make me horribly sad. It will not last long, and that is a consolation."

The two princes were full of illusions. The future Napoleon III., in particular, experienced a sort of intoxication. He wrote to his mother, February 26: "This is the first time I have perceived myself to live. Until now I only vegetated. Our position is one of the finest and most honorable. The enthusiasm is very great. . . . Our sole chagrin is to have disquieted you." The dream was to have a cruel awakening.

The resolution taken by the two brothers had thrown the whole Bonaparte family into actual consternation. Their father, accustomed to absolute submission on their part, could not imagine who could have induced them to disobey him. He sent courier after courier, order upon order, to bid them return. Their uncle Jérôme, former King of Westphalia, made still more urgent remonstrances. From Rome he sent them the following letter, dated February 25: "My dear Nephews, I learn with the profoundest annoyance, that misunderstanding your own position and that of your whole family, you have allowed yourselves to be dragged into this movement. If the Emperor could see his nephews, destined to be, some day, the upholders of his dynasty, what would he say to find them paying for the asylum the Holy Father has accorded to all his family by taking up arms against him? . . .

Consider, my dear nephews, the annoyance, the affliction of your father, your mother, your worthy grandmother, if you persist in an undertaking into which you may have been dragged in a moment of enthusiasm, but which both reason and policy command you to abandon. I implore you, listen to an old soldier, to an uncle who loves you as if you were his own children, and who would never counsel a proceeding contrary to honor and your character as men."

This letter was carried to the two princes by Baron Stoelting, an officer formerly attached to the household of King Jérôme. He found them in command of all the young men of the cities and country places, and organizing the defence from Foligno to Civita Castellana, in the hope of taking the latter city, delivering all the state prisoners confined in its dungeons within the last week, and then marching on Rome.

M. de Stoelting, notwithstanding the mission given him by King Jérôme, comprehended at once that nothing in the world could induce the princes to desert the cause they had just embraced with so much ardor. He wrote from Terni to Queen Hortense: "I have been forced to conclude that the orders I received were impracticable, that the princes cannot withdraw, and that the very idea of so doing is repugnant to them on account of the generous part they feel called upon to play. This part is that of mediators, conciliators, conservers of

religion and good order." M. de Stoelting returned to Rome, bearing a letter to the Pope from Prince Napoleon, in which the latter submitted in respectful terms the aspirations of the youth of the Romagna.

Meanwhile, European diplomacy was disturbed by the presence of the princes in the ranks of the little constitutional army. The representative of France at Rome wrote to his government, February 26: "It is announced that the two sons of M. le Duc de Saint-Leu (the title by which the former King of Holland was designated) are at the head of the insurgents at Spoleto. Madame de Saint-Leu left Rome eight days ago, foreseeing this determination. The Pope is painfully affected by conduct from which he hoped these young men would have been deterred by the memory of the hospitality received in his dominions during many years." And on February 27: "The secretary of state has confirmed to me the presence of the sons of Louis Bonaparte at the outposts of the insurgents near Civita Castellana." He adds that this treason has rekindled exasperation against the French, which had somewhat cooled down! At this same period, Queen Hortense was made acquainted with the contents of a letter in which a diplomatist said: "If these young men who always consider themselves imperial princes are taken, the way in which they will be treated will certainly teach them what they really are."

The two princes, so confident and happy in the beginning of the enterprise, were speedily subjected to cruel disappointments. Menaced by the arrival of an Austrian army, the only remaining hope of the insurgents was France, which, in their opinion, would oppose to Austria the principle of non-intervention. Their leader, General Armandi, fancied that the presence of the two Bonapartes in the ranks of the constitutionals would prevent King Louis Philippe and his government from acting in favor of the Italian cause. Great were the indignation and surprise of the princes when they received from their companions in arms the order to retire to Ancona. Louis Napoleon wrote to his mother, March 1: "Really I do not understand it at all. You ought to know what we are, what we desire. . . . We have just been ordered to return to Ancona. The order is said to have come from Florence. So they want to make out that we are dastards. If no one sends us any money, we can get along without it, by living on the rations, and instead of being volunteers we will be under the orders of the first comer. . . . We have done what we ought to do, and we will never turn back." And again, March 5: "The intrigues of Uncle Jérôme and papa have accomplished so much that we have been obliged to quit the army. Armandi is the cause of it. He has credited the assurance given him by our relatives that, if we remain with the army, we shall interfere with the system of non-intervention." To

this letter of his brother, Prince Napoleon added a word of his own: "Have the kindness to tell papa that if he makes us leave this country, we shall do so only to go to Poland."

Queen Hortense's afflictions were at their height. King Jérôme and Cardinal Fesch sent word from Rome that if the princes were taken by the Austrians they were lost. Lost! the word made the unhappy mother shudder. As she related in her memoirs, she said to herself: "The Austrian army is going to enter. These poor unarmed Italians will be beaten, and I mean to go to the battlefield to save those of the vanquished who are so dear to me!" She was almost in despair. Throwing herself on her knees, "O my God!" she cried, "give them back to me in life. I ask nothing more." The princes had despairingly obeyed orders, left their command, and repaired to Ancona. From there they had gone to Bologna, still anxious to serve as volunteers. Their mother hastened to meet them, hoping to rescue them from the advancing Austrians, from impending prison, perhaps from death. She left Florence March 10, after obtaining a passport representing her as an English lady returning to London through France with her two sons. On that very day the Austrians were to enter the Papal territory. If Queen Hortense wished to save her sons there was not a moment to lose.

The unhappy mother undertook her dangerous journey. "How shall I find my children again?"

she asked herself. "Wounded, perhaps! Ah! I resign myself to having a wounded man; he can lie down in this carriage, I will nurse him once more, and be grateful to God!" But when her thoughts went beyond this, she was seized by a deadly chill, her ideas became confused, she felt that she was likely to lose the use of her faculties and her courage. She arrived at Perugia, where people still entertained illusions and fancied that France would oppose the Austrian intervention. The Queen went on her way. At the first gate after leaving Foligno she met a carriage. A man alighted and said to her: "Prince Napoleon is sick. He has the measles. He is asking for you." At those words: "He is asking for you," the poor mother trembled. "He is very ill, then," she exclaimed. Then she said: "I have been too unhappy! No! that is impossible! Heaven is just. It would be too much! No! he will not die! He will be given back to me." The faces of all who surrounded her announced a calamity. At every gate she heard the crowd saying: "Napoleon dead! Napoleon dead!" And yet she still doubted her misfortune. She entered Pesaro, and was put to bed almost inanimate. Her second son made his appearance. He threw himself into her arms and, breaking into tears, cried: "I have lost my brother, I have lost my best friend. Except for you, I would have died of sorrow over his body, which I would not leave." Prince Napoleon, attacked by

measles, had died at Forli, March 17. All the inhabitants attended his funeral, and testified universal regret at so premature a death. The next day the city fell into the hands of the Austrians. Queen Hortense had but one son left. To save him she was to work miracles.

CHAPTER X

ANCONA

THE Austrians were advancing rapidly. Queen Hortense and Louis Napoleon made haste to precede them at Ancona. There they alighted at the finest house in the city, on the shores of the Adriatic. The English passport of the Queen purported to be in favor of an English lady and her two sons. Some one must be found to replace the son that was missing. The young Marquis Zappi undertook the part. Recently married to a daughter of Prince Poniatowski he had just been commissioned to carry despatches to Paris from the constitutional government. More compromised than anybody, he associated himself to the fate of Queen Hortense; by the aid of the passport he might possibly escape with her and her son.

Ancona was full of insurgents trying to embark before the coming of the Austrians, but certain, in any case, to find difficulty in escaping from their flotilla, which was already in the Adriatic. Two vessels at anchor in the harbor were the sole resource of the insurgents.

"Would one believe it?" says Queen Hortense.

"The price of places rose on account of the many unfortunates who needed them, and the majority of these young men who had abandoned fortune, family, all the pleasures of life, for liberty, could not pay their passage. Many applied to me, and I was so fortunate as to be of use. I gave all that I had, except what I needed for my journey. From my window I saw the boat which was about to take away the remnant of those valiant young men, imprudent, doubtless, since they had not calculated their means; but prudence is so selfish. Let us not reproach youth with the defects which enhance its brilliant qualities; it is always in disinterested souls that we find that which ennobles man."

The situation of Queen Hortense was made all the more terrible by the fact that her son had just been attacked by measles and was unable to travel. It was necessary that she should nurse him in Ancona, and that no one should suspect her continued presence there. The Queen may be said to have had the same aptitude for mystery and conspiracy as her sons. The cunning and address she employed in order to screen him from observation and shield him from danger are inconceivable. Not only must she herself have been intrepid, but her domestics must have evinced rare devotion and intelligence to render her plan of escape practicable.

Ancona capitulated March 26. The Austrians were to enter the next day. What stratagem was invented by Queen Hortense? She succeeded in

convincing everybody that her son had just embarked for Corfu in the night of March 26–27. The domestics, who seemed to be carrying luggage, deceived those who were curious about this pretended embarkation. Even the vice-consul of France at Ancona was duped by this skilfully contrived ruse. March 27, he wrote to the French ambassador near the Holy See: "A Jessieu boat sailed to-night for Corfu with thirty-nine of the most compromised individuals, among others a son of Louis Bonaparte, the other having died at Forli. The mother is still here."

On the 27th, the Austrian troops made their entry into Ancona. The house occupied by Queen Hortense being the finest in the town, Lieutenant-general Baron Geppert, commander-in-chief, and his staff, were quartered there, the Queen reserving only a few rooms for herself. "A closed double door," she has said, "separated me from the general, but we were so close that I could overhear his conversation, while on the other side the soldiers remained in my antechamber with my domestics."

Here was an essentially critical situation, a really romantic episode. The Queen herself describes her anguish: "My son's illness followed its course. My watchfulness only became more active. The least thing might betray us. If he coughed, I was obliged to close his mouth. I prevented him from talking, for a man's voice could be heard so easily by those who surrounded us." Only a partition

separated the future Napoleon III. from his enemies. The Austrian general was far from thinking that he had beside him the man who, in 1859, was to take his revenge for 1831.

Meanwhile the health of Louis Napoleon was improving. The doctor, who was in the secret and pretended to be visiting Queen Hortense, who affected illness, certified that the prince could at last depart. Thereupon his mother received General Geppert, a courteous and well-bred man, who treated her with deference and respect. She told him she intended to leave Ancona and embark at Leghorn for Malta, where her son would rejoin her from Corfu. At the same time she asked the general for a permit in which her name should not be mentioned, and he gave it. The Queen started on Easter Sunday, and as she wanted to hear Mass in the celebrated church of Our Lady of Loretto, some twenty-one miles from Ancona, she said she would set off before sunrise.

The young Marquis Zappi, who had passed for one of her sons while Queen Hortense was using her English passport, now assumed the character of a domestic. He put on a suit of livery, and Louis Napoleon another. Followed by her two pretended servants, Queen Hortense crossed the antechamber between sleeping Austrians. Two post-chaises were at the foot of the stairs. Prince Napoleon mounted the box of the one his mother entered, Marquis Zappi the dicky of that containing the waiting-

maid. In this manner they arrived at Loretto, where they heard Mass while the horses were being changed. They resumed their route without difficulty, thanks to the permit signed by the general. At Macerata some one recognized the prince but maintained silence. Foligno and Perugia were traversed. They arrived in Tuscany. There the danger was, perhaps, greater than in the Roman states, because the prince was better known there, and at every post station, on every road, in every inn, they might meet people who would recognize him. Neither he nor Marquis Zappi now wore livery but travelled as the sons of the so-called English lady, who had a passport for Italy, France, and England. Amidst incessant disquietudes they passed through Siena, Pisa, and Lucca. They made a brief halt at Seravezza, a picturesque spot where Prince Napoleon had enjoyed spending the summer. "He had been so well received," says his mother. "He liked everybody so much! He had built a small house and a paper mill there. There, too, he wrought in marble, and made sketches of all those marvellous places. In fine, it was there he had experienced all the little happiness he could have in his too short life."

One of the most dangerous places to go through was a dependency of the Duchy of Modena, for nowhere else had the reaction been so cruel and sanguinary; if Louis Napoleon had been arrested there, his situation would have been most terrible. The

false passport saved the fugitives. "And yet," says the Queen, "it was a very bold thing to pretend that all of us were English, when not a soul except my son spoke the language, and he with an easily detected French accent, as we soon found out. An open carriage stopped in front of us; a man stepped out of it, approached my carriage, saw two ladies inside, and ran to the other. Thinking that he was addressing his own countrymen, he asked in English where he could find Minister Taylor, for whom he had despatches. My son replied in the same language. The man thanked him by saying: 'I beg your pardon, I was mistaken; I took you for English people.' At last we entered Massa. We saw all the troops under arms, the duke being momentarily expected. He had left Modena just when the insurgents who were in his power were being condemned. My son sorrowfully remembered that Menotti, an Italian, so patriotic, so energetic, so generous toward the duke, who received his death from him whose saviour he had been." However, the fugitives passed safely through the states of the terrible duke, arrived at Genoa, where the English consul visaed their passport without objection, reached Nice, and entered, by way of Antibes, that land of France where, though victims of a proscriptive law, they were about to seek a refuge.

All was over, and for many years, with the Italian liberal movement. Austria triumphed, and diplomacy had no pity on the vanquished. Comte de

Sainte-Aulaire, ambassador of France, at Rome, wrote to his government, March 31, 1831: "The Italian revolution died a shameful death; to wear mourning for it would be in bad taste; moreover, it would accredit those calumniators who accuse us of having provoked it. We cannot blink the fact that imprudent and culpable provocations did proceed from France, and great efforts will be needed to reject all responsibility for them. I am in a much less favorable position for obtaining liberal concessions and soliciting consideration in favor of the rebels. However, I shall always deem it my duty to assist those whose lives may be threatened. I have instructed our brig at Civita Vecchia in this sense. To the hints given in order to find out whether or not we would refuse asylum to some conscripts I have replied with reserve, but nevertheless in a way to make it understood that we will not the death of sinners. Still other hints have been dropped, and these I have repelled more harshly. They authorize me to tell you that Bonapartism was at the bottom of all this, and not merely by the concurrence of those members of the family who avowed it." The day before, King Jérôme had written to the Duchesse de Rovigo: "The constitutionals are exasperated against France, which has sacrificed them, according to what they say." It is certain that the Italian liberals, misled by certain speeches delivered in the French chamber of deputies, as well as by the tone

of the Parisian journals, had fancied that France would proclaim the principles of non-intervention, and prevent the Austrians from penetrating into the heart of the peninsula. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was among the vanquished, but the events in which he had just played so unfortunate a part were to have very great influence on his future destinies; one might say that the victories of Magenta and Solferino lay in germ in the defeats of the insurgents of the Romagna.

CHAPTER XI

THE JOURNEY IN FRANCE

QUEEN HORTENSE had left France a proscript in 1815. In 1831 she returned there, a proscript still. A merciless fatality pursued her in that country which she loved so well and where she had been so happy. Louis Napoleon was but seven years old when he quitted his native land. He returned thither a young man of twenty-three, matured already by misfortune and exile, but although surrounded by calamities, and in spite of cruel disillusions, still believing in his star and breathing with elation his native air. Yet, like his mother, he could enter France only under an assumed name. He had no right to call himself a Frenchman, and owed his only safeguard, his English passport, to the nation which had enchained his uncle, like a second Prometheus, on the rock of Saint Helena.

The mother and son went their way, unrecognized, from Antibes to Paris. They stopped for a few moments at Fontainebleau, melancholy and poetic abode, evoking the souvenir of so many vanished grandeurs. There, on the morrow of the treaty

of Tilsit, the Emperor, entering while alive into the splendor of apotheosis, had given brilliant fêtes. In the chapel of the palace he had held Louis Napoleon over the baptismal font. Her face covered with a heavy veil, Hortense passed through the apartments where she had shone in all the lustre of her youth and beauty. She meditated before the table where the Emperor, expiating his triumphs by the most terrible anguish, had been constrained to sign his abdication, and remained silent in the court where he bade adieu to his guard.

"Some of the domestics at the château," Queen Hortense has said, "were still the same. Although convinced that I must have changed greatly in so many years, I took the precaution of keeping my veil down. I heard my name repeated so often apropos of the different apartments I had occupied, that it was plain they had remained faithful to the memory of our times. I found everything as I had left it.

"The only change which affected me was in the English garden we had planted, and which had become so large and magnificent that it made me sigh to think of the length of time which had separated me from my country!"

Hortense arrived at the barrier of Paris, April 24, 1831: "I took a sort of personal pride," she says again, "in showing this capital on its best side to my son, who could barely remember it. I told the postilion to drive through the boulevard as far as the

rue de la Paix, and stop at the first hotel. I went over the same route I had taken sixteen years before, under the escort of an Austrian officer, when quitting in the evening this city from which the Allies had hastily expelled me." The postilion stopped the carriage in the rue de la Paix, in front of a hotel bearing the name of the country over which Hortense had reigned, the Holland, where she and her son put up. From one of their windows they could see the boulevard, and from another the Place and the column Vendôme. Their arrival in Paris was coincident with the royal decree of April 8, 1831, by which Louis Philippe decided that the statue of the victor of Austerlitz should be re-established on the summit of the column.

In the France of that day Napoleon had become a demigod. He had not merely admirers but adorers. His memory was extolled, idolized, and even official circles shared, or pretended to share, this extraordinary infatuation. "There was an efflorescence of Napoleonism on all sides," says M. Thureau-Dangin. ". . . Both grand and petty literature sought its inspiration in him, and Victor Hugo led the large and noisy choir of political imperialism, while Barbier was almost the only one who protested against *the idol*. Not a theatre that did not put Napoleon on its stage, at every age and in every posture. Any one going about in Paris at that epoch and looking at the showcases of the venders of engravings and statuettes, turning over the

pamphlets, listening to popular ballads of street harangues, might have supposed that the revolution of 1830 had just restored the imperial dynasty." And, meanwhile, the family of the man thus deified by the masses was not merely proscribed but plundered. By the treaty of April 11, 1814, Napoleon had surrendered all that he possessed and restored the crown diamonds to France, on condition that a pension should be paid to him and his family. This petition was signed by Talleyrand in the name of Louis XVIII., and guaranteed by all the powers, and yet, not merely was it left unexecuted, but all the fortune of the members of the imperial family was confiscated. Nor was it their fortune only which was wrested from them, for Louis Napoleon had neither the right to make himself known nor to bear his own name in France. Such were the bitter reflections of Hortense and her son on entering Paris. Not a soul suspected their arrival. They were believed to be in Malta.

The Queen did not at once acquaint the government with her presence. Colonel Comte Franz d'Houdetot, aide-de-camp to King Louis Philippe, was first apprized of it. This officer came to the Holland hotel at the request of Mademoiselle Masuyer, not expecting to find any one else. Great was his surprise when brought before Queen Hortense. She expressed to him her desire to be received by the King, and he promised to support her request.

Colonel d'Houdetot returned the following day. The King had protested against the traveller's imprudence and said that it was absolutely impossible for him to receive her. A constitutional sovereign, he must even apprize the president of the council, M. Casimir Périer, who would repair to the Holland hotel. He did, in fact, go there, and the former Queen said to him: "I was obliged to go through France, and was unwilling that you should learn it from any one but myself. If this journey becomes known hereafter, you will not attribute to me any desire but that of saving my son. . . . I know very well that I have transgressed a law; I have weighed all the consequences of so doing; you have the right to arrest me; it would be just." "Just, no; legal, yes," responded the president of the council. Colonel d'Houdetot came the next evening to seek Hortense and take her to the King.

Louis Philippe had not yet installed himself at the Tuileries. This mysterious interview took place at the Palais Royal. The situation was delicate on both sides. The King's mother and aunt were under obligations to Queen Hortense who, during the Hundred Days, had obtained for them an authorization to stay in France and a pension from the Emperor. Louis Philippe did not disguise from himself the fact that the Bonapartists had been, and still were, of use to him, and that the restoration of his throne would have been impossible without the evocation of imperial glories and the

resurrection of the tricolored flag. More than one souvenir created a sympathetic link between him and Queen Hortense. General de Beauharnais, her father, had been the friend of the King of the French when the King of the French called himself the Duc de Chartres. Louis Philippe had a liking also for the Grand-duchess Stéphanie of Baden, who was a Beauharnais. A great many of the politicians, marshals, and generals who surrounded the new monarch had been the courtiers of the attractive and amiable Queen Hortense. Louis Philippe would, doubtless, have desired nothing better than to let her live quietly in Paris in company with her son. But for that it would have been essential that the young prince should renounce his dreams, his hopes, his faith, and nothing was further from his thoughts than such an abdication. Hence an agreement was impossible, notwithstanding an exchange of courteous speeches.

Hortense arrived secretly at the Palais Royal by a private staircase. She was not even received in the King's apartments, but in Colonel d'Houdetot's modest chamber, the furniture of which was limited to a bed, a table, and two chairs. Hortense and Queen Marie Amélie had to sit on the bed, Louis Philippe and his sister, Madame Adelaide, on the two chairs. Colonel d'Houdetot stood against the door to prevent any indiscreet entry. According to Queen Hortense, Louis Philippe was polite, and even gracious. "The time is not far off," said he,

"when there will be no more exiles; I want none under my reign. . . . I know that you have pecuniary claims to make, and that you have applied in vain to all the preceding ministries. Write me a note of what is due you and send it to me alone. I understand business, and offer to be your attorney." Hortense was touched by so kindly a reception. "It is impossible," she has said, "to be more gracious than he was in all he said to me, and that air of good nature which I found in him, and which reminded me somewhat of the excellent King of Bavaria, that old and constant friend of my brother and me, inclined me to confidence." Hortense avowed that her son was with her in Paris. "I fancied as much," said Louis Philippe; "but I recommend you to let no one else suspect your arrival; I have concealed it from all my ministers except the president of the council, and I insist that nobody shall hear of your passage." The former Queen of Holland promised not to make herself known. Queen Marie Amélie and Madame Adelaide produced the best impression on her. "I was feeling so unhappy," she has said, "that their consolations did me good. Could I ever have tried to do them harm?" Hence they parted on terms that were not merely polite but affectionate.

On returning from the Palais Royal, Queen Hortense found her son in a high fever. Still passing herself off at the Holland as a Frenchwoman married to an Englishman, she sent for a physician she had

never seen, and whom she took great care not to acquaint with her real name. She received several visits from M. Casimir Périer, who offered to advance her money, which she refused. One remark of his dispelled all Hortense's illusions by demonstrating the incompatibility existing between the situation of her son and that of Louis Philippe. "After what we have just agreed upon for you," said the president of the council to Queen Hortense, "people will gradually grow accustomed to see you in France and your son also. As to you personally, general consent would at once be given for your admission; as to your son, his name would be an obstacle; and if, later on, he accepted service, he would have to relinquish it. We are obliged to keep on good terms with foreigners; we have so many parties in France that war would ruin us." In repeating these remarks of M. Casimir Périer, Queen Hortense adds: "It would be impossible for me to express what I felt at the time. What! it was necessary to conceal that beautiful name with which France should adorn itself, to disguise it as if it were shameful! And why? Because it recalled the glory of France and the humiliation of the foreigner." Louis Napoleon, somewhat against his mother's wishes, had written a very respectful letter to the King, asking permission to serve in the French army; but the idea that he could not do so under his own name, the name he regarded as a talisman, had not even occurred to his mind. When

his mother told him what M. Casimir Périer had just said, "Give up my name!" he exclaimed, with vehemence. "Who dare propose such a thing to me! Don't let us think any more about all that, but go back to our retreat. Ah! you were right, mother!"

Meanwhile the anniversary of the Emperor's death was approaching. A Bonapartist manifestation was in preparation for the 5th of May; ten years before, the prisoner of Saint Helena had breathed his last. The government seemed anxious. Given the character of Louis Napoleon, so extremely inclined to secret activities, it was credible that he might have entered into relations with the republican leaders. M. Casimir Périer's language had literally exasperated him at a time when every tendency of his mind was already disposing him to unite with the double opposition, Bonapartist and republican, which was attacking the July monarchy with such violence. After what he had just done in Italy, he was looked upon as a conspirator and a man of action. Hence Louis Philippe's apprehensions are not difficult to understand. From early morning on the 5th of May, Louis Napoleon beheld from his window people going to lay flowers on the column and crown the eagles with bouquets. It was claimed that he had been seen to mingle with the crowd of manifestants.

That very day, Colonel d'Houdetot presented himself at the Holland hotel. "Madame," said he to

Queen Hortense, "you must start at once; you cannot remain here any longer, I have orders to tell you so; unless it will positively endanger your son's life, you must go." Hortense made no recriminations. She and her son spent the next night at Chantilly, whence they started for England. They were most cordially received in the best circles. They visited Lady Holland, who had shown so much delicate attention to the captive of Saint Helena, and were present at a breakfast given in their honor by the Duchess of Bedford. On the 1st of August they received from Prince Talleyrand, then ambassador of France at London, a passport authorizing them to return to Switzerland, again through France. They embarked for Calais, August 7. Hortense would not pass through Paris, which was then in a state of disturbance. She was afraid of over-exciting her son, who had said to her: "If we go to Paris, and I see people sabred before my eyes, I shall make no effort not to join them." She confined herself to visiting the environs of the capital with him: Morfontaine, formerly owned by King Joseph; Saint-Denis, which the Emperor had thought would contain the graves of the Bonapartes; Rueil, where the Empress Josephine was buried in a humble church. "What a painful feeling oppressed me," Josephine's daughter has said, "when the sad thought came to me that of all she had loved, I and my son alone remained, isolated and obliged to flee even the place where she reposed."

The fate of the unhappy Queen inspired Mademoiselle Delphine Gay (afterwards Madame Emile de Girardin) with the following lines, set to music by M. de Beauplan: —

Soldats, gardiens du sol français,
Vous qui veillez sur la colline,
De nos remparts livrez l'accès,
Laissez passer la pèlerine.

Les accents de sa douce voix,
Que nos échos ont retenue,
Et ce luth que chanta Dunois
Vous annoncent sa bienvenue.

Sans peine on la reconnaîtra
A sa pieuse rêverie,
Aux larmes qu'elle répandra
Aux noms de France et de Patrie.

Son front couvert d'un voile blanc
N'a rien gardé de la couronne;
On ne devine son haut rang
Qu'aux nobles présents qu'elle donne.

Elle ne vient pas sur ses bords
Réclamer un riche partage;
Des souvenirs sont ses trésors
Et la gloire est son héritage.

Elle voudrait de quelques fleurs
Parer la tombe maternelle,
Car elle est jalouse des pleurs
Que d'autres y versent pour elle.

Soldats, gardiens du sol français,
Vous qui veillez sur la colline,
De nos remparts livrez l'accès,
Laissez passer la pèlerine.[1]

[1] Soldiers, guardians of French soil,
You who watch upon the hill,
Give access to our ramparts,
Let the pilgrim pass.

The tones of her sweet voice,
Which our echoes have retained,
And that lute which Dunois played
Announce her welcome coming.

We recognize her easily
By her filial revery,
By the tears she sheds
At the names of France and Fatherland.

Her brow, covered with a white veil,
Keeps no semblance of the crown;
One guesses her high rank
Only from the noble gifts she bestows.

She comes not to our borders
To reclaim a rich portion;
Memories are her treasures
And glory her inheritance.

She would like with flowers
To adorn her mother's tomb,
For she is jealous of the tears
Shed for her there by others.

Soldiers, guardians of French soil,
You who watch upon the hill,
Give access to our ramparts,
Let the pilgrim pass.

Hortense paused in front of the gate of Malmaison, which recalled memories both sweet and painful. She was forbidden to cross its threshold.

Mother and son continued their journey across France. At the end of August they were once more on the hospitable soil of Switzerland, in that asylum of Arenenberg to which they returned after such chagrin and anguish. Nature, that great consoler, was to lull Hortense's sorrow. The exile heard the echo of the voice of one of her favorite poets, Lamartine.

Tes jours sombres et courts comme les jours d'automne,
Déclinent comme l'ombre au penchant des coteaux;
L'amitié te trahit, la pitié t'abandonne,
Et seule tu descends le sentier des tombeaux.

Mais la nature est là qui t'invite et qui t'aime;
Plonge-toi dans son sein qu'elle t'ouvre toujours;
Quand tout change pour toi, la nature est la même,
Et le même soleil se lève sur tes jours.[1]

[1] Thy days, sombre and short, like autumn days,
Decline like shadows on the sloping hill;
Friendship betrays thee, pity deserts thee,
And thou goest alone down the road to the tomb.

But nature is there, which invites and loves thee;
Plunge thyself in her breast which she opens always;
Nature is the same when all changes to thee,
And the same sun arises on thy days.

CHAPTER XII

ARENENBERG

THE château of Arenenberg, in Switzerland, fifteen kilometres from Frauenfeld, chief town of the canton of Thurgau, is built on the slope of a hill that dominates Lake Constance. Skilfully arranged plantations extend their shade, yet now and again open to display picturesque points of view. On one side may be discovered the little town of Reichenau with its vines and chalets reflected in the waters of the lake. On another, one beholds the Rhine, plunging to the foot of the cascades of Schaffhausen to surround, with an azure zone, a smiling landscape. Further still you may perceive the vaporous contours of the Black Forest, and the towers and steeples of the city of Constance.

The approaches to the château are very rugged. On leaving Ermatingen, a pretty hamlet situated in an undulation of the shore, a stair-shaped path detaches itself from the road and leads to a bridge thrown across a narrow ravine. You cross this bridge, whose balustrades are adorned with vases filled with hortensias, and arrive first in the park, and then at the château. Surrounded by flowery

borders, springing fountains, and clumps of verdure, you see its two stories, from the ridge of which the eye embraces immense and distant horizons. The architecture is simple but graceful, without turrets, high walls, or battlements; an entirely modern residence with nothing feudal about it.

The dining-room, reception-rooms, billiard-room, library, and Queen Hortense's study were on the ground floor. In the room leading to the library might be admired Prudhon's large portrait of the Empress Josephine, a canvas full of charm and melancholy, wherein the painter has represented the sovereign lying on a grassy seat in the shadow of a thicket. The succeeding rooms were adorned by portraits of Napoleon and the members of his family; a bust of Lord Byron, one of the Queen's favorite authors; and a white marble statue of the Empress, one of Bosio's finest works.

Here it was that Queen Hortense received the visits of a small group of courtiers of misfortune and exile: the Princesse de la Moskowa, widow of Marshal Ney, M. Vieillard, M. and Madame Parquier, M. Mocquard, Madame Salvage de Faverolles, who, having once been an enthusiastic legitimist, had attached herself with the same ardor to the châtelaine of Arenenberg, and Casimir Delavigne, of whom M. Ernest Legouvé has said in his charming book, *Soixante Ans de Souvenirs*, "Casimir Delavigne was then the god of youth. The triumph of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, the brilliant success of

the *Comédiens*, the popularity of the *Messéniennes*, placed on his brow, for us rhetoricians, the triple crown of tragic poet, comic poet, and lyric poet. We knew that at the first representation of the Sicilian Vespers the enthusiasm of the pit was such that the applause continued during the entire interval separating the fourth act from the fifth. That had turned our heads. We recognized in Casimir Delavigne a yet superior title. He had sung of Greece, liberty, France,— he was the national poet. We admired Lamartine greatly, but Lamartine was a royalist; Lamartine had attacked Bonaparte. The famous line,

Rien d'humain ne battait sous son épaisse armure,[1]

seemed to us a blasphemy, for at that time we were all frenzied liberals and frenzied Bonapartists."

In August, 1832, Queen Hortense and her son received, at the same time, two deeply affecting visits, that of M. de Châteaubriand and that of Madame Récamier. The young prince had neglected no means of securing the sympathies of the illustrious author. He had written him on the 4th of the preceding May: "You are the sole redoubtable defender of the old royalty; you would render it national if one could believe that it thought as you do. Hence, to praise it, it is not enough to declare yourself on its side, but rather to prove that it is on yours." Admitting, as he has said himself,

[1] Nothing that was human beat underneath his thick armor.

that the Bourbons had never written him such letters, M. de Châteaubriand had replied: "One never finds it easy to respond to eulogies; when he who gives them with as much spirit as suitability is, besides, in a social condition to which unparalleled souvenirs are linked, embarrassment is redoubled. I would have been glad to thank you orally for your obliging letter. We would have talked of a great fame and of the love of France, two things which touch you closely." Hence, the ground was well prepared for a reconciliation between the former Queen of Holland and the author of the brochure *Buonaparte et les Bourbons*, that sanguinary pamphlet which had been worth more to Louis XVIII. than an army.

Queen Hortense was endowed with an irresistible attraction. She charmed the great writer. Mother and son vied with each other in amiability towards him and admiration of his fame. Hence, he has mentioned his visit in his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, in terms flattering to both the châtelaine and the prince: "August 29, 1832, I dined at Arenenberg. There, after having been outrageously calumniated, Queen Hortense has come to perch herself upon a rock. . . . The strangers were Madame Récamier, M. Vieillard, and I. Madame the Duchesse de Saint-Leu (the name then borne by Queen Hortense) extricating herself very well from her difficult position as Queen and as Demoiselle de Beauharnais. . . . Prince Louis occupies a sepa-

rate pavilion, where I saw arms, topographical and strategic charts, things which made me, as it were by chance, think of the blood of the conqueror without naming him; Prince Louis is a studious, well-informed young man, most honorable, and naturally grave."

The time when M. de Châteaubriand made his visit to Arenenberg was precisely the epoch when Louis Napoleon began to have those imperial aims which presently became his fixed idea. As long as his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt, considered by him as his legitimate sovereign, lived, the thought of aspiring to the throne had not occurred to him. On learning that the former King of Rome was ill, he wrote to the young and unfortunate prince, July 12, 1832: "If you knew all our attachment to you, and how far our devotion goes, you would understand our grief at not having direct relations with him whom we have been taught to cherish as a relative and to honor as the son of the Emperor Napoleon. Ah! if the presence of your father's nephew could do you any good, if the care of a friend who bears the same name could somewhat assuage your sufferings, it would be the crown of my desires to be able to be of use in some way to him who is the object of all my affection. I hope my letter may fall into the hands of compassionate persons who will pity my grief and not prevent wishes for your recovery and the expression of a tender attachment from reaching you." This letter

had been intercepted, and the Duc de Reichstadt, with whom Louis Napoleon would never have dreamed of contesting the throne, died at Schönbrunn, July 22, 1832. From that day, Louis Napoleon, who knew that his father and uncles would not lay claim to the Empire, considered himself the legitimate heir of Napoleon I. M. de Châteaubriand and Madame Récamier were struck by the care which Queen Hortense, in spite of all her protestations of having renounced human grandeurs, took, as did all the members of her household, to treat her son as a sovereign; he took precedence everywhere. He presented Madame Récamier with a sepia drawing he had made, representing a view of Lake Constance, with a shepherd leaning against a tree and playing the flute while watching his flock. But he was already dreaming of something quite different from sheepfolds.

Before seeking to gain France, the prince applied himself to conciliating the Swiss. Having received from the canton of Thurgau the right of communal citizenship in 1832, he had responded: "I am glad that new ties bind me to a country which for sixteen years has given us so benevolent a hospitality. Believe that in all circumstances of my life, as a Frenchman and a Bonaparte, I shall be proud to be the citizen of a free state. My mother charges me to tell how much she has been affected by the interest which you testify in me." In 1833 he published his *Political and Military Considerations on Switzer-*

land, in the preface to which he said: "If, in speaking of Switzerland, I have not been able to avoid thinking often of France, I hope my digressions may be pardoned, because the interest inspired in me by a free people can but increase my love for my country."

Queen Hortense manifested an affection for her son which bordered on idolatry. "What a generous nature!" she wrote at this epoch. "What a good and worthy young man! I would admire him if I were not his mother, and I am proud of being so. I enjoy the nobility of his character as much as I suffer from my inability to make his life more pleasant. He was born for 'noble things.'" On the feast of Saint Louis, August 25, 1833, which was the prince's name-day, his mother gave an evening party to which several ladies of Constance were invited. A lottery was drawn in which the principal prize was a water-color painted by the Queen. There was a dance and a gay supper. For awhile the prince forgot the annoyances of exile.

In 1834, after a winter employed in study, Louis Napoleon went to Thun, to perform his military service. The next day, April 12, his mother received this note: "A few days' absence is enough to make me desire to return to you at once." And two days later: "It demands more courage for me to leave you than to brave a danger."

At the same epoch his name was mentioned as a possible candidate for the hand of Donna Maria,

Queen of Portugal, and some of his friends suggested that with the throne of Lisbon as a stepping-stone he might pass from the Tagus to the Seine. "The road is too roundabout," he replied; "I like a straight line better." And he caused the following rectification of the rumor to be published in the journals: "However flattering to me might be the conjecture of an alliance with a young and virtuous queen, I esteem it my duty to give it a contradiction all the more energetic because there has been nothing on my part to authorize such an error. Convinced that the great name I bear will not always be a cause of exile, I will wait patiently in a free and hospitable country until the people recall amongst them those who have been banished by twelve hundred thousand foreigners. Expectation of the day when I shall be permitted to serve France in the capacity of citizen and soldier keeps up my heart, and is worth more, in my opinion, than all the thrones in the world."

Louis Napoleon was not prince-consort at Lisbon, but he obtained a grade in the Swiss army. "Dear Mother," he wrote to Queen Hortense, July 13, 1834, "I have just received from the government of Berne the brevet of honorary captain of artillery. This flattering manner of responding to my request gives me all the more pleasure because it proves that my name finds no sympathy except where democracy is regnant. Yesterday, I was walking on the road to Zurich when I was passed by a chariot full of Bernese

sharpshooters. As soon as they saw me they began shouting: 'Long live Napoleon!' These friendly demonstrations are so many consolations for a proscript like me." However, nobody as yet had any faith in the star of this proscript, and one might say he had no adherent but himself.

No Bonapartist party existed in 1834. The prince avowed as much in a letter written from Arenenberg to M. Vieillard, February 18: "Look at the Emperor Napoleon, the greatest man of modern times; if the people at large preserve an affectionate memory and a feeling of gratitude towards him, yet he has certainly been unable to retain a party for his family. Discouraging thing! Bertrand, to whom the dying lips of Napoleon gave the name of friend, he, the victim of the island of Elba and the island of Saint Helena, accuses the manes of his Emperor of an unmeasured ambition. Soult, a soldier of the Empire, rises up to stigmatize what remains of that glorious epoch. . . . Ah! you are quite right; it is neither in gilded salons nor the reunions of timorous people that we find our friends, but in the streets." In 1835 the future Emperor was well aware of the vagueness and indecision of his aspirations. He wrote on January 30: "I know that I am a great deal by name, nothing as yet in myself, an aristocrat by birth, a democrat by nature and opinion, taxed with personal ambitions the moment I make a step outside of my ordinary path, taxed with apathy and indifference when I remain quietly in my corner; in fine, inspir-

ing the same fears in both liberals and absolutists on account of the influence of my name, I have no political friends except among those who, accustomed to the tricks of failure, think that among the possible chances of the future I may become a useful makeshift in case of emergency." Hence at this epoch Louis Napoleon's star was only a nebula, and in spite of his fatalism he must occasionally have doubted himself and made personal application of what he wrote, April 29, 1835, apropos of the death of his cousin the Duc de Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, and husband of the Queen of Portugal: "The young men of the Bonaparte family all die in exile like shoots from a tree which have been taken to a foreign climate; to die young is often a piece of good luck; but to die before one has lived, to die ingloriously in one's bed of sickness, is frightful." Like all men of ardent imaginations, the proscript of Arenenberg alternated between melancholy and ecstasy. Sometimes he foreboded a premature death in a foreign land, and again, to use his own expression, saw himself "soar high enough to be illuminated by one of the declining rays of the sun of Saint Helena," and fancied that he was to be conducted to the palace of the Tuileries by the shade of Napoleon.

At the close of 1835 and the beginning of 1836, the prince was diverted for a little while from his ambitious schemes by thoughts of matrimony. There was some talk of marrying him to his cousin, the

Princesse Mathilde, daughter of Jérôme Bonaparte, former King of Westphalia. Born at Trieste, May 27, 1820, this charming young girl was in her sixteenth year, and her rare beauty, lofty intelligence, amiability, taste for literature and the arts, already made her very attractive. Louis Napoleon saw her at Lausanne, where she was staying with her father, and declared that he would be happy to have her for his wife. Queen Hortense greatly desired this union, and King Louis did not oppose it. The proposal was delayed by the death of Madame Mère. Louis Napoleon had seen her often when staying in Rome, and this woman, "worthy of all respect," — the expression is the Emperor's, — inspired him with profound affection and veneration. He had written her, June 1, 1835: "My dear grandmamma, I am unwilling to quit Geneva without recalling myself to your memory and recommending myself anew to your kindness. The letter you wrote lately to my mother gave me great pleasure. In it you mentioned me with such affection that it brought tears to my eyes. You can understand what a sweet impression I must needs receive from the blessing of the Emperor's mother, since I venerate him as a god, and worship his memory most sacredly. . . . Adieu, my dear grandmother; be sure that no one comprehends better than I do all the duties imposed upon me by the great name I have the honor to bear, and that my sole and unique ambition is to show myself ever worthy of it." Madame Mère died at Rome, Febru-

ary 2, 1836, at the age of eighty-six. On the 14th, Louis Napoleon wrote: "It is not merely as a grandson that I lament her death. It is also in thinking that she was the Emperor's mother that I deplore this irreparable loss. . . . But one idea consoles me, and that is to think that if she sees me from heaven and reads my heart, she will find there so much attachment for my parents, such veneration for her memory and that of the Emperor, in a word, I dare to say such love for what is good, that she will say: 'I have a grandson worthy to bear the great name which his father left to him unsullied.'"

The Princesse Mathilde was at this time doubly afflicted. November 29, 1835, she had lost her mother, Queen Catherine, Princess of Wurtemberg, who had displayed admirable loyalty to a dethroned and proscribed husband, and of whom Napoleon said, on the rock of Saint Helena: "By her noble conduct in 1814 and 1815, this princess has inscribed her name in history with her own hands."

At the commencement of 1836, the projected marriage between Louis Napoleon and his cousin was not abandoned, but merely adjourned. Directly after the death of Madame Mère, Prince Napoleon, the brother of the Princesse Mathilde, came to spend some time at Arenenberg, where his cousin, who showed him much affection, gave him lessons in mathematics.

The mourning of the Bonaparte family made life

at Arenenberg very dull. The winter there is very cold, and on stormy days the neighboring mountains, half-veiled in clouds, wear an aspect of indescribable melancholy. It annoyed Louis Napoleon to find the negotiations concerning his marriage drag so slowly, and his generous nature, averse to pecuniary cares, could not comprehend the questions of portion and dowry which preoccupied his father and his uncle. At this time he was in a state of agitation and uncertainty which displays itself in the following letter written to his brother's widow: "My dear Charlotte, I should like greatly to see you again. I should like to go shopping with you in Regent street. I should be glad to be in Florence; I should like to press in mine the hands of my cousin or the handle of a sabre. And of all these longings, which will be granted? Probably none."

It is likely that if a marriage with the Princesse Mathilde had then been decided on, the Prince would not have made the expedition to Strasburg. But seeing that his dreams of domestic happiness were not to be realized, he once more threw himself with vehemence into his rashly ambitious schemes. In spite of his extreme affection for his mother, he concealed the secret of his enterprise from her with amazing dissimulation. Queen Hortense believed her son to be exclusively employed in completing a manual of artillery, and was living with him in profound retirement. "While you are occupied with great events," she wrote at this time to a friend in

Paris, "we spend our life tranquilly with no excitement but what is caused by the passing of the steamboat, and discussing as to whether a picket is more or less well placed to mark a route. My God! is this not happiness? It is at least a very sweet repose after so many storms."

The Prince kept up a pretence of sharing his mother's philosophy even while preparing a plot whose very audacity made it senseless. He was acting under the pressure of a sort of mysterious and irresistible fatality which was pushing him toward the abyss. October 24, 1836, he tranquilly announced to his mother that he would leave Arenenberg very early the next morning to hunt for some days in the principality of Echingen. In bidding her adieu that evening, he thought he might be embracing her for the last time. But he had already such self-command and power of dissimulation that, although a most affectionate son, not a trace of emotion was visible on his imperturbable countenance.

CHAPTER XIII

STRASBURG

IN composing the second act of the *Prophet*, Scribe and Meyerbeer must have thought of Louis Napoleon. Jean de Leyde, going to embrace his sleeping mother, reminds one of the young Prince quitting Arenenberg without acquainting Hortense with his projects or bidding her adieu. Like the prophet, Louis Napoleon had listened to men who muttered: "And vengeance! And hope!" Like the prophet he had had a vision, and an interior voice, a voice secret, mysterious, had said to him: "Thou shalt reign!"

Let the Prince himself describe what he felt on parting. "You know," he has written, "what pretext I gave on my departure from Arenenberg; but what you do not know is what was then passing in my heart. Strong in the conviction which made me consider the Napoleonic cause as the only national cause in France, as the only civilizing cause in Europe, proud of the nobleness and purity of my intentions, I had fully decided to lift up the imperial eagle or to fall a victim to my political faith.

"I set off in my carriage over the same road I had

taken three months before in going to Unkirck and Baden; everything around me was the same, but what a difference in the impressions animating me! Then I was as gay and serene as the daylight; now, sad and pensive, my mind had assumed the color of the cold and foggy air by which I was surrounded. I shall be asked what forced me to abandon a happy existence in order to incur the risks of a hazardous enterprise. I shall reply that a secret voice enticed me, and that nothing in the world could have induced me to put off to another time an enterprise which seemed to offer so many chances of success."

However, these chances of success scarcely existed except in the imagination of the Prince. He had gained the adherence of Colonel Vaudrey, commander of the 4th regiment of artillery at Strasburg, Commander Pasquine, chief of squadron of the municipal guards, on furlough, and some young officers to whom he had promised honor and money. As has been said by M. Thureau-Dangin: "These were the only means by which an unknown young man of twenty-eight, with no past, fancied that he could overthrow a monarchy in full security and prosperity, and possess himself of France, which not merely had not summoned him but was not thinking of him." We quote also a passage from the Memoirs of M. Guizot: "Prince Louis was unknown in France to both the army and the people; nobody had seen him; he had never done anything; some pamphlets on the art of war, certain *Rêveries*

Politiques, a *Projet de Constitution*, and the eulogies of some democratic journals, were not very strong claims to public favor and the government of France. He had his name, but his name might have remained sterile without a hidden and entirely personal force; he had faith in himself and his destiny."

The dominant note in the Strasburg conspiracy is the fanaticism of a sectary. No document is more striking from the psychological point of view than the account sent to his mother by the Prince himself. These pages are written in the style of an illuminate. No remarks on the mental and moral characteristics of the future Emperor could be so interesting as this autobiography. It resembles both a chapter from an historical work and an episode from a poem. Written out at sea, to the sound of the waves, under the equator, this strange, impassioned narrative resembles the prologue of a drama in which the most bizarre vicissitudes occur.

October 27, 1836, Louis Napoleon arrived at Lahr, a small town of Baden, where he expected news. The axle-tree of his calash having been broken, he had to remain there all day. In the morning of the 28th, he retraced his steps, and crossed through Freiburg, Neubrisach, and Colmar. He reached Strasburg at eleven o'clock in the evening, where he put up at a small room that had been engaged for him in the rue de la Fontaine. The next day, the 29th, he saw Colonel Vaudrey and submitted to him his plan of operations. The plot was to be carried into exe-

cution the 30th, and the conspirators assembled that very evening in two rooms on the ground floor of a house in the rue des Orphelins.

"The 29th, at eleven o'clock in the evening," says the Prince, "one of my friends came to the rue de la Fontaine, to conduct me to the general rendezvous. We went together across the whole city; the streets were lighted by a beautiful moon; I took this fine weather as a favorable augury for the next day; I looked attentively at the places I was passing; the silence pervading them affected me; what was to replace this silence on the morrow?"

The adventurous conspirator could say like Victor Hugo:—

Oh! demain, c'est la grande chose,
De quoi demain sera-t-il fait?
L'homme aujourd'hui sème la cause,
Demain Dieu fait mûrir l'effet.[1]

He had the temperament of a gambler, and took pleasure in the risks which he was taking. His imagination became excited. He believed himself to be obeying an imperious call of duty. While on the way from the rue de la Fontaine to the rue des Orphelins, he said to his companion: "I make this revolution by means of the army with the express intention of preventing the troubles which often

[1] Oh! to-morrow is the great thing,
Of what will to-morrow be made?
To-day man sows the cause,
To-morrow God ripens the effect.

accompany popular movements. But what confidence, what a profound conviction in the nobility of a cause, are required to brave, not the dangers we are about to incur, but the public opinion which will tear us to pieces, which will overwhelm us with reproaches if we do not succeed! And yet I take God to witness that it is not to gratify a personal ambition, but because I believe I have a mission to fulfil, that I risk what is dearer to me than life, the esteem of my fellow-countrymen."

On arriving at the house in the rue des Orphelins, the Prince found the conspirators: M. de Persigny, Commanders Parquin and de Bruc, Lieutenants Laity and de Quérelles, and Comte de Gricourt. He thanked them for their devotion, and added that from this hour they would share good and evil fortune together. Some one had brought the eagle which once belonged to the 7th regiment of the line. "Labédoyère's eagle!" they exclaimed, and each pressed it to his heart with emotion.

Listen to the Prince's narrative: "The night seemed very long to us. I spent it in writing my proclamations which I had been unwilling to print beforehand, through dread of indiscretion. It was agreed that we should remain in this house until Colonel Vaudrey notified me to go to the barracks. We counted the hours, minutes, and seconds. Six in the morning was the time appointed. How difficult it is to express what one feels in such circumstances; in one second one lives more than in ten

years; for to live is to make use of our organs, our senses, our faculties, of all those portions of ourselves which give us the sentiment of our existence; and in these critical moments our faculties, our organs, our senses, excited to the highest degree, are concentrated on a single point; this hour is to decide our destiny; one is strong when one can say: To-morrow I shall be the liberator of my country or I shall be dead." To conquer or to die, such had been his motto, and yet destiny was to grant him neither victory nor death. Filled with strange illusions, he imagined that his enterprise would be a new edition of the return from Elba, and that he had only to appear to be enabled to exclaim like Cæsar: *Veni, vidi, vici.* After such a dream, the awakening must have been terrible.

The quarter of the 4th regiment of artillery commanded by Colonel Vaudrey was called the Austerlitz quarter. The name seemed a good omen to the Prince. "At last," he says, "six o'clock sounded! Never did the strokes of a clock re-echo so violently in my heart; but in an instant the trumpet of the Austerlitz quarter came to renew its palpitations. The great moment was approaching."

Some one came to tell the Prince that Colonel Vaudrey awaited him. He rushed into the street, accompanied by M. Parquin, in the uniform of a brigadier general, and a chief of battalion carrying the eagle. He himself wore an artillery uniform and a staff-officer's chapeau.

The regiment was in line in the court of the quarter. Colonel Vaudrey drew his sword and cried: "Soldiers of the 4th regiment of artillery! a great revolution is accomplishing at this moment; you see before you the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He comes to reconquer the rights of the people; the people and the army can rely upon him. It is around him that all who love the glory and liberty of France should gather. Soldiers, you will feel, like your leader, all the grandeur of the enterprise you are about to attempt, all the sacredness of the cause you are about to defend. Soldiers, can the nephew of the Emperor count on you?" He was answered by shouts of "Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!" Then the Prince began to speak: "Determined to conquer or die for the cause of the French people, you are the first to whom I wished to present myself, because there exist great memories between you and me. It was in your regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as captain; it was with you that he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, and it was again your regiment which opened the gates of Grenoble to him on the return from Elba. Soldiers! new destinies are reserved for you. Yours is the glory of commencing a new enterprise; yours the honor of being the first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram." Then Louis Napoleon seized the eagle carried by M. de Quérelles, and, presenting it to the soldiers, he exclaimed: "Here is the

symbol of French glory, destined likewise to become the emblem of liberty! During fifteen years it led our fathers to victory; it has shone above all battle-fields; it has traversed every capital of Europe. Soldiers! will you not rally to this noble standard which I confide to your honor and courage? Will you not march with me against the traitors and oppressors of the fatherland, to the cry of Long live France! Long live liberty!" The artillerymen shouted for the Prince. They began to march, with the band at the front. One platoon went to the printer's to have the proclamations published, another to the house of the prefect to arrest him; six more were given different commissions. The Prince, taking only a part of his forces, went to the house of General Voirol, commander of the military division. "General," said he, "I come to you as a friend; it would afflict me to raise our old tricolored flag without a brave soldier like you. The garrison is for me; make up your mind and follow me." The general replied: "Prince, some one has deceived you, and I am going to prove it to you this minute." Thereupon Louis Napoleon went away, leaving a picket to guard the general. Then he marched through a small lane into the Truckman barrack, then occupied by the 46th infantry regiment of the line. There a complete check awaited him. Lieutenant-colonel Talandier rejected all his offers. Colonel Paillot and other officers arrived and persuaded the soldiers against the Prince. He was set upon,

his clothing torn, his insignia taken from him, and himself shut up in a guard-house. "Prince," said one of his accomplices, Commander Parquin, at this moment, "we shall be shot, but we will die well." "Yes," replied Louis Napoleon; "we have failed in a fine and noble enterprise." He was afterwards taken to the new prison. "Here I was, then," he says, "between four walls, with barred windows, in the abode of criminals. Ah! those who know what it is to pass suddenly from that excessive happiness induced by noble illusions to that excessive misery which leaves no more hope, and to cross this enormous interval without a moment's preparation, will comprehend what was passing in my heart."

The conspirators met again in the office of the clerk of court. True fanatics, they did not repent of their mad enterprise. "Prince," said M. de Quérelles, "notwithstanding our defeat, I am still proud of what I have done." Louis Napoleon submitted to a preliminary examination with imperturbable calmness.

"What induced you to act as you have done?"

"My political opinions and my desire to see my country once more, which the foreign invasion prevents me from doing. In 1830 I asked to be treated as a private citizen; I was treated as a pretender; very well, I have acted like a pretender."

"Did you wish to establish a military government?"

"I wished to establish a government founded upon popular election."

"What would you have done had you succeeded?"

"I would have assembled a national congress." Louis Napoleon added that having organized his plot alone and been the sole persuader of his accomplices, he must also assume the whole responsibility.

After the examination the Prince was taken back to prison. "I threw myself," he says, "on a bed that had been made ready for me, and in spite of my torments, sleep, which alleviates by giving a respite to the afflictions of the soul, came to quiet my senses; repose does not fly misfortune; it is only banished by remorse. But how frightful was the awakening! I thought I had had a horrible nightmare; what grieved and disquieted me most was the fate of those who were compromised."

The Prince was notified during the evening of November 10 that he was to be transferred to another prison; he came out of his room and met General Voirol and the prefect, who took him in their carriage, but did not tell him where he was to go. On arriving at the prefecture, he saw two post-chaises standing in readiness, one of which he entered in company with two officers of gendarmerie; four non-commissioned officers got into the other. The two carriages reached Paris at two o'clock in the morning of the 12th. There the Prince spent two hours at the prefecture of police, in a hall of which we shall speak hereafter. At four in the morning he once more set off under good escort, and, in the night of November 13–14, arrived at the citadel of Port Louis, near

Lorient, where he remained several days before embarking for the United States.

Queen Hortense had hastened to France under an assumed name to ask pardon for her son. Her efforts were fruitless, for the Government had already determined to send him to the United States, where he would be free.

It seems that Louis Napoleon's plot had included not merely open and avowed conspirators, but others whose adhesion was less complete. Certain men, it is said, while contriving not to be compromised in case of failure, were ready to assert themselves in case of success. If the Prince had induced the garrison of Strasburg to march with him on Paris, he would probably have been joined on the route by many officers and soldiers. But for that it would have been necessary to succeed at the outset, and whatever may have been said about it afterwards, such a thing was almost impossible. To perform a prodigy like the return from Elba, one must have won innumerable victories, and the Emperor's nephew had not gained one. He was under the same sort of illusions as the Duchesse de Berry. His enterprise, like that of the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux, was pre-eminently an affair of the imagination.

"The Government," M. Guizot has said, "considered that the nephew of Napoleon, like the daughter-in-law of Charles X., ought not to be handed over to the courts; in such a trial everything was to be dreaded: the humiliation of a prince, as well as the

bringing a pretender on the scene; the severity of a condemnation, or the scandal of an acquittal. Hence no judicial proceedings. The memory of Blaye was too recent for the embarrassment of a detention not to be felt." By a strange anomaly, the accomplices of the Prince were prosecuted, while he, the principal author of the conspiracy, was not. He was himself amazed at the King's clemency; but while acknowledging the generosity of the Government in his regard, he expressed in a letter to M. Odilon Barrot, of November 14, his regret at being unable to share the fate of the other conspirators. In the same letter he made the following avowal: "We were far from expecting a pardon in case of failure."

To sum up, the ill-concerted enterprise of Strasburg had produced no sensation, in France or elsewhere, but that of profound surprise. Comte de Sainte-Aulaire also affirms as much in his unpublished Memoirs: "The pretensions of Prince Louis were a subject of derision; I never met any one who took the trouble to discuss them." The failure had been absolute; it was considered irreparable. Nobody ventured to think that the hour of retaliation might yet strike for the vanquished man of Strasburg.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE EMPRESS

WE have said that on November 12, 1836, Louis Napoleon arrived in Paris, where he spent two hours at the prefecture of police, in a hall of which we would speak later on. This room, in which he was received with perfect courtesy by the prefect, M. Gabriel Delessert, was the large dining-room of the prefecture. In this very hall the children of the prefect, Cécile and Edouard, came nearly every morning, under the direction of a subaltern officer of the firemen's battalion, named M. Delestrée, to take lessons in gymnastics with two very young Spanish girls, the elder of whom was one day to be the Duchesse d'Albe, and the younger the Empress of the French. A collation was offered to the Prince, but he took nothing except some biscuits and a glass of champagne. At four o'clock in the morning he set out again, never suspecting that on his road to outlawry he had halted for some moments in a room entered nearly every day by the child destined to sit with him upon the throne of France.

Sixteen years later, when Napoleon III., at the Tuileries, announced his marriage to the great bodies

of the State, he said that his betrothed was "a woman of high birth, a Frenchwoman by inclination and education." As has been observed by M. Fernand Giraudeau, many persons believed, at the time, that in thus speaking, Napoleon III. exaggerated a trifle, in order to render their new sovereign more acceptable to the French people. Nothing, however, could be more inexact. We have already pointed out the valor displayed by the Empress Eugénie's father when a colonel in Napoleon's army. No Frenchman had shown greater devotion to France than this great Spanish señor. He brought up his daughters in a sentiment of respect and admiration for the Emperor's memory. At Madrid, his house on the calle del Sordo was filled from top to bottom with Napoleonic souvenirs. Moreover, the future sovereign learned the imperial legend from two great story-tellers, — Prosper Mérimée, author of the *Chronique du règne de Charles IX.*, and Stendahl (Henri Beyle), author of *La Chartreuse de Parme.* From earliest infancy, her romantic imagination was impressed by the brilliant conversation of these men, who narrated so well the glories of the imperial epic.

M. Mérimée saw the father of the Empress for the first time in 1830. As the latter did not assume the title of Comte de Montijo until after the death of his brother, in 1834, he was then known as Don Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto Carrero, Comte de Teba. Mérimée was travelling in Spain when they made acquaintance in a stage-coach. They were

friends at once, and the brilliant French writer being soon afterwards presented to the Comtesse de Teba, in Madrid, became one of the most constant visitors in the calle del Sordo. In the remarkable book he has devoted to Prosper Mérimée, M. Auguste Filon has recalled this fact, and justly eulogized Colonel Porto Carrero, the name borne by the Empress's father when a colonel of artillery in the French army. "At the defence of Paris, in 1814," says M. Filon, "he commanded the students of our Polytechnic School; and the last discharges of cannon which from the heights of Montmartre delayed our shame for one more day, were fired by Colonel Porto Carrero. It is amidst this smoke that one likes to catch a glimpse of that fine, pale countenance, ennobled rather than disfigured by the terrible wound which had deprived him of one of his eyes; of that soldier philosopher, brain-haunted by vague dreams of deliverance and progress, disgraced for having loved liberty and France too well, and to the end bearing his disgrace proudly." The Empress Eugénie placed a miniature of her father in her apartments at the Tuileries. It represented him with a silk bandage crossing his face on the side where he had lost an eye in consequence of a wound he had received in the service of France. The likeness to his daughter was not less striking; there were the same noble features, dazzling color, and golden hair.

Mérimée entertained a sincere affection for the De Teba family. "There was both Scotch and

Flemish blood in the veins of the Comtesse de Teba," says M. Filon. "She amazed and enchanted Mérimée by her grace, her mental activity, the variety of her conversation, and the extent of her knowledge. She knew the history of Spain, its former kings, its languages, and its monuments, by heart. 'Do you remember,' he wrote afterwards, 'the beautiful stories about the Alhambra and the Generalifat, which you told me in 1830, in the calle del Sordo?' To complete the attractiveness of this dwelling, one should fancy two little girls of four and five years old, Eugenia and Paca, playing at their mother's side. Eugenia, the god-daughter of her uncle, the Comte de Montijo, born in a garden at Grenada, during an earthquake, impressed one by her pensive, wondering, melancholy glance, a glance which Paris beheld, later on, in the eyes of her son. One might have thought her not yet recovered from her strange entry into life; or else that her vague, infantine reveries were interrupted by dramatic surprises. But who could have thought of all this when the young visitor in the calle del Sordo was stroking the golden hair of little Eugenia while her mother repeated legends of the Moorish kings, the exploits of the Campeador or of Boelo, and the souvenirs of Pélagie and Don Pedro?"

Comte de Teba, who was not rich until after the death of his brother, the Comte de Montijo, gave his daughters a simple, modest, and austere education. When, in 1814, he inherited the title and fortune

of his brother, the new Comte de Montijo did not alter his accustomed ways. He still wished his daughters brought up as if they were to be poor, and to inure them to privations and fatigue.

Serious troubles broke out in Spain that year. July 29, General de Castellane, who was then in command at Perpignan, witnessed the arrival in that city of the Comtesse de Montijo with her two daughters and her son Paca, who was to die in infancy. Many Spanish families, fleeing from civil war and cholera, sought refuge in France. The Comte de Montijo, a senator since his brother's death, remained in Madrid while sending his wife and children across the Pyrenees. General de Castellane found the countess intelligent and beautiful.

Madame de Montijo went afterwards to Paris, where she contracted an intimacy with the De Laborde family. An accomplished man of the world and a distinguished *savant*, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Comte Alexandre de Laborde and his wife had three charming daughters, one of whom was married to M. Gabriel Delessert, prefect of police, another to M. Edouard Bocher, and the third to M. Odier. Among their frequent guests were Mérimée and Henri Beyle (Stendahl). The former was well pleased to renew his friendship with the beautiful Comtesse de Montijo in Paris. It was she who told him the anecdote which he made the subject of *Carmen*, and she also who later on sug-

gested Don Pedro. He was very fond of her daughters, used to take them out walking, corrected their French exercises, and gave them lessons in writing and style.

M. Henri Beyle likewise frequented the salon of the Comtesse de Montijo, and told little Paca and Eugenia tales about Napoleon which delighted them. But again we resign the story to M. Filon, who gives us these details: —

"The Empress has often told me that the evenings when M. Beyle came were things apart. 'We expected them with impatience, because on those days we sat up later. And his stories did amuse us so!'" The former preceptor of the unfortunate prince imperial adds: "Fancy the two little girls, seated on Beyle's knees, drinking in his words, and him unfolding, episode by episode, the prodigious drama he had witnessed, almost as he has described the battle of Waterloo in the *Chartreuse de Parme*, with that sincerity of touch, that gift of suggestive detail, which renders things vivid, present, and very near. In the midst of these tales of glory and misery, whose defeats vie in grandeur with the triumphs, the man of Marengo and Moskowa, the hero in the little hat and the gray great coat, made brusque and dazzling apparitions. To render him visible to the eyes as well as the mind, Beyle gave the children pictures. The Empress still preserves one of the battle of Austerlitz, presented by her friend."

In 1837, the future sovereign and her sister entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the rue de Varenne, Paris, where she made her first Communion. She was known there by one of her ancestral names, — Palafox. Eugénie Palafox, as she was then called, was a gay and charming young girl, much beloved by the nuns and their pupils. Some years later, when she was affianced to the sovereign of France, her first visit was to the convent where one happy year of her childhood had been spent. She wanted to see everything, — the study hall, the refectory, the dormitory, and, above all, the chapel, where she had prayed to God with so much fervor. She recognized an old nun who filled one of the humblest positions in the convent, and cordially embraced her.

We have just glanced at the childhood of the Empress Eugénie. Let us return to Napoleon. We left him in the citadel of Port Louis, near the roadstead of Lorient, where he was to take ship for the United States.

CHAPTER XV

THE "ANDROMEDA"

BEFORE embarking for the United States, Louis Napoleon remained a prisoner for ten days at Port Louis. The winds continued contrary, and prevented the frigate *Andromeda*, on which the Prince was to make the passage, from leaving the harbor. Before departing from the shores of France, he wrote the following letter to a friend: "I go away heart-broken at having been unable to share the fate of my companions in misfortune; I wished to be treated like them. My enterprise having failed, my intentions ignored, my fate, in spite of myself, made different from that of the men whose existence I have compromised, I shall pass in everybody's eyes for a fool, an ambitious man, and a coward. I shall be able to endure this new exile with resignation, but what disheartens me is to leave the men in irons whose devotion to the imperial cause has been so fatal. I should like to have been the only victim.

"*P. S.* — It is false that I have had the slightest intimate relation with Madame Gordon. It is false that I have tried to borrow money; it is false that I have been required to swear not to return to Europe."

November 21, 1836, the *Andromeda* was towed out by a steamboat, and M. Villemain, sub-prefect of Lorient, notified the Prince that he was about to depart. The drawbridges of the citadel were lowered, and the prisoner passed out, accompanied by the sub-prefect, the commander of the place, and the officer of gendarmerie at Lorient, as well as by the two officers and subalterns who had brought him there. They all entered the boats which were to take them to the frigate. As he was about to go on board, he said to M. Villemain: "I cannot return to France until the lion of Waterloo no longer stands erect on the frontier." The sub-prefect then asked him whether he would find any resources on reaching the United States. "None at all," replied Louis Napoleon. "Eh! well, Prince," returned M. Villemain, "the King has ordered me to give you fifteen thousand francs, which are in gold in this little box." Louis Napoleon accepted. He cordially saluted the persons who had accompanied him, the voyage began, and the Prince beheld the shores of France disappear in front of him.

The first fifteen days were very distressing. Incessant tempests and adverse winds tossed them about and drove the frigate into the British Channel. Not a step could one stir on board without clinging fast to whatever one could lay hands on. However, the Prince did not complain. He even felt happy to be detained a while longer near his country. "If my native land is contrary to me," he wrote, "the

winds seem favorable. They will not urge me far from the shores of France."

For seventeen days they remained in the Bay of Biscay.

In the thirty-second degree of latitude, the captain of the *Andromeda* opened the sealed orders, written by the Minister of Marine, which enjoined him to take the Prince into the roadstead of Rio Janeiro, but not to allow him to go ashore or receive any manner of communication, and, after provisioning the vessel, to carry him to New York. The frigate was destined for the South Seas, where she was to be stationed two years. This change of route obliged her to go three thousand miles out of her way, for from New York she had to return to Rio, coasting far to the east, in order to catch the trade-winds. The mystery surrounding the determination of the Government and the resulting inconvenience to the *Andromeda* from so long a détour, prove that the measure had been decreed solely to prevent the Prince from communicating with his friends before the close of their trial.

But Louis Napoleon, always impassible, made no audible complaint. He seemed affected by the respect shown him by the captain, M. Henri de Villeneuve, "an excellent man, frank and loyal as an old sailor." When, in 1851, M. de Villeneuve received the cross of a commander of the Legion of Honor, a journal recalled the fact that in 1836, on board the *Andromeda*, this officer had shared his wardrobe with

Louis Napoleon. The Prince said to him at the time: "I am very poor and very unfortunate; but remember that he whom you oblige will one day be Emperor of the French."

Captive on a ship which he himself described as a "floating fatherland," Napoleon's nephew continued, in spite of his cruel disillusions, to believe in his star, even though obliged to admit that for the moment it was eclipsed by heavy clouds. There were times when a singular self-possession was required to prevent the profound melancholy which penetrated his soul from becoming evident. December 14, 1836, when in sight of the Canaries, he wrote to Queen Hortense: "My dear Mamma: Each man carries a world within himself, made up of all that he has seen and loved, and which he incessantly re-enters, even when he would like to think of the world without. At such times I do not know which is most painful, to recall the miseries which have stricken one, or the happy days which are no more.

"The winter is over, and it is once more summer; trade-winds have succeeded the tempests, and that permits me to spend most of the time on the bridge. Sitting on the poop, I reflect on what has happened to me, and think of you and Arenenberg. Situations depend on the dispositions one brings to them; two months ago I wished never to return to Switzerland; now, if I should abandon myself to my impressions, I would ask nothing better than to find myself once more in my little room, in that beautiful country

where it seems to me I should have been so happy. Alas! when one has a soul that feels deeply, one is fated to pass one's days crushed by his own inaction or in the convulsions of afflicting situations."

The Prince was under no constraint with his mother. Recalling his chagrin at having been unable to obtain the hand of his cousin, the Princesse Mathilde, he added in the same letter: "When I returned, some months ago, from taking Mathilde home, on entering the park I found a tree broken by the storm, and I said to myself: 'Our marriage will be broken off by fate.' What I vaguely fancied has been realized. Have I then exhausted, in 1836, all the share of happiness that fell to my lot?"

This letter, pervaded by a dreamy melancholy, ended as follows: "Do not accuse me of weakness if in communicating with you I give free rein to all my impressions. One may regret what he has lost without repenting of what he has done. Our sensations, moreover, are not so independent of interior causes that our ideas do not change somewhat in accordance with the objects which surround us; the brightness of the sunlight or the direction of the wind have a great influence on our moral condition. When the weather is fine, as it is to-day, and the sea as calm as Lake Constance; when we walk up and down in the evenings, and the moon — the same moon — sheds the same bluish light upon us; when the atmosphere, in fine, is as soft as that of a European August,— then I am more sad than usual: all

memories, joyous or painful, weigh with the same heaviness on my breast; fine weather dilates the heart and renders it more impressionable, while bad weather contracts it; the passions alone are above the inclemencies of the seasons."

Louis Napoleon, almost always melancholy, was never discouraged. The ardor of his political faith reanimated and sustained him. He was not merely a dreamer, but a fanatic. His idolatry for the memory of the man of Austerlitz kept his soul in a state of perpetual ecstasy. He wrote to Colonel Vaudrey: "Between the tropics and under the wind from Saint Helena for two months, alas! I was unable to catch a glimpse of the historic rock; but it always seemed as if the breezes bore me the last words addressed by the dying Emperor to his companions in misfortune: —

"'I have sanctioned all the principles of the Revolution, I have infused them into my laws and actions; there is not one of them I have not consecrated; unhappily, the circumstances were grave. . . . France judges me indulgently; she credits me with my intentions, she cherishes my name, my victories; imitate her, be faithful to the opinions you have defended, to the glory you have acquired; beyond that there is nothing but shame and confusion.'"

The Prince had won the officers and sailors by his gentleness and extreme politeness. "To see him amongst us," one of them has said, "you would have supposed him admiral on his own deck rather

than a banished man." He dined at the table of the captain, who was most considerate, and had given up to him the after-cabin. They crossed the line December 28, and the captain dispensed him from the usual ceremonies. On New Year's Day he was visited by all the officers, and wrote this letter to his mother: —

"January 1, 1837.— My dear Mamma: This is New Year's Day; I am fifteen hundred leagues away from you, in another hemisphere; fortunately, thought traverses all that space in less than a second. I am near you, I am telling you all my regret for the torments I have occasioned you; I renew the expression of my tenderness and my gratitude.

"This morning the officers came in a body to wish me a happy New Year. I was affected by this courtesy on their part. We sat down at table at half-past four o'clock; as we are 17° of longitude west from Constance, it was then seven o'clock at Arenenberg; you were probably eating your dinner; mentally I drank your health; perhaps you did as much for me; at any rate, it pleased me at the moment to think so. I thought also of my companions in misfortune; alas! I am always thinking of them! I thought that they were more unhappy than I, and that thought made me more unhappy than they."

January 5 the Prince wrote another letter to his mother: "Yesterday we had a squall which broke upon us with extreme violence. If the sails had not been torn by the wind, the frigate might have been

in danger; a mast was broken; the rain fell so impetuously that it turned the sea quite white. To-day the sky is as fine as usual, the damages are repaired, bad weather is already forgotten; why is it not the same with the storms of life! Apropos of the frigate, the captain tells me that the one which bore your name is now in the South Seas, and is called *la Flore*."

The *Andromeda* entered the roadstead of the capital of Brazil, January 10, and the Prince wrote to his mother: "We have just arrived at Rio Janeiro; the view of the harbor is superb; to-morrow I will make a drawing of it. I hope this letter may soon reach you. Do not think of rejoining me; I do not know yet where I shall settle; perhaps I shall find more chances of living in South America; the labor to which the uncertainty of my fate constrains me will be the only consolation I shall have. Adieu, mother; remember me to your old servants and our friends in Thurgau and Constance. I am in good health. Your affectionate and respectful son."

After a short stay in the roadstead of Brazil, during which the Prince was not permitted to go ashore, the *Andromeda* continued its voyage to the United States, and arrived at Norfolk, March 30, 1837. Louis Napoleon set foot upon American soil. He was at liberty.

And yet his only thought was for the flag and the compatriots from whom he was separated. "Be-

hold the oddity of human sentiments," he wrote to Colonel Vaudrey. "Twice only in my unfortunate enterprise have tears betrayed my sorrow; once when, dragged far away from you, I knew I could not be there to share your fate, and again when, on quitting my frigate, I was about to regain my liberty."

CHAPTER XVI

NEW YORK

AT the very moment when he set foot on the soil of the United States, Louis Napoleon heard a piece of news which overwhelmed him with joy. His accomplices in the Strasburg affair had been acquitted by the jury of that city, January 18, 1837. Enthusiastic manifestations had proceeded from all parts of the hall when the verdict was rendered. People shouted: "Long live the jury! Long live Alsace!" The accused men when set at liberty entered a carriage which was followed by applauding people. Strasburg had put on a festal appearance, and even the garrison had shared in the popular satisfaction.

The Prince left Norfolk at once and went to New York, where, on the day of his arrival, he dined at the house of General Watson Webb, with General Scott and several senators and statesmen. He had just received, on entering the great American city, some letters which had been a very precious consolation. They were written by King Louis and Queen Hortense. He replied as follows to that of King Louis: —

"New York, April 10, 1837.—My dear Father: After passing four months and a half at sea, I finally landed at Norfolk, March 30. On arriving here I found a letter which sent me your blessing. Of all I could expect here, this was the sweetest to my heart. I have received many letters, and in my misfortune I esteem myself happy to meet so many persons who show me a real attachment. I have been unfortunate, but, believe me, I have done nothing contrary to either the honor or the dignity of the name I bear."

Queen Hortense's letters had been accumulating in New York for several months, she being ignorant of the long détour made by the *Andromeda*. Her correspondence was like balm to the exile's heart. The heart of a mother is an asylum where all the disinherited of fate find ineffable consolations. Hortense was far from having approved the Prince's audacious enterprise. He had sedulously concealed it from her, knowing that had she been aware of such a project she would have done everything to dissuade him from it. But when her son was unfortunate and abandoned by nearly all the Bonaparte family, she would not write him a single line which might distress him. Glad to know that he would be rejoined in New York by his faithful attendant, Charles Thélin, and by his best friend, M. Arese, a Milanese, she sent only words of encouragement and affection to this beloved son, who had been betrayed by fortune. Louis Napoleon read and

re-read these letters which re-kindled hope in his soul.

In the first one, dated December 18, 1836, Queen Hortense said: "Arese has gone to get his passports so as to rejoin you. He will tell you about the sadness of the country. The poor Princesse de Hohenzollern has been to see me. Josephine also. The poor princess grieves like a mother in thinking she will never see you again. Never have I received so many proofs of interest, and yet I have been more unhappy. For you live, and I ask no more. I dare not think I am to be pitied, since we may yet see each other."

Here are several extracts from the other letters: —

"December 26. — Charles Thélin will tell you that all the prisoners are well and hopeful. I sent another hundred louis lately to assist in their expenses. If they are acquitted, Colonel Vaudrey will come here to me, and I will keep him until you can find a place for him in America, and I will give a pension of a thousand francs to each of his children."

"December 26. — One thing that has pleased me is that Napoleon has been well, and I conjecture that he has held his own against your uncles in all the unpleasant things they said about you. . . . This villanous year is almost over. It seems long to 1837!"

"January 3, 1837. — I wrote to your Uncle Joseph that I hoped to see him very soon; and I am not

supposed to have any notion of his great anger. Your dear family resemble the rest of the world in always crediting me with ambitious ideas. How well people know me! I am so disgusted with men and with worldly things that you would not believe how I congratulate myself on your enterprise having turned out badly. You will live tranquilly and without danger, and if you had succeeded, you would live amidst the most despicable passions. Grandeur is surrounded only by vultures who look upon it as their prey. . . . In misfortune, at least, they will abandon and turn their backs upon one; when one lives alone one is happier."

The Prince wrote to his mother from New York, April 20, 1837. "Here I am, then, on terra firma! . . . On landing I heard that my friends had been acquitted. You understand what joy that gave me, for, during the four months and a half that I had no news, the dread of learning that they had been condemned was like an incessant nightmare. On quitting the frigate over which the tricolor floated, and where so much interest in me had been shown, I wept as if I were leaving my country again."

The next day, April 21, he addressed a long letter to his Uncle Joseph to explain his conduct, and complain of what he considered the injustice of his family in his regard. The letter began thus: "My dear Uncle: On arriving in the United States, I hoped to find a letter from you. I own that I was deeply grieved to learn that you were prejudiced against

me; I was even astonished, knowing your judgment and your heart. Yes, uncle, you must have been singularly led astray concerning me to have repelled as enemies the men who devoted themselves to the cause of the Empire.

"If victorious at Strasburg (and very little was lacking to make me so), I had made my way to Paris, drawing after me the population fascinated by memories of the Empire, and on reaching the capital as a 'pretender' I had possessed myself of legal power, oh! then there would have been a friendly prudence in disowning my conduct and coming to a rupture with me! But what! I attempt one of those hardy enterprises which alone restore what twenty years of peace have sunk into oblivion; I fling myself into it at the sacrifice of my life, persuaded that even my death would be useful to our cause; I escape, against my will, from bayonets and the scaffold, and, on arriving in port, I find on the part of my family only contempt and scorn."

The conclusion of this letter was worded as follows: "I know you too well, my dear uncle, to doubt your heart or cease to hope for your return to juster sentiments toward me and those who have compromised themselves for our cause. As for me, my line of conduct will always be the same. The sympathy of which so many persons have given me proof, my conscience, which reproaches me with nothing, in fine, the persuasion that if the Emperor sees

me from the height of heaven, he will be satisfied with me, are so many compensations for all the disappointments and injustice I have experienced. My enterprise came to nothing, it is true, but it has announced to France that the Emperor's family is not yet dead, that it still has loyal friends; in fine, that its pretensions are not limited to a demand on the Government for certain funds, but to establishing in favor of the people what foreigners and the Bourbons have destroyed. That is what I have done; is it for you to begrudge it to me?"

April 30, Louis Napoleon developed the same essay at personal justification in a long letter addressed to his friend M. Vieillard, from which we make some extracts: "I was doing, by a bold stroke, in one day, the work of perhaps ten years; succeeding, I was sparing France the struggles, troubles, and disorders which will, I think, sooner or later happen. My position was clear, precise, and therefore easy. . . . Making a revolution with fifteen persons, if I reached Paris, I should owe my success to the people only, not to a party; arriving as a conqueror, I would willingly lay my sword down on the altar of the country. . . . But, on entering France, I did not think of the rôle created for me by defeat; I relied, in case of a misfortune, on my proclamations as my last testament, and on death as a benefit."

In New York, as in Europe, Louis Napoleon was always haunted by the same imperial vision, but he

adjourned to an indefinite period the realization of his dream. His attitude caused the French legation no anxiety. M. Paget, chargé d'affaires from France to Washington, contented himself with announcing his arrival to his government in these lines, unaccompanied by any comment: "The frigate *Andromeda*, with Prince Louis Bonaparte on board, arrived last Thursday from Rio Janeiro at Norfolk, after a voyage of fifty-eight days." The presence of the future Emperor on American soil seemed an unimportant fact. At this period he did not conspire. In New York he had found two of his cousins, Achille and Lucien Murat, who were living in the simplest style. The first was occupied in the post-office. The second had married an American, Miss Carolina Georgina Frazer, who conducted an institution for young girls. Louis Napoleon had also met in New York several French Bonapartists, Lieutenant Lecomte, who had followed King Joseph in 1815, and the Peugnier brothers, formerly implicated in the conspiracy of Belfort. But in America the Prince did not dream of organizing any conspiracy. He lived chiefly in the society of certain American families by whom he was received in the most hospitable manner. They considered him a *gentleman*, full of gentleness and reserve. One of the persons whom he saw most frequently, the Rev. E. Stewart, a brother-in-law of General Scott, has written in a book entitled *Vindication:* "If I had noted down all the words of Louis Napoleon, and could reproduce them now

that his visions have been realized, it would be seen that the greater part of them were as prophetic as those that have been attributed to the prisoner of Saint Helena. When the Prince spoke of his mother, his voice became as soft as that of a woman."

The youthful civilization of the great American republic and the prodigious rapidity of its progress interested Louis Napoleon to the highest degree. It was his intention to remain a whole year in the United States and study its institutions in the course of a long journey, the itinerary of which he was already arranging with the Rev. E. Stewart. He was dining at the latter's house, June 3, when he received a letter which modified all his plans. He had scarcely read the first lines when he exclaimed: "My mother is ill! I must see her! Instead of making a tour through the United States, I shall take the first ship for England. If necessary, I shall apply for a passport to every consulate in London, and if they refuse it, well! I shall continue my journey in spite of them."

Before departing, the Prince wrote a letter in English, June 6, to the President of the United States. It ran as follows: "Mr. President: I am unwilling to leave the United States without expressing to Your Excellency my regret at having been unable to make your acquaintance in Washington. Although taken to America by fatality, I hoped to employ my exile profitably in studying its great men; I would have liked also to study the manners and

institutions of a people who have made more conquests by commerce and industry than we in Europe have made by arms.

"I hoped, under the ægis of your protecting laws, to travel through a country which has excited my sympathy, since its history and prosperity are so closely united to French glory. An imperious duty recalls me to the Old World. My mother is dangerously ill, and no political consideration detaining me here, I am starting for England, whence I shall try to reach Switzerland.

"It is with pleasure, Mr. President, that I enter into these details with you, who may have given credence to certain calumnious rumors designating me as under engagements to the French Government. Appreciating the attitude of the representatives of a free country, I should be happy to have it well known that with the name I bear, it would be impossible for me to depart for a moment from the path laid down for me by my conscience, my honor, and my duty."

June 12, 1837, Louis Napoleon embarked at New York for England, on the packet-boat *George Washington*.

CHAPTER XVII

SOME DAYS IN LONDON

DURING a voyage which lasted twenty-three days, Louis Napoleon forgot his political dreams. He had now only one fixed idea: to see his mother alive. He wrote her this letter the day before landing on the coast of England: —

"July 9. At sea. — My dear Mamma: The news I received concerning your health induced me to return to Europe as soon as possible. The first packet was the *George Washington*, and I secured my berth at once. . . . On reaching London I intend to ask the Prussian minister for a passport to Switzerland, and claim his government's permission to remain there. I hope it will be granted; but as I should be obliged to remain in London if they are cruel enough to forbid my going to take care of you, a sick woman, have the goodness to write me there in any case. You can well understand how impatient I am to know how you are. I dare not dwell on the happiness of seeing you so soon. Ah! how the thought of climbing the hill of Arenenberg sets my heart beating already. If Heaven permits me to be with you within a few weeks, I shall believe that all that has happened to me is a dream."

The Prince landed the next day at Liverpool, where he posted this letter, and then went at once to London, where he wrote to King Louis: "My dear Father: Although I am still far away from you, yet as the ocean no longer divides us, it is pleasant to think that I can hear from you in a few days. The day I left New York I received a letter from you which gave me great pleasure, for the tenderness of a father and a mother console one for many things. . . . Of the seven months since I left Europe, I have spent five at sea. I hoped to see my Uncle Joseph here, but he left London as soon as he heard of my arrival. . . . You say my mother is a little better, but that nevertheless her malady is very serious. You also tell me that your own health is declining. Must I then have causes for sorrow and regret on every side? I am awaiting my passports here with impatience. If they are refused, I shall not know what to do. However, the object of my journey is so legitimate, that it seems impossible that any obstacle to it should be interposed."

In the same letter, Louis Napoleon described the state of his mind in sombre colors: "If you knew, my dear father, how sad I am, alone amidst the turmoil of London, alone amongst relatives who fly from me or enemies who suspect me! My mother is dying, and I cannot bring her the consolations of a son; my father is ill, and I cannot hope to see him. What have I done to be the pariah of Europe and my family? I have carried the flag of Austerlitz for a

few minutes in a French city and offered myself in holocaust to the memory of the captive of Saint Helena. Ah! yes, it may be that you blame my conduct; but never refuse me your affection. That, alas! is all I have left!"

As soon as he arrived in London, Louis Napoleon tried to obtain a passport for Switzerland through the intermediation of the Austrian ambassador, Prince Esterhazy. The latter found no more pressing business than to communicate this fact to the French ambassador, General Comte Sébastiani, afterwards marshal. July 11, the ambassador of King Louis Philippe wrote to Comte Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs: "Louis Bonaparte is in London. No proceeding on his part has as yet explained to me his presence in this country, and I was about to limit myself to giving you the news, when an interview I had to-day with Prince Esterhazy, furnished me with the information I desired. This ambassador came to acquaint me with a visit he had received from Lady Dudley Stuart (daughter of Lucien Bonaparte), in which she solicited his intermediation with me. They wanted a passport, or rather, in case I would not be authorized to deliver it immediately, to obtain in the name of the King's Government, and by my intervention, a permission to pass through French territory in order to reach either Tuscany or Switzerland. I answered Prince Esterhazy that I would not make such a request; that I might think proper to acquaint my govern-

ment with the projects of Louis Bonaparte, but that I did not think it my duty to become his intermediary with Your Excellency. I added that to me it seemed unfitting for any government to show an interest in this person by intermeddling with his affairs. The Austrian ambassador was entirely of my way of thinking, and he will acquaint Lady Dudley with my refusal, which he understands and approves."

The French Government no sooner heard of Louis Napoleon's presence on English soil than it became uneasy. Comte Molé replied as follows, July 19, to General Sébastiani: "I have received the despatch by which you do me the honor to inform me of the arrival of Louis Bonaparte in London, and the strange request transmitted to you on his part. I beg you to neglect no means of obtaining exact information of the proceedings of this young man, and his plans of travel. In case he should leave England, you will be so kind as to inform me at once, by a courier, and by telegraph, of the direction he may take."

The ambassador replied by this despatch, on July 21: "I have received the letter in which Your Excellency informs me of the just indignation with which the King's Government heard of the inconceivable request of Louis Bonaparte. I immediately put myself in communication with Lord John Russell to obtain the surveillance of the London police over the proceedings of that young man, and have been promised that the King's ambassador shall be in-

formed of whatever may interest him in that particular. None the less, I must remark to Your Excellency that police action in this country is insufficient, and that nothing is easier than to withdraw one's self from all investigation. I think that, even from Paris, means of surveillance might be suggested, which the English Government, I am sure, would second with all its energy. In any case, Your Excellency may rely on mine."

Despairing of a passport from the French Embassy, the Prince tried to obtain one from that of Austria, or from the Prussian legation. But both Prince Esterhazy and Baron von Bülow met him with an absolute refusal.

On the other hand, he received the following letter from his mother, dated July 17: "My dear child: I am very happy to know you have at last returned to Europe. It is a consolation; for that America is at the end of the world! Every one here will be rejoiced to see you; and the canton says you are its citizen, and that if you once arrive, no one will have the right to send you away. You must come, then; but no one will give you a passport in your own name. The matter will not be easy; and yet France wishes to be kindly. M. Desportes has written me, in the name of General Gérard, that the Government would find it a very simple matter for you to come and take care of your mother, and that you would not be disturbed; but no authorization would be given,

because, in any case, they want to retain the means of banishing you, if you cause alarm. Austria will be the most kindly disposed; but you ought to ask nothing from Prussia but a simple visa. I am better, on the whole, but still very feeble; and though I sleep again, I have no appetite. I do not walk yet. They carry me out to take the air. Anyhow, your return will do me good, I hope. I embrace you very tenderly. I will not write any longer."

Following his mother's advice, the Prince gave up the attempt to obtain a passport in his own name. He determined to make use of one given to a man named Robinson, in the United States; and after having it visaed by the Swiss consul at London, he attempted to outwit the English police and leave England without their knowledge. He succeeded in doing so. M. de Bourqueney, French chargé d'affaires in the absence of General Sébastiani, wrote to Comte Molé: "London, July 31, 1837, 7 P.M. — Sir F. Roe, chief of the London police, has just announced to me that all trace of Louis Bonaparte has been lost; he is thought to have started for the continent. Saturday, the 29th, he left the hotel where he had been staying. His luggage was taken to a saddler's, where he had recently bought a carriage. Post-horses had been demanded by the servant who brought the luggage, and the loaded carriage left London. While this pretended change of quarters was going on, Louis Bonaparte announced his departure for Richmond,

where he spent the night at an inn. Yesterday, Sunday, he came back from Richmond in a post-chaise. But he stopped at the first toll-gate outside of London. There he got into an omnibus. Since then, no one knows what has become of him. Sir F. Roe has no doubt that he rejoined his carriage at some distance from London. . . . The English police can give me no information as to the port at which he meant to embark."

August 3, Comte Molé wrote to M. de Bourqueney: "The contents of your despatches, as well as the information that reaches me from the Court of Baden, incline me to believe that Louis Bonaparte has now left England. I will tell you, for your guidance, that I have written to the King's ambassador in Switzerland to have patience until the Duchesse de Saint-Leu shall either die, or escape the imminent danger which all the reports that reach me agree in recognizing. The King, whose generosity is inexhaustible, is unwilling, notwithstanding the ingratitude and inconceivable conduct of Louis Bonaparte, that this young man should be torn from the arms of his dying mother. But when he has either regained or lost her, we shall not allow him to make Switzerland again the theatre of his intrigues, but will make an explicit demand that the Government of that country shall rid itself of so inconvenient and dangerous a guest. I confide these details to your prudence. You will understand what is confidential in them."

The French Government received the following information through a despatch from M. de Bacourt, Minister of France at Baden, under date of August 10, 1837: "Louis Napoleon left London July 30, with a passport given him under the name of Robinson. He landed at Rotterdam, and afterwards went up the Rhine in the ordinary steamboat as far as Mannheim. From there he went by way of Hechingen to Sigmaringen, where he arrived the 4th. He made a call on Madame the Princesse von Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the niece of Murat. She is the only person with whom he spoke at Sigmaringen, and she says she found him very much cast down and disgusted with the results of his foolish enterprise."

The Princesse von Hohenzollern was mistaken. What depressed Louis Napoleon was not his failure at Strasburg, but the poignant anxiety caused him by his mother's ill health. August 4, at ten o'clock in the evening, he arrived at Arenenberg and threw himself into the arms of this beloved mother.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DEATH OF QUEEN HORTENSE

THE Duchesse de Saint-Leu, as Queen Hortense had been called since the downfall of the Empire, was awaiting her son with the keenest impatience. Her health had been seriously affected for several months, and the doctors, although they did not tell her so, agreed in considering her condition hopeless. A very dangerous operation had been contemplated in the spring, and she wrote to her son, April 3, 1837: "My dear Son: They say I must submit to a necessary operation. If it is not successful, I send you my blessing by this letter. We shall meet again, shall we not, in a better world, where you will put off coming to rejoin me as long as possible; believe, too, that in quitting this one I regret nothing but you, but your dear affection, which alone has made me find here any charm. It will be a consolation for you, my dear, to think that your cares have rendered your mother as happy as it was possible for her to be.

"Believe that one has always a clear-sighted and benevolent view of what one leaves here below; but most surely that we shall meet again. Believe this sweet idea; it is too necessary not to be true. That

good Arese, I give him my blessing also, as to a son. I press you to my heart, my dear. I am very calm, very resigned, and I still hope we shall see each other again in this world. May the will of God be done. Your loving mother, Hortense."

This letter was not sent, as the operation was not performed. Despairing of a cure, the doctors concluded to spare the invalid any useless suffering. The Queen wrote to her son, April 11: "My dear child, I am going to tell you myself how I am. I am glad that they have given up the idea of an operation, for it would have been to run too many risks." From that time her condition continued to grow worse, and her son sorrowfully wondered whether God would accord him the grace of seeing her alive. With what emotion he remounted the hill of Arenenberg on the evening of August 4, 1837, which he had left on the 25th of the preceding October for his fatal expedition to Strasburg. On that day, pretending he was going on a hunting party, he had quitted his mother, who had not the least suspicion of the audacious enterprise that he was risking. His mind was then full of hopeful illusions; and, with the naïveté of a young man and the confidence of an illuminate, he fancied that within a few months his mother would meet him at the Tuileries, the triumphant master of France. And now behold him returning to Arenenberg defeated, proscribed, humiliated, jeered at by all the world, and abandoned, almost disowned, by nearly

every member of his family. But his mother still was left him. The more unfortunate she knew him to be, the more she loved him. She had vowed never to say a word calculated to sadden or discourage him, but rather to elevate him in his own eyes and strengthen that confidence in himself and his star which in spite of his disillusions he still preserved. Of all the proofs of maternal love which he had received, this must have touched him most. His heart beat fast when he caught sight of Switzerland, his second country. He thanked Providence on finding himself once more on that hospitable soil. Once more he was to see his mother, but alas! to see her altered, ill, on the verge of the tomb; and his joy was blended with an immense sadness. One can imagine with what effusion the son and the mother fell into each other's arms.

At Arenenberg the Prince found three faithful adherents who had participated in the Strasburg affair, and been acquitted by the jury of Alsace, — MM. de Quérelles, Parquin, and de Gricourt. M. Arese, Doctor Conneau, M. and Madame Vieillard were also the guests of Queen Hortense. Courtiers of exile and misfortune, all of them manifested an absolute fidelity to her and to her son.

Louis Napoleon was closely watched by the French Government. The representatives of Louis Philippe in Switzerland and the grand-duchy of Baden received orders to neglect no means of ascertaining his least proceedings.

The Grand-duchess Stéphanie of Baden, who was a Beauharnais, had a strong affection for the Prince, and showed great interest in him. But that very fact excited the suspicion of the powers, and she could not prevent the territory of the grand-duchy from being interdicted to the Prince. The Grand-duke's Minister of Foreign Affairs wrote to the Minister of France, September 22: "I have the satisfaction of informing you that the director of the Constance club has just notified Louis Bonaparte that under existing circumstances he can no longer be permitted to sojourn in the grand-duchy of Baden, especially at Constance, and that if he does not conform to this decision, he must expect ulterior measures, and attribute solely to himself the disagreeable consequences that may result."

Louis Napoleon was an outlaw. The refuge afforded him in Switzerland was soon to be contested, and he well knew that as soon as his mother should breathe her last, French diplomacy would do its utmost to drive him from his second country.

Queen Hortense had but a few more days to live. In September, when heavy rains had been succeeded by fine weather, a slight amelioration took place in her condition, and it became possible for her to spend two hours daily in the garden. But the skies soon clouded over. The equinoctial winds began to blow. The Queen suffered much, but always without complaining. M. Vieillard wrote, on September 15: "Nothing can give an idea of such angelic gentle-

ness and patience. She takes absolutely nothing but a few grapes and a little wine and water. Ah! well, when any one asks her how she is, she replies: 'Not badly; I am improving.' And she often has scarcely strength enough to say it." And on October 2: "The Queen is extremely ill; by to-morrow, probably, this excellent woman will be dead. . . . She utters none but gentle and kindly words. . . . Her poor son never leaves her bedside. The sorrow of the Prince is profound, but calm and simple, like everything else about him, for he has no affectations."

Even on her deathbed Queen Hortense retained the charm and attractiveness of which she had possessed the secret all her life. She did not recognize her own condition until within a few hours of her death, and then, without betraying either fear or regret, she bade all her friends the most affecting farewells. In the night of October 4–5, she called her son, gave him her blessing, and tenderly embraced him. Then she expressed her satisfaction with his private conduct, and all her maternal love. Seeing his tears, she recommended him to be calm and courageous. Afterwards, in broken words, she dwelt upon her affection for her countrymen, whom she described as ingrates. She spoke of her sufferings in 1815, when her country was invaded, and of the harshness with which the Government had sent her out of France when she went thither in 1836 to ask pardon for her son. Towards four o'clock in the

morning she sent for her friends and attendants: "Are you all there?" she asked, and when they had replied yes, she resumed: "Adieu! adieu, my friends!" She asked Doctor Conneau to promise her that he would never quit Louis Napoleon, and with what fervent loyalty the doctor kept his promise is well known. In a dying voice the Queen murmured these words: "My friends, pray for me. I have never done harm to any one, and I hope that God will have mercy on me. Adieu, Louis!" Her son threw himself into her arms. She pressed him to her heart, and once more cried: "Adieu! adieu!" Then she fell back exhausted, her features assumed an angelic serenity, and her eyelids closed. Louis Napoleon bent over her, and in a voice he vainly tried to control, said to her: "Mother, do you recognize me? It is your son, your Louis, mother!" The dying woman made a last effort to speak and to open her eyes, but her lips were already cold, and her paralyzed eyelids could respond to her son's cry only by an imperceptible movement. An instant later she rendered her last sigh. It was a quarter past five in the morning. Her agony had lasted five hours.

A Swiss journal, the *Helvetia*, published these lines: "One must have witnessed an equally heart-rending scene to realize how horrible it was to see Queen Hortense, once crowned with so much honor and respect, dying to-day in exile, surrounded by a small number of friends, not one of whom had shared

her happy days, and expiring in the arms of a son whom she leaves without a country or support."

All the inhabitants of the château of Arenenberg and the neighborhood considered Queen Hortense as their sovereign. Her death excited universal regrets. Her funeral took place October 11, in the church of the village of Ermatingen. An immense crowd was present. From early morning, at Constance all procurable horses and vehicles had been put in requisition. Barks crowded with people furrowed the lake, although the weather was bad. The Schaffhausen road was thronged, as well as those which terminate at Ermatingen. The coffin, at first exposed in the chapel of the château, was borne on the shoulders of eight men to the church of Ermatingen. Louis Napoleon and Comte Tascher de la Pagerie, who had come from Munich, walked behind it. The clergy of the parish were followed by Protestant ministers, a deputation from the federal Diet, and all the inhabitants of the region. It was painful to see the afflicted son, although he preserved all his dignity of demeanor and sufficient self-control of himself to restrain his sobs. The ceremony was even more affecting than if it had taken place at Notre-Dame de Paris. The Queen had expressed a wish to be transported to France and placed in the same vault with her mother at Rueil. While awaiting the decision of the French Government on this point, the body was placed in the chapel of the château of Arenenberg.

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The death of Queen Hortense produced an impression in France, where this most charming woman had left many friends, even amongst the bitterest adversaries of the Empire. Madame Emile de Girardin wrote, October 13, in her *Lettres Parisiennes* in the *Presse:* "To be a woman and to die in exile, — is not that a horrible destiny? Poor Queen Hortense! What an unhappy existence was hers! For a few brilliant days, how many stormy ones! For a little glory, how many tears! And yet what woman better merited happiness! She had received from heaven all the gifts which make life cherished: she was beautiful, gracious, beloved; she possessed the charm, the secret, of attraction, an involuntary power which the throne does not give, and which exile did not take away; she was good and generous, — so much for the enjoyments of the heart; she was dreamy and inspired, — so much for the delights of the imagination; she was adorned with every talent, — so much for the pleasures of pride. What fortunate elements, what treasures, what a beautiful lot, nature had prepared for her! Alas! a crown spoiled all. To die far from France, after twenty years of exile, is cruel. How she must have suffered! Ah, my God! her mother, whose fate excites so much pity, had a less sorrowful end; happily, her husband, Emperor, had repudiated her before she was dethroned, and her tomb is here."

The will of Queen Hortense was dated at Arenenberg, April 3, 1837. She forgot none who was

dear to her. She bequeathed souvenirs to her nieces, Josephine, princess royal of Sweden; Amélie, Empress of Brazil; Theodolinda, princess of Leuchtenberg; Mathilde, daughter of King Jérôme; and Marie, princess of Baden. "I leave," said she, "to the dowager princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who has always been a mother and friend to me, two jasper columns given me by Pope Pius VII. . . . To my daughter-in-law, the Princesse Charlotte Napoleon, my little bracelets with the portraits of my two sons, and a bouquet of diamonds. . . . I leave to Madame Récamier, in remembrance of the attention and interest she displayed towards me in Rome at the time of one of my most painful losses, a lace veil. I leave to the Government of the canton of Thurgau a gilded clock, which I would like them to place in the Great Council hall. May this souvenir remind them of the noble courage with which they have maintained a tranquil hospitality towards me in this canton." Many other persons received gifts or sums of money.

These are the last sentences of the will: "May my husband give a thought to my memory, and know that my greatest regret is to have been unable to make him happy.

"I have no political advice to give my son. I know that he understands his position and all the duties imposed upon him by his name.

"I pardon all the sovereigns with whom I have had friendly relations, for the levity of their judgments on me.

"I pardon all ministers and chargés d'affaires of the powers the falsity of the reports they have constantly made about me.

"I pardon certain Frenchmen to whom I have been able to be useful the calumnies with which they have requited me. I pardon those who have credited them without examination, and I hope to live a little while in the memory of my dear compatriots.

"I thank those who surround me, as well as my attendants, for their careful solicitude, and I hope they will not forget me."

In this testament, the dignity of the queen and the kindness of the woman are attested by the bitterness of the proscript and the melancholy of the exile.

CHAPTER XIX

A YEAR IN SWITZERLAND

THE French Government hoped that Louis Bonaparte would return to America immediately after his mother's death, and it was claimed that the Queen herself had so advised him. This rumor was contradicted by the Prince in the following words published in the *Helvetia* newspaper: "It is absolutely false that Queen Hortense, with her last breath, counselled her son to return to America." Louis Napoleon was to remain in Switzerland another year.

The ambassador of France at Berne was at this time the eldest son of Marshal Lannes, the Duc de Montebello, who was afterwards the ambassador of Napoleon III. at Saint Petersburg. He wrote, October 26, to Comte Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs: "Everything seems to point to a determination on the part of Prince Louis not to leave Switzerland. The Duchesse de Saint-Leu was building a château at Gottlieben, which she intended for her son. The work has gone on with the same activity since her death. Nevertheless the Prince seems to be expecting that we shall take some measures to banish him

from Switzerland. The prohibition forbidding him to pass the Badenese frontier is regarded as the prelude. This prohibition does not seem to be very rigorously observed, for I know that he goes to Constance very often. The goings and comings of the guests at Arenenberg are continual, and their correspondence with France very active." December 15, 1837: "I have just learned this instant that Colonel Vaudrey is at Arenenberg. No one seems at all disturbed at the château, and they consider it certain that the government of Thurgau and all radical Switzerland would energetically refuse any demand for expulsion." January 16, 1838: "It is the radical party and the press which have laid hold of the affair. Already they challenge us to venture on pushing it further. In this condition of things, nothing remains but for the King's Government to make a demand couched in such terms that it will be impossible to doubt that we will carry it out to the utmost; and in that case we think we can answer for its success." January 19, 1838: "The Swiss press expresses itself concerning Prince Louis as if the Strasburg affair had not occurred, and indignantly attacks the French Government for maliciously troubling this *Swiss citizen*, this *burgess of Thurgau* in his solitude."

The July monarchy entertained anxieties concerning Louis Napoleon which the future has justified, and kept a watchful eye on his least proceedings. The Duc de Montebello wrote again to Comte Molé,

January 26, 1838: "Young Bonaparte has left Arenenberg to establish himself at the château of Gottlieben, which was built by the Duchesse de Saint-Leu, and which he has just completed and furnished with care. It seems certain that he has purchased Wolfsberg, Parquin's estate. He has just bought eighty thousand francs' worth of silverware, dishes, etc. The reunion of his accomplices is now complete. Persigny is among them. It even appears that he has been there for a long time, but has taken precautions to prevent his presence from becoming known."

When the Prince went to install himself at Gottlieben, the people of the neighborhood gave him a reception which suggested the following reflections to the ambassador of King Louis Philippe (despatch to Comte Molé, February 8, 1838): "The radical journals report that when Louis Bonaparte went to take possession of his new residence of Gottlieben, he found a triumphal arch erected on the road he had to pass over, and that the population received him with cries of *Long live Napoleon!* They make a great fuss over these honors paid to *a man who*, say they, *has shown himself so worthy of the great name he bears that France did not dare to bring him to an open trial, but preferred to cover its weakness with the mantle of clemency.* If I repeat to you in this way, Count, the language of the journals, it is because they have more importance here than elsewhere, on account of their being nearly always the

organs of the men who direct the cantonal governments."

King Louis tried in vain to induce his son to renounce his dreams of ambition and glory. In vain he wrote to him: "I conjure you hereafter to keep your mind at rest, and to make use of those eminent qualities with which Heaven has endowed you, not to pursue chimeras, but to seek in life only what is positive." In vain the old King, disillusioned as to all things, appealed to religion and philosophy in order to recall to prudence an ardent and impetuous young man. "For my part," he added, "when I saw myself abandoned by all things and all men, I was unhappy and almost despairing up to the moment when I reflected that in spite of this absolute denudation, one refuge yet remained to me; and that refuge was God. In fact, what is there to fear when one can unite himself to so powerful a support? I urge you then to do as I did, if your misfortunes and your premature experience have sufficiently unsealed your eyes. Cordially relinquish politics and what are called the great affairs of the world to those who are obliged to concern themselves therewith, or who are so blind as to seek them, and try to extract some real enjoyment from this brief existence. But be sure that the greater part, I will even say nearly all, of the enjoyments which men generally seek are false and deceptive." Rarely does an old pilot, who has retired forever from the shore, succeed in discouraging a young navigator who is impatient to brave the tempest.

Louis Napoleon did all he could to render himself popular in Switzerland. Nearly every peasant in Thurgau had his portrait. May 20, 1838, he was present at a military dinner given in his honor in a tavern at Kreuzlingen by forty Swiss officers. June 23, the annual meeting of the sharpshooters of the canton took place at Dissenhofen, and the Prince was nominated president. On that occasion he made a speech in German which ran as follows: "Marksmen and friends, it is my duty to express my gratitude to you for nominating me as president of our association. Some months have elapsed since the Swiss people were requested to expel one of their citizens, but they responded: 'We keep him!' [All the members of the assembly shouted: "Yes! yes! we keep him!"] Hence I have never feared being deserted by my fellow-citizens. For I place entire confidence in the people's sense of justice, and truly, I have not deluded myself, since instead of banishing me, the men of Thurgau nominated me as a member of their Great Council. This distinction has keenly affected me, but I feel unable to accept it, taking into consideration the interests of the country which protects me. A year ago I resolved to devote myself to a great cause, and my devotion was looked upon as a mean and personal ambition. If I had entered a political assembly of Switzerland, the same fate would have befallen me; my words would have been misinterpreted, my intentions misunderstood, and consequently I should have found myself incapable of

being of use to you, and perhaps have drawn the most serious difficulties upon your canton. Hence it was my duty to refuse this dignity. I hope, however, that the citizens of Dissenhofen will not be the less friendly to me on that account, for I wish them to understand how highly I prize their esteem. They render homage to misfortune rather than to power. They are fearless and independent; two fine qualities for a free people."

The federal shooting-match was about to open at Saint-Gall. The Prince sent the directors a fowling-piece inlaid with gold and silver as a prize for the winner of what was called the target of patriotism. July 3, 1838, Louis Napoleon made his formal entry at the federal shooting-match at the head of the Thurgau carbineers. On the 8th he returned to Gottlieben.

At this very time Paris was occupied with one of the Prince's accomplices in the Strasburg affair, — M. Armand Laity. This former officer of artillery had published a brochure entitled: *Relation historique des événements du 30 Octobre, 1836*, in the production of which Louis Napoleon had doubtless collaborated, and which was a fervid vindication of the abortive attempt. The Government was as excited by this publication as if it were a real danger. June 21, 1838, the author was arrested and the brochure seized. The 28th, the Court of Peers, assembled in the council chamber, found an indictment against M. Laity, accused of an attack on the security of

the State. July 10, he was condemned to five years' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs. All the opposition journals found fault with this sentence. The *National* said: "By a confusion of things and principles, which even the Restoration did not venture to make in more serious circumstances, M. Laity's brochure has been construed into an attack. All the journals of the day protest against this sentence." July 2, Louis Napoleon sent his former accomplice a letter in which he said: "I am sure that with your noble character you will suffer with resignation for a popular cause. They will ask you where the Napoleonic party is. Answer that the party is nowhere, and the cause everywhere. The party is nowhere because our friends are not enlisted, but the cause has adherents everywhere, from the artisan's workshop to the King's council room, from the soldier's barrack to the marshal's palace. . . . Say that in authorizing you to make your publication, my object was neither to disturb the tranquillity of France nor to re-kindle half-extinct passions, but to show myself to my fellow-citizens as I am, and not as I have been painted by a selfish hatred. But if the parties some day overthrow the existing power (the example of the last half-century permits the supposition), and if, habituated as they have been for twenty-three years to despise authority, they sap all the foundations of the social edifice, then perhaps the name of Napoleon would be an anchor of safety for all that is generous and truly patriotic

in France. It is with this motive that I maintain that the honor of the eagle of October 30 remains intact, in spite of its defeat, and that men should not take the nephew of the Emperor for an ordinary adventurer."

The French Government was not satisfied with having M. Laity condemned by the Chamber of Peers. It officially demanded from Switzerland the expulsion of Louis Napoleon. July 26, Comte Molé wrote to the Duc de Montebello: "The King has exhausted his clemency and kindness toward Louis Bonaparte. Instead of bringing him to trial after the Strasburg attempt, he sent him to America through respect for the name he bears. On learning of his return to Arenenberg, the King dwelt upon the thought of a dying mother towards whom her son wished to perform the last duties. Finally, when this son asked France to receive the remains of his mother, the King gave this permission. From that moment, Louis Bonaparte has not ceased to brag about his culpable schemes and his past attempts. His whole conduct proves his continual efforts to pick up their broken threads. Henceforward the King must put an end to a generosity which has no apparent effect but to encourage the audacity and folly of the very persons it has spared. These considerations, Duke, are of a sort to appeal to Vorort's mind, and convince all the honest inhabitants of Helvetia. On receipt of this despatch, you will have the goodness to bring its contents to the cog-

nizance of Vorort and remit to him the annexed note." This note, dated August 2, demanded the expulsion of the Prince.

M. Thirria, in his remarkable work, *Napoleon III. — Avant l'Empire*, has summed up very well the phases of the ensuing debate between the French and Swiss governments. Louis Napoleon had received, in 1832, the right of honorary citizenship in the canton of Thurgau. The Swiss regarded him as their fellow-citizen. King Louis Philippe's Government, on the other hand, maintained that Article 25 of the constitution of the canton of Thurgau provided that a foreigner cannot become a Swiss citizen until after renouncing his citizenship in the foreign state, and that Louis Napoleon had never renounced his title as a Frenchman. The Prince replied (letter of August 20 to the Grand Council of Thurgau) that France did not recognize him as such, since it condemned to perpetual banishment him and all members of the imperial family. Comte Molé, the King's Minister of Foreign Affairs, was irritated by such a response, and he wrote to the Duc de Montebello, September 1: "This vague and ambiguous declaration has every appearance of a subterfuge, well worthy assuredly of the man whose conduct after the event of Strasburg, and when the King had just exhausted in his regard the proof of a boundless clemency, makes it evident that he is a stranger to every noble sentiment, every generous inspiration." The Grand Council of Thurgau unani-

mously declared, August 22, that the demand for expulsion was inadmissible. September 3, the Diet decided that the several cantonal councils should be consulted, and adjourned the solution of the affair until October.

Exasperated by this attitude of the Swiss, the French Government assembled an army corps on the frontier, whose leader, General Aymard, addressed the following order of the day to his troops, September 3: "Our turbulent neighbors will soon perceive, though perhaps too late, that instead of declamations and insults it would have been better for them to satisfy the just demands of France." Three days before, Louis Napoleon had addressed a letter to M. Anderwers, president of the Petty Council of Thurgau, in which he said: "Switzerland demonstrated a month ago by her energetic protestations, and now by the decisions of the Grand Councils which have thus far assembled, that she was ready to make the greatest sacrifices in order to maintain her dignity and her rights. She has known how to do her duty as an independent nation; I shall know how to do mine and to remain faithful to the path of honor. I may be persecuted, but never disgraced.

"The French Government having declared that the refusal of the Diet to comply with its demand would be the signal for a conflagration of which Switzerland might be the victim, nothing remains but for me to quit a country where my presence is

the subject of such unjust pretensions, and where it might also be the pretext for great disasters.

"I pray you, therefore, Mr. Landamann, to announce to the federal director that I will go as soon as I have obtained from the different powers the passports I require in order to reach a place where I may find a secure asylum."

The letter terminated thus: "I hope that this separation may not be eternal, and that a day will come when I may, without compromising the interests of two nations which ought to remain united, regain the asylum where twenty years of sojourn and acquired rights had created for me a second country. Be, Mr. Landamann, the interpreter of my sentiments of gratitude toward the Councils. Only the thought of averting troubles from Switzerland could alleviate the regrets I experience in quitting her."

Paris followed the phases of this curious affair with great attention. All the opposition journals agreed in blaming the Government of King Louis Philippe. The *Courrier-Français* said: "Up to now the public considered Prince Louis a madman; the Ministry have almost made a hero of him." The *Siècle:* "Our ministers have succeeded in covering themselves with ridicule by offering young Bonaparte an opportunity to interest France in his destiny which he has seized with equal generosity and seemliness." The *Gazette de France*, the legitimist sheet: "Honor to the federal Diet, to the Grand

Council of Thurgau! Honor to M. Kern, who has at last brought conspicuously before the eyes of kings and peoples the fine motto of the Duguesclins, the Bayards, the Bonchamps, the Talmonts, and the La Rochejacqueleins: *Do what you ought, no matter what may happen!* Honor to the brave and generous Helvetic nation which proclaims the authority of duty and the sacred rights of hospitality!"

The French Government awaited the departure of the Prince with extreme impatience. The Duc de Montebello wrote to Comte Molé, October 10: "According to my private advices, Louis Napoleon does not intend to leave Switzerland before the 25th. I consider it indispensable, therefore, in order to obtain his prompt departure, that the military dispositions be maintained. The expense which each day's delay entails on Switzerland will exert the most powerful of all influences on public opinion; and it is well, in the interests of the future, that Switzerland should not get out of the affair without its costing her something." Comte Molé replied, October 13: "I charge you to announce to President du Vorort that our troops will remain in their positions until Louis Bonaparte has quitted Switzerland." The French Government was finally reassured. A passport delivered for the Prince by the English minister, and visaed by the ministers of Prussia and Baden and the consul of Holland, was sent by the Directory to the Government of Thurgau, October 10. Four days

afterward, Louis Napoleon left Switzerland. The Duc de Montebello forwarded to M. Molé the following letter, written by a person who had accompanied the Prince as far as Constance: —

"Constance, October 14, 1838. — The friends of the prince met to-day at Arenenberg to take leave of him. There were about thirty of them, as many from Ermatingen as from neighboring places. The Prince had wine served, made a short speech expressive of his hope for a speedy return, and entered his carriage about two o'clock. We were in eighteen or twenty little calashes which escorted him. He travelled with two carriages, one drawn by four and the other by two horses. He was alone with Persigny in the first one, and the second was occupied by his physician, Dr. Conneau, his valet Charles, and two other domestics. Persigny accompanied him to London. All the afternoon he was much affected and often shed tears. At five minutes' distance from Constance he stopped the carriage and alighted, everybody following his example. All his escort gathered around him; again he spoke a few words of thanks and hope to meet again soon, shook hands with every one (there were about forty of us), got into his carriage again, and went on alone towards Constance, where M. de Bittendorf, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Baden, arrived at the same moment. They did not speak to each other."

Reaching Constance at three o'clock, the Prince alighted at the Eagle Hotel, where he remained but

a short time. He crossed Germany, then Holland, and embarked at Rotterdam for England. October 25, he was in London. The *Gazette de France* made this reflection: "We should be glad to know what the Government gains by Prince Louis being in England instead of at Arenenberg. London is nearer Paris than Arenenberg." And in the *Morning Chronicle*, Lord Palmerston's organ, one could read: "One thing remains to be seen. Will any one address to Great Britain the threatening notes launched against the Helvetic cantons? Should that happen, Lord Melbourne's answer will be prompt." The French Government had not solved the question; it had merely displaced it.

CHAPTER XX

TWO YEARS IN ENGLAND

OCTOBER 26, 1838, General Comte de Sébastiani, ambassador of France in England, made the following announcement, unaccompanied by any comment, to Comte Molé: "Prince Louis Bonaparte arrived in London yesterday. He is stopping, as he did before, at Fenton's Hotel." The Prince remained in England nearly two years, leaving only to attempt his adventurous Boulogne expedition.

Louis Napoleon was by nature essentially cosmopolitan. Speaking Italian, German, and English as well as if he had been born in Italy, Germany, or England, he excelled in conforming to the customs and assimilating the characteristics of the inhabitants of every country to which the vicissitudes of his exile conducted him. In the Romagna, in 1831, he had thought, spoken, and acted like a carbonari. In the German cantons of Switzerland he had shown himself a democrat, a beer-drinker, a federal sharpshooter, an officer of the Helvetic artillery, and an honest Thurgau burgess. In England he was to assume the manners, sentiments, and language of a gentleman who was at once a student, a sportsman,

a pleasure-seeker, frequenting fashionable clubs as well as libraries, fond of horses, races, and theatres, carrying on simultaneously, as many English statesmen do, the most contradictory occupations, and distinguishing himself equally in the exercises of the mind and those of the body; he was attempting to gain the *peerage* of London as he had won the inhabitants of the canton of Thurgau.

The Prince installed himself in Carlton House, the property of Lord Cardigan, between St. James's park and Regent street, in the vicinity of the United Service, Athenæum, and Travellers' clubs. He lived afterwards at Carlton Gardens, in a house belonging to Lord Ripon. The drawing-room was adorned with historic souvenirs: a bust of Napoleon by Canova; a portrait of the Empress Josephine by Guérin; another of Queen Hortense; the tricolored scarf worn by General Bonaparte at the battle of the Pyramids; the coronation ring placed on the Emperor's finger by Pius VII. during the coronation ceremony; the ring which Napoleon put upon Josephine's finger on the same occasion; the talisman of Charlemagne, found in the tomb of the great Carlovingian emperor and given to Napoleon by the cathedral clergy. The Prince was surrounded by a small court, comprising Colonel Vaudrey, M. de Persigny, M. Bouffet de Montauban, formerly a colonel in the Colombian army, and Dr. Conneau. His retinue was not devoid of a certain luxury. The imperial eagle figured on the panels of his

principal carriage. He had a pair of draught horses, a horse for his cab, and two saddle horses. The *Court Circular*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Times* gave detailed reports of his ways and actions in society. He did not go to Court, nor to the houses of the ministers, but he was in constant relations with the greatest lords and ladies in England. In 1839 he took part in the famous tourney organized by Count Eglinton. The Marine Club having offered him a dinner, he said to his hosts: "I do not speak, gentlemen, of your military triumphs, for all your glorious memories are to me a cause for tears; but I will speak with pleasure of the finer and more lasting glory you have acquired by carrying civilization to a thousand barbarous peoples and the most distant regions." Thus it was that a Bonaparte found means to make himself agreeable to the English.

Under his dandy-like appearance Louis Bonaparte cloaked an inveterate conspirator. The French embassy strongly suspected that he was concocting some new enterprise, but did not feel able to keep an effective watch upon him. General Sébastiani wrote to Comte Molé, February 10, 1839: "Louis Napoleon has just hired Lord Cardigan's house in London. I learn from various quarters that his partisans moot and cherish illusions there which he is only too well disposed to share. I have more than once already had occasion to call Your Excellency's attention to the impossibility of my exercising the slightest surveillance in this respect. The Minister of the In-

terior will doubtless esteem it necessary to charge a special agent from this department with the affair." Some days after the fruitless attempt at Strasburg the Prince had owned, when examined before the commission of inquiry of the Court of Peers (August 19, 1840), that he had been conspiring for a certain time. "It is only about a year or a year and a half ago," said the accused, "that I began to maintain relations in France. So long as I believed that honor forbade me to undertake anything against the Government, I remained tranquil, but when I was persecuted in Switzerland under the pretext that I was conspiring, I began to occupy myself once more with my former projects."

In Paris, the emissaries of the Prince were trying to bring him into relations with the republicans. M. Vieillard wrote to him, January 8, 1839: "You doubtless know, Prince, that I was present, some time ago, at an interview with several leaders of the republican party. You know or you divine the object of it. It was a question of getting them to accept your intervention, and of demonstrating to them that in the interests of the country, of liberty and equality, it was useful and even necessary to have an indisputable name which, taking universal suffrage by storm, as one might say, would immediately get rid, by that very fact, of the fatal co-operation of subordinate ambitions and thus avert the dangers of anarchy; I think they are agreed on this point. They have adopted you, but on one condition;

namely, that you shall recognize that whatever form of government is established, the head of it shall be responsible."

Louis Napoleon himself made a long plea *pro domo sua*, by publishing in London, at the commencement of 1840, a work he had composed under the title *Les Idées Napoléoniennes*. The author considered his book as the gospel of the democratic empire, as the testament of Napoleon I., and the programme of the reign of Napoleon III. In reading it, people wondered whether it were the dream of a visionary or the work of a politician. A touch of illuminism, of mysticism, in its thought and style, reminded one of De Lammenais' *Paroles d'un croyant*. In the eyes of Louis Napoleon, Bonapartism was not an opinion, but a cult. The Emperor's nephew spoke of his uncle as if he were a supernatural being. "Great men," said he, "have this in common with the divinity, that they never altogether die. Their spirit survives them, and the Napoleonic idea has sprung forth from the tomb of Saint Helena just as the morality of the Gospel has arisen triumphant in spite of the death on Calvary. The political faith, like the religious faith, has had its martyrs; it will likewise have its apostles and its empire."

According to Louis Bonaparte, the Napoleonic idea consisted in combining the rights of the people with the principles of authority, in beholding in France none but brothers easy to reconcile, and in the different nations of Europe only members of a

single great family. "It levels mountains, crosses rivers, facilitates communications, and obliges peoples to give each other the hand. It employs all arms and all intelligences. It goes into cabins, not with sterile declarations of the Rights of Man, but with the means necessary to quench the thirst of the poor man and appease his hunger, and, moreover, with a tale of glory to awaken his love of country. Humble without baseness, it knocks at every door, receives insults without hate or rancor, and never pauses in its march because it knows that the light precedes it and the peoples follow. Desirous above all to persuade and convince, it preaches concord and confidence and appeals more willingly to reason than to force. But if, driven to extremes by too many persecutions, it becomes the only hope of miserable populations and the last refuge of the glory and honor of the fatherland, then, resuming its helmet and its spear and ascending the country's altar, it will say to the people, deceived by so many ministers and orators, what Saint Remigius said to the haughty Sicambrian: 'Tear down thy false gods and thine images of clay; burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned.'"

The work at times assumed the lyric tone. The author exclaimed: "France of Henri IV., of Louis XIV., of Carnot, of Napoleon, thou who wert always for the west of Europe the source of progress, thou who possessest the two mainstays of empire, the genius of the arts of peace and the genius of war,

hast thou no further mission to fulfil? Wilt thou exhaust thy forces and thine energy in ceaseless struggles with thy children? No; such cannot be thy destiny. Soon the day will come when, to govern thee, it will be necessary to comprehend that it is thy rôle to put thy sword of Brennus into all treaties on behalf of civilization."

The programme developed in the *Idées Napoléoniennes* was summed up in three points: alliance between the Empire and democracy, free trade, the principle of nationalities.

This was the conclusion: "Let us repeat it in concluding, the Napoleonic idea is not an idea of war, but a social, industrial, commercial, humanitarian idea. If to some men it appears always surrounded by the lightning of combats, it is because it was, in fact, too long enveloped by the smoke of cannon and the cloud of battles. But now the clouds are dispelled, and we perceive athwart the glory of arms a civil glory more durable and grand.

"May the spirit of the Emperor rest then in peace. His memory will wax greater every day. Each wave that breaks against the rock of Saint Helena brings with it a breath of Europe, a homage rendered to his memory, a regret to his ashes, and the echo of Longwood repeated above his coffin: The free peoples labor everywhere to re-commence thy work."

A few days after the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, there appeared in England another work, unsigned, but written by M. de Persigny, and entitled: *Lettres de*

Londres, Visite au Prince Louis. Louis Napoleon already had fanatics. In the front rank of them figured M. de Persigny, at once a dreamer and a man of action, with the manners of a conspirator and the intuitions of a seer. Few persons have combined in the same degree the genius of initiative and the gift of prophecy. The *Letters from London* was a skilful puff. The author made a portrait of Louis Napoleon which was equally flattering to mind and body. He waxed enthusiastic over "the imposing haughtiness of this Roman profile whose lines, so pure and noble, so solemn even, are like the signet of great destinies." And he added: "What especially excites interest is that indefinable tinge of melancholy and meditation spread over his whole person which reveals the noble sorrows of the exile. The sombre tints of his physiognomy indicate an energetic nature; his daring mien, his glance at once keen and thoughtful, everything about him, shows one of those exceptional natures, those lofty souls which are nourished by a preoccupation in great things, and which alone are able to accomplish them. All men who have played a great part in history have had secret and mysterious personal attractions which inspire devotion, enchain the will, and fascinate the masses."

The propaganda began to be visible simultaneously in Paris and London. The prince sold the château of Arenenberg in order to subsidize, in 1839, two Parisian journals: the *Commerce*, directed by MM. Mocquard and Mauguin, and the *Capitole*, one of

whose editors was M. Paul Merruan, who, under the Second Empire, was secretary general of Baron Haussmann at the prefecture of the Seine. The founder of this last sheet was M. de Crouy-Chanel, who received one hundred and forty thousand francs from the Prince, a very considerable sum for the modest fortune of the pretender, but not enough to keep the journal alive more than six months. Two Bonapartist clubs were established in Paris: the *Cotillion Club*, to which belonged, among other ladies, Mesdemoiselles de Salvage, de Faverolles, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély, de Quérelles, Gordon; and the *Old Soldiers' Club*, composed of General de Montholon, MM. de Vaudoncourt, Voisin, Laborde, Bouffet de Montaubon, Dumoulin, General Piat, etc.

The French Embassy at London did not watch the intrigues of the Prince. M. Guizot, who had replaced General Sébastiani as ambassador, devoted himself entirely to grand diplomatic speculations on the Eastern question. The eminent statesman thought more about Mehemet Ali than about Louis Napoleon.

Meanwhile, all France was exciting itself about the approaching return of the Emperor's remains. May 12, 1840, Comte de Rémusat, without any previous notification of such a communication, had laid before the Chamber of Deputies an order of credit for one million, in order to bring the ashes of Napoleon from Saint Helena to Paris. July 7, the frigate *Belle-Poule*, under command of one of Louis

Philippe's sons, Prince de Joinville, had sailed for Saint Helena. Never had the memory of the hero of Austerlitz been the object of such homage. Never had the Napoleonic legend, propagated by the author of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, M. Thiers, then president of the ministerial council, provoked a like infatuation. The nephew of him of whom M. Rémusat had just said, "He was Emperor and King, he was the legitimate sovereign of our country," thought the hour had come for striking a new blow. A skilled conspirator, he found means to conceal his proceedings, not merely from the Embassy of France, but also from the English Government.

We read in a despatch from the embassy (August 7, 1840): "One must have lived in England a long time to be convinced that such an enterprise as that of Louis Napoleon can be arranged and completed in the port of London without the least official knowledge of it reaching the English Government. That is the truth, however, and it is my conviction that Lord Normanby, I will not say upon a formal notice, but on a mere suspicion, would not have lost a moment in informing the French Government through its embassy at London. The embassy itself has several times warned the King's Government of its absolute inability to exercise surveillance here over the plots of refugees of every shade. But it believed that there were active and loyal agents in London who were especially charged to attach them-

selves to the Prince. One only of these agents had put himself in relations with the embassy, and he transmitted through it his letters to the Department of the Interior. Yesterday I still had in my hand the third edition of the *Morning Post*, announcing the debarkation at Boulogne, when a letter from this agent was sent to me for the Minister of the Interior. It opened with these words: 'Prince Louis has given up all manner of attempt at landing.' I leave Your Excellency to judge the value of such information as we could extract from this source, the only one open to us." The Prince had hired from the Commercial Company of Steam Navigation, under an assumed name, the boat *Edinburgh Castle*, under the pretext of an excursion along the coast of Scotland. August 4, he and his accomplices embarked on this vessel. On the 5th they were before Boulogne.

CHAPTER XXI

BOULOGNE

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE has written in his *Souvenirs* apropos of Louis Napoleon: "One may say, however, that it was his folly rather than his reason which, thanks to circumstances, constituted his success and his power; for the world is a curious stage. There are moments when the worst plays produced upon it succeed the best." It is certain that the ill-concerted scheme of Boulogne was a poor performance, and that its failure was complete; but perhaps, without this sorry adventure, Louis Bonaparte would never have been Napoleon III.

The conspirator of Strasburg and Boulogne was haunted not simply by visions of the French Empire, but by those of the Roman Empire as well. He said to himself that Napoleon had been a Cæsar, and he would be an Augustus. This passage from Vertot's *Révolutions romaines*, cited by M. de Persigny in his *Lettres de Londres*, had particularly impressed him: "Cæsar's young nephew is at Apollonia, on the coast of Epirus, where he is finishing his studies and exercises and shedding abundant tears over his uncle's death. Banished far from Rome, he languishes

a prey to sadness and regrets; but his ardent soul longs to avenge the outraged memory of his uncle, and presently by a public act he will reveal the object of his ambition to the world. His relations and friends entreat him to remain in exile. But young Octavius rejects these pusillanimous counsels; he declares that he would a thousand times rather die than renounce the great name and the glory of Cæsar. Condemned by iniquitous laws, he does not fear to brave them and to start for Rome. One day he arrives on the coast of Brindisi and lands near the little town of Lupia, without other escort than his servants and several of his friends, but sustained by the great name of Cæsar, which alone will presently give him whole legions and armies. And, in fact, no sooner have the officers and soldiers of Brindisi learned that the nephew of their former general is near their walls than they flock out to meet him, and after giving him their fealty, introduce him into the place, of which they make him master. This first success is but ephemeral; it is soon succeeded by pains and tribulations, but after all it was there and in that way that the great destiny of Cæsar's nephew began." The debarkation near Boulogne was to be the imitation of the debarkation near Lupia, and Louis Napoleon was to take Octavius as his model.

The companions of the Prince for the Boulogne expedition numbered about sixty. Among them figured several former officers, — Colonel Vaudrey

and Commander Parquin, both of whom had already taken part in the Strasburg affair, Colonel Voisin, the commander of Mésonan and the highest in rank, General de Montholon, Napoleon's companion in captivity at Saint Helena. We cite also among those who took part in the expedition M. de Persigny, the Vicomte de Quérelles, M. Bataille, M. Bachon, Dr. Conneau, M. Bouffet de Montauban, and M. Bure, the Prince's foster brother. To this little group were added some thirty discharged soldiers who had been engaged in France in the quality of domestics. A Parisian old-clothes dealer had sold them uniforms. Dr. Conneau had bought a press and printed with his own hand the different proclamations, signed "Napoleon," which were to be issued in France. The first of them, which was addressed to the army, was worded thus: "Soldiers! France was made to command, and she is obeying. You are the élite of the people, and you are treated like a vile herd. You have asked what has become of the eagles of Austerlitz and Jena. Behold those eagles! I bring them back to you. With them, you will have glory, honor, fortune. Soldiers! the great shade of the Emperor Napoleon speaks to you by my voice. Soldiers! to arms." In another proclamation, the Prince said to the French people: "Banished from my country, if I alone were unhappy, I would not complain; but the glory and honor of the country are banished as well as I. To-day, as I did three years ago, I come to devote myself to the popular cause. Chance made

me fail at Strasburg; the Alsatian jury proved to me that I had not deceived myself. . . . And all of you, poor and laborious classes, remember that it was from amongst you that Napoleon selected his lieutenants, his marshals, his ministers, his princes, his friends. . . . Frenchmen, I see before me the brilliant future of the fatherland. I feel behind me the spirit of the Emperor, which urges me onward." Then comes a decree enacting that the dynasty of the Orleans Bourbons has ceased to reign, that the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies are dissolved, that a national Congress shall be convoked immediately upon the arrival of the Prince in Paris, that M. Thiers is appointed president of the provisional government and Marshal Clausel commander-in-chief of the troops assembled at Paris; lastly, that all officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers who will display their sympathy for the national cause shall receive a striking reward in the name of the country.

August 3, 1840, all the stores had been taken aboard the *Edinburgh Castle*, lying in the port of London. They comprised money, munitions, two carriages, chests of uniforms, baskets of wine and liqueurs, nine horses, and a live eagle. On the morning of the 4th the Prince went on board to pick up his accomplices at different places, the little band having separated so as not to attract the attention of the English authorities. The vessel did not go direct to its destination. It proceeded by long tacks,

and it was not until the 6th of August, after midnight, that it anchored a quarter of a league from the coast, opposite Vimereux, a little port about four kilometres north of Boulogne.

The present conspiracy presented even fewer chances of success than that of Strasburg. There, Louis Bonaparte could at least rely on the commander of one of the regiments, Colonel Vaudrey. At Boulogne his only accomplice was a single officer of the garrison, Lieutenant Aladenize, of the 42d of the line. The Prince fancied that this lieutenant would suffice to gain the entire regiment; that afterwards he would go to Lille, followed by General Magnan, commanding the department of the North; and that, received wherever he went by the acclamations of the troops and the population, he would march in triumph as far as Paris. All illusions, to be dispelled both cruelly and soon! The game was lost even before it was begun. Never has an enterprise made a more lamentable failure.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, a yawl pushed off from the vessel and made four successive trips in order to land the entire personnel of the expedition. Some customhouse officers came up. In spite of all persuasions and promises of money, they refused to join the conspirators. The latter went on their way, and arrived at Boulogne about five o'clock in the morning. They received their first check on D'Alton place, where a post comprising a sergeant and four men refused, as the

customhouse officers had done, their participation in the plot. They reached the barracks of the 42d of the line. Seconded by Lieutenant Aladenize, the Prince endeavored to gain the soldiers over. Cries of "Long live the Emperor!" resounded. But Captain Puygelier shouted: "Soldiers, they are deceiving you. Long live the King!" And he succeeded in ejecting the conspirators from the barracks, the doors of which he closed. Then the Prince and his accomplices essayed to rouse the people, but with no better success. After a vain attempt to enter the château, they determined to go to the Grand Army column, situated about a kilometre from the city. Some one climbed to the top of it and raised the imperial standard. But a detachment of the 42d of the line appeared and put the conspirators to flight. The Prince wanted to kill himself at the foot of the column, but was prevented by his friends, who took him with them. A majority of the confederates, pursued by the soldiers and the national guard, gained the shore and were arrested there. The Prince and several others jumped into the sea in hopes of swimming to their yawl. But the soldiers and national guards fired at them point blank. The Prince was struck by a ball, which was lost in his uniform. M. Viengiki was grievously wounded. Colonel Voisin received two balls. Captain d'Hunio was drowned. M. Faure was killed. The lieutenant of the post, M. Pollet, got into a boat with five men and two gendarmes, and picked

up the Prince and other swimmers exhausted by fatigue, among whom were M. de Persigny, Colonel Voisin, Dr. Conneau, and M. de Mésonan. The Prince was landed and taken in a carriage to the château, where he was permitted to go to bed at once. All the conspirators were prisoners. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The affair had lasted about three hours. The sub-prefect sent the following despatch to the Minister of the Interior: "Louis Bonaparte is arrested. He has just been transferred to the château, where he will be well guarded. The conduct of the people, the national guard, and the troops of the line has been admirable."

M. Guizot had quitted London August 6, leaving the direction of the embassy to Baron de Bourqueney, who became, under the reign of Napoleon III., ambassador at Vienna and second plenipotentiary of France at the Congress of Paris. The latter wrote to M. Molé, August 7: "The great event of yesterday was the news of Louis Napoleon's landing at Boulogne. The reports came by express to the *Morning Post*, which has published a third edition. The first impression produced was that of absolute disbelief in the folly of such an enterprise, and in society, where I thought it my duty to appear in the evening, if only to display the most profound contempt for so absurd an attempt, I met none but those who were convinced that the news was a mere speculation in stocks. To-night the details have arrived." Before Prince Louis left England a rumor

had been put in circulation that he had seen Lord Palmerston. The latter had the rumor denied by the ministerial organ, the *Globe*. He said, moreover, to M. de Bourqueney: "You know the freedom of English official manners, and you know that I and my colleagues could have given a rendezvous to Louis Napoleon, met him accidentally at the house of a third party, in short, have had any sort of fortuitous or social relations with him. Well! there has been nothing of the sort. *I swear to you upon my honor* that we have not seen the face of Louis Napoleon or any one of the adventurers surrounding him. It is plain to me that the news of a visit, made or received, was invented here and transmitted to the French journals, either to accredit the lie of there being some indirect support, or else to embitter and compromise the relations of our two governments." The defeated man of Boulogne was disowned by all statesmen, whether foreigners or Frenchmen.

M. Guizot relates in his Memoirs that on arriving, August 7, at the château d'Eu, he found the King, M. Thiers, and all their circle at once very animated and very tranquil concerning what had occurred. "They beheld the simultaneous explosion and conclusion of the Bonapartist manœuvres; they jeered at and were amazed by them. What an odd spectacle, said they, Louis Napoleon swimming out to regain a wretched yawl under fire from the national guard of Boulogne, while the son of the

King and two French frigates are sailing across the ocean in search of what remains of the Emperor Napoleon at Saint Helena!"

At Paris, the journals received the adventure of Boulogne with contemptuous scorn. Here is what might be read, August 8, in three of the principal organs of public opinion.

The *Journal des Débats:* "This outdoes comedy. Madmen are not killed, but they are put in prison."

The *Constitutionnel:* "In this miserable affair the odious vies with the absurd. Louis Bonaparte will have the shame of being only a grotesque criminal."

The *Presse:* "The son of the ex-King of Holland has no more mind than heart. He is not even the leader of a party, but only the wretched caricature of one."

The foreign journals were not more indulgent. The correspondent of the *Times* wrote: "I have just seen Louis Napoleon. The poor devil is in a sorry plight. He failed to drown himself, and the bullets pressed him hard. If he had received one it would, after all, have been the best end for such an unlucky imbecile." None but the radical sheets of Paris, such as the *National*, and Louis Blanc's journal, the *Revue du Progrès*, affected to shelter the defeated man under their rather supercilious protection.

There was also a woman who raised her voice, not to justify the Prince, but to plead extenuating circumstances in his favor. This was Madame Emile de Girardin. She wrote in one of her *Lettres pari-*

siennes, then very much in vogue: "Unhappy proscript! he wished to conquer France to have at least the right to visit it; and have we not reason to say, it is not a throne he asks for, but a country? But being unable to know France as it is, he thought he could judge of it by means of those who claim to represent it and express its mind; he studied it in our patriotic journals, and this dangerous study has caused his mistakes and his misfortunes." Madame de Girardin concluded thus: "Eh! what, all the journals of France have been shrieking for two years to this exile! — 'France is perishing in slavery; it is ruined, despised, dishonored, despairing, betrayed, sold, lost!' And now they dare to find him guilty for coming to its rescue! Alas! they are right, for in politics it is a crime to listen to impostors twice."

The Prince was transferred from Boulogne to the fortress of Ham, where he arrived August 9. The same day, a royal ordinance handed him and his confederates over to the jurisdiction of the Chamber of Peers. Most of the journals blamed this decision and maintained that the affair should have been brought before a jury. But the *Journal des Débats* said: "We are aware that as a pretender to the throne M. Louis Bonaparte is ridiculous in the eyes of everybody; as a prisoner, it is perhaps not impossible that the nephew of the Emperor might find another Strasburg jury; that is a risk which, however improbable it seems, is one to which the Gov-

ernment would be mad and guilty to expose itself." The Prince, after having remained for three days in the citadel of Ham, was taken to Paris, where he arrived in the night of August 12–13, and was incarcerated in the Conciergerie.

CHAPTER XXII

THE CONCIERGERIE

NAPOLEON III. often said to great foreign personages who wished to see Paris: "Go to the Conciergerie; it is very interesting." He had been a prisoner there himself, and retained an ineffaceable recollection of it. If, in fact, there is a spot in the world adapted to inspire philosophical reflections on the vicissitudes of fate, it is certainly that ancient palace of Saint Louis, the vaults of which once served as a foundation to the high quadrangular tower from which was held every fief of the realm, and which has become a place of anguish and of terror. For a century the martyrology of our history is inscribed upon its fatal stones. All dynasties and all parties have had their victims there. The eldest branch of the Bourbons has been represented by Marie Antoinette and Madame Elisabeth; the younger by Philippe Egalité; the Empire by Louis Napoleon; the Republic by the Girondins, Madame Roland, Robespierre, and many others, republicans or royalists, who laid their heads upon the scaffold.

Louis Napoleon's situation at the Conciergerie was painful. What a bitter disillusion! What a

distance between the dream and the reality! To imagine a triumphant entry into the Tuileries, and to be led a prisoner into the dungeon of Fieschi! To dream of acclamations, fanfares, hosannahs, transports of enthusiasm, and awake to nothing but invectives, jests, and sarcasms! Armed as he was against the blows of fortune, the captive found it hard to struggle with discouragement. This transcendently audacious man of action had a dreamy and poetic side. André Chénier, who likewise had been a prisoner in the Conciergerie, had composed these verses there a few moments before leaving it for the scaffold: —

Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier zephyre,
Anime la fin d'un beau jour,
Au pied de l'échafaud, j'essaie encore ma lyre,
Peut-être est-ce bientôt mon tour;
Peut-être avant que l'heure en cercle promenée
Ait posé sur l'émail brillant,
Dans les soixante pas où sa route est bornée,
Son pied sonore et vigilant,
Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupière.
Avant que de ses deux moitiés,
Le vers que je commence ait atteint la dernière.
Peut-être en ces murs effrayés
Le messager de mort, noir recruteur des ombres,
Escorté d'infâmes soldats,
Remplira de mon nom ces longs corridors sombres.[1]

[1] As a lingering ray, as a lingering breeze, — The close of a fair day revive, — At the scaffold's foot on my lyre I seize, — Perhaps my turn may soon arrive. — For the circling hour may not yet have placed — Upon the shining dial plate — His resonant, vigilant

In his gloomy dungeon Louis Napoleon thought of the poet Schiller, whose works he knew by heart, and on the 18th of August, 1840, he translated into French prose the celebrated poem called *The Ideal.* Here are some fragments of this translation: —

"Oh! happy period of my youth, wilt thou leave me never to return? Wilt thou pitilessly take to flight with thy joys and thy sorrows, with thy sublime illusions? Can nothing arrest thee in thy flight? Are thy billows to lose themselves irrevocably in the night of eternity? The brilliant stars which illumined my entry into life have lost their lustre; the ideal which dilated my heart, inebriated with hope, has fled away. It is annihilated, that sweet belief in beings created by my imagination; those dreams once so fair, so divine, have fallen a prey to the sad reality!"

In this poem of Schiller's how many things are suggestive of the vexations and disenchantments of the prisoner! "With an immense effort my contracted breast dilated in an immense circle, and I wished to enter life by words and actions, by illusion as well as by sensation. How great was this world, so long as it had not unfolded before my eyes! But how few things I have seen expand;

foot, or have paced — The sixty steps ordained by fate — Ere the sleep of the grave o'er my eyelids has passed. — Before of its two moieties, — The line I commence has attained to the last, — These frighted walls my name may seize, — Along the sombre corridors sounded — By the herald of death, dark recruiter of souls, — By soldiers infamous surrounded.

and those few, how little and how mean they were!"

The defeated man of Strasburg and Boulogne recognized himself in these lines: "With what audacity, transported by what noble ardor, the young man launched into life when the delirium of his dreams rendered him happy and no care had as yet put a barrier to his impetuosity! The lofty flight of projects carried him to the summit of the firmament; nothing was so distant that in his intoxication he thought himself unable to attain it."

The prisoner of the Conciergerie exclaimed with Schiller: "I have seen the sacred crown of glory withering on commonplace foreheads. Alas! the happy time of love has had but a brief springtime, and my road becomes more and more deserted. The silence increases, and hope now scarcely throws a feeble lustre across my obscure path."

Louis Napoleon had one consolation. Knowing him to be so unhappy, his father, although he blamed him, sent him a token of sympathy. Then the prisoner wrote this letter: "At the Conciergerie, September 6, 1840. — My dear father, I have not yet written you, because I was afraid of causing you distress. But to-day, when I learn what interest you have manifested in me, I come to thank you and to ask your blessing as the only thing which now has any value for me. My sweetest consolation in misfortune is to hope that your thoughts sometimes incline towards me. I shall endure to the end with

courage the fate which awaits me, and, proud of my self-imposed mission, I will always show myself worthy of the name I bear, and of your affection."

Some days later, Louis Napoleon, still in his prison, received a visit which greatly moved him. Madame Récamier, although she had not kept up any personal relations with the Prince since the journey she made to Arenenberg in 1832, was summoned to appear before a magistrate on the occasion of the Boulogne affair, and subjected to an examination. This did not prevent her concerning herself about the captive. She asked and obtained permission to see him. The "permit to communicate with Prince Louis Bonaparte" was dated September 12, 1840, and authorized two visits. Madame Récamier made only one. The Prince was much affected by the interest manifested in him by this good and generous woman. He thanked her cordially, and on her departure accompanied her as far as the officials would allow.

The future sovereign of France retained his faith in his star even in the Conciergerie. To be summoned before men whom his uncle had loaded with benefits did not displease him. The *Capitole*, the Bonapartist journal, said: "Can one imagine the nephew of the Emperor seated on the bench of the accused in presence of two hundred creatures of the Empire, each one of whom he might remind of ten or a dozen oaths taken to his dynasty, and as many benefits received from Napoleonic munifi-

cence? Can one fancy, for example, M. Pasquier, the greatest dignitary of the peerage, reminding the illustrious accused of the sanctity of an oath and the claims of gratitude? M. Pasquier, the auditor of the Council of State, the master of requests, the procurator general of the seal of titles, the officer of the Legion of Honor, the baron, the director of roads and bridges, the prefect of police of the Empire!" The legitimist journal, the *Gazette de France*, said in its turn: "The accused, then, will be condemned by marshals and generals who, at the time of the return from Elba, took arms by usurpation! Their sentence will be signed by MM. Grouchy, Gérard, Soult! . . . Louis Bonaparte will reply that the election of Louis Philippe was accomplished by two hundred and nineteen deputies, appointed by one hundred and fifty thousand electors, while the hereditary Empire obtained four millions of votes. . . . Will he be told that there is no sympathy for the Empire in the country? He will show you the Vendôme column, and the monument erected at the Invalides by M. Thiers, and all the pictures displayed in our streets. Will it be objected that as far as the country is concerned the Empire has no heir? He will answer: 'What do you know about it?'"

August 19, 1840, an examining committee appointed by the Chamber of Peers, and consisting of Chancellor Pasquier, the Duc Decazes, Comte Portalis, Baron Girod de l'Ain, Marshal Gérard, and

M. Persil, had gone to the Conciergerie and interrogated the Prince and the other accused persons from noon to five o'clock. September 15, M. Persil, who had been appointed to draw up their report, submitted his work to the Chamber of Peers, and on the 16th the upper house presented an indictment against Louis Bonaparte and his accomplices for the crime of an attempt on the safety of the state. The Prince impatiently awaited the hour when he should appear before his judges. In his eyes, the bench of the accused would be a pedestal from whose summit he could utter, *urbi et orbi*, solemn words which would find their echo not alone in France, but throughout the world. He would pass from darkness into light.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE COURT OF PEERS

THE debates opened in the Luxembourg palace, where the Chamber of Peers held its sessions, September 28, 1840. Very few people hung about the entrances. The trial of Madame Lafargue, which was just then going on, interested the Parisian public far more than that of the Emperor's nephew.

Louis Napoleon, in a dress coat, white vest, black cravat, and wearing the star of the Legion of Honor, made his entry into the hall, followed by his counsel, M. Berryer, the celebrated legitimist leader. After the indictment had been read, the Prince, having asked permission to speak, read a somewhat lengthy declaration, which opened thus: "For the first time in my life, I am at last permitted to raise my voice in France and to speak freely to Frenchmen. In spite of the guards who surround me, in spite of the accusations I have just listened to, the souvenirs of my childhood and my presence within these senate walls, surrounded by you, gentlemen, whom I know, make it impossible for me to believe that I need to justify myself, or that you can be my

judges. A solemn occasion is afforded me to explain to my fellow citizens my conduct, my intentions, my projects, what I think, and what I wish."

The Prince proceeded to expound the plebiscitarian doctrine. "During the fifty years in which the principle of popular sovereignty in France has been consecrated by the most powerful revolution the world has ever known, the national will has never been proclaimed so solemnly nor sanctioned by votes so free and numerous as in the adoption of the constitutions of the Empire. The nation has never revoked that great act of its sovereignty, and the Emperor has said: 'Anything done without it is illegitimate. . . .' I have thought that the vote of four millions of citizens which elevated my family imposed on us the duty of appealing to the nation and inquiring its will. . . . The nation would have responded: republic or monarchy, empire or royalty. Upon its free decision depend the end of our calamities, the term of our dissensions."

The accused assumed entire responsibility for what he had done. "As to my enterprise," said he, "I have had no accomplices. I decided everything alone; no person has known in advance either my projects, my resources, or my hopes. If I am guilty, it is only towards my friends. Yet, let them not accuse me of having lightly abused courage and devotion such as theirs. They will comprehend the motives of honor and prudence which did

not permit me to reveal even to them the extent and strength of my reasons for expecting a success."

The declaration terminated thus: "One last word, gentlemen. I represent a principle, a cause, a defeat: a principle, the sovereignty of the people; the cause, that of the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo. The principle, you have recognized; the cause, you have served; the defeat, you wish to avenge. No, there is no discord between us, and I am unwilling to believe that I can be doomed to bear the penalties of the defections of another.

"Representing a political cause, I cannot accept a political jurisdiction as the judge of my intentions and my actions. Your forms deceive nobody. In the struggle that is beginning there is but one victor and one vanquished. If you are the victor's men, I cannot expect justice from you, and I will not have your generosity."

One of the judges, General de Ségur, has written in his Memoirs: "This speech, when it is re-read, will produce some effect. It produced little on those who heard it, either through reprobation of the deed it tended to justify, or the unlikeness between the attitude and the words, and because it was delivered coldly. . . . We beheld the Prince singularly careless of the effect he was producing on our assembly. I will add that during the debates his countenance seemed to us without expression, his glance without fire, his attitude simple, unembarrassed, and even of a dignified firmness, but calm

even to impassibility, — another singular anomaly, another unexpected contrast with the impatient temerity of his rash actions."

The accused had not attempted to win his judges. Feeling himself condemned beforehand, he had not addressed his discourse to them, but to France.

The sessions of the 28th and 29th of September, and part of that of the 30th, were devoted to examinations and to the hearing of witnesses. The 30th, the attorney general, Frank-Carré, in his speech, said to the Prince: "The sword of Austerlitz is too heavy for your feeble hands. The name of the Emperor, understand it well, belongs to France more than it does to you." On the same day, M. Berryer began his speech in defence of Louis Napoleon.

The great legitimist orator, always skilful in the art of reconciling the requirements of his personal situation with those of the causes confided to him, had willingly accepted the rôle of advocate of a Bonaparte, in order to have an occasion to criticise the origin and tendencies of Louis Philippe's Government. He sought to render this Government itself responsible for the Bonapartist propaganda. "The tomb of the hero," he exclaimed, "is about to be opened! His ashes are to be disturbed in order to transport them to Paris! Can you not comprehend the effect such manifestations must have produced on the young Prince? The need of reanimating the souvenirs of the Empire has been so great that under the reign of a prince who, in other

times, asked to bear arms against the imperial armies and to combat him whom he called the Corsican usurper, the ministry has said: 'He was the legitimate sovereign of our country;' and you are unwilling that this young man should say to himself: 'The name they are shouting belongs to me.'" The advocate then made a violent assault upon what the opposition of the day called the weakness of the foreign policy of the Government, and attempted to find in it an extenuating circumstance, if not a justification, in favor of his client. In his peroration he addressed this apostrophe to the French peerage: "You allude to the feebleness of the means, the poverty of the enterprise, the ridiculousness of the hope of success. Well! if success is all, lay your hands on your hearts, and tell us, before God: 'If this cause had succeeded, if it had triumphed, I would have denied it, I would have declined all participation in this power, I would have despised, I would have repelled it.' For me, I would accept that supreme arbitrage, and whichever one among you, before God and the country, will say to me: 'If it had succeeded, I would have abjured it,' I accept him as judge."

October 1, Lieutenant Aladenize, of the 42d of the line, was defended by M. Jules Favre. Like his legitimist associate Berryer, the republican advocate bitterly criticised the foreign policy of the Government of July. "This vaulted roof," said he, "still resounds with the manly accents of a powerful voice which yesterday reminded you of the utter pusilla-

nimity of a system unworthy a great nation. . . . To those who are concerned about the dignity and grandeur of the country, who desire that the French name should everywhere be the most powerful and the most respected, as it is the most generous, it is permissible to be afflicted and to turn their thoughts toward the epochs of our glory. These sentiments, gentlemen of the peerage, were those of Aladenize. In his modest sphere he endured impatiently the miseries of the present and longed ardently for a future which might realize his dreams of national greatness." M. Favre represented his client as a disillusionized combatant of July, as a patriot in despair at not yet seeing France plant its standard on the borders of the Rhine; and, alluding to the menaces of war, he exclaimed in his peroration: "You will permit Aladenize, when the day arrives, to march under the orders of these veterans of victory whom I see before me, and who, at need, will not have forgotten the road to the capitals of Europe."

The Court of Peers rendered its verdict October 6. Louis Napoleon was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress situated within the continental territory of the realm; Lieutenant Aladenize to transportation; General de Montholon, MM. Parquier, Lombard, and de Persigny each to twenty years' detention; nine other accused persons to various penalties ranging from fifteen years' detention to two years' imprisonment. The Prince addressed to M. Berryer the same day a letter in which he said:

"I do not know what fate reserves for me, I do not know whether I shall ever be able to prove my gratitude to you, I do not know whether you would accept such proofs; but, whatever our reciprocal claims may be, aside from politics and its desolating obligations, we can always entertain a mutual amity and esteem; and I own that if my trial is to have no other results than that of winning me your friendship, I shall still feel that I have gained immensely, and shall not complain of my fate." The next day, October 7, 1840, Louis Napoleon was incarcerated in the fortress of Ham.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FORTRESS OF HAM

HAM is a city of four thousand souls, in the department of the Somme. At the right, approaching it from the city, one sees a vast fortress, whose origin goes back to the eighth century, and whose dungeon was constructed by Louis of Luxembourg, Constable of Saint-Pol, under the reign of Louis XI. In form the citadel is a great square, flanked by four round towers united by three ramparts. It has but one door, which is on the town side, and is entered by means of a drawbridge thrown across a dry moat. On the south and east the walls of the fortress are bathed by the canal of Saint-Quentin. In the middle of the enclosure are two brick buildings, which are used as barracks. At the extremity of one of these, opposite the door of the fortress and near the other side of the quadrangle, a sort of barrack-guardhouse has been built, resembling those of the fortifications of Paris. All the windows are grated. In this, state prisoners were detained, and in it Louis Napoleon was incarcerated.

The same building had been the prison of four ministers of Charles X., from the end of December,

1830, until the amnesty of 1836. These were Prince de Polignac, Comte de Peyronnet, M. de Chantelauze, and Comte de Guernon de Rauville, all of whom had signed the ordinance that caused the downfall of the throne. One of them, M. de Peyronnet, wrote, August 28, 1831, these lines, which were reproduced in the *Quotidienne* newspaper: "The prison of Ham is very badly situated, and, moreover, unhealthy. It is enveloped in fogs half the day. The promenade covers a space of about one hundred and fifty feet at the end of a rampart where not more than two persons can walk abreast."

Condemned to perpetual imprisonment, Louis Napoleon arrived at the fortress of Ham, October 7, 1840. By a strange coincidence, this was precisely the day on which the *Belle-Poule*, commanded by a son of King Louis Philippe, sighted the island of Saint Helena, where it had gone to seek the ashes of the Emperor Napoleon and bring them back triumphantly to France.

This was not the first time that Louis Bonaparte had been a prisoner at Ham. As we have said before, he was shut up there during four days, after the escapade of Boulogne. He had arrived there August 8, between midnight and one o'clock in the morning, in a carriage escorted by dragoons, and on a night so dark that it had been necessary to light torches in order to guide the postilions to the prison door. The Carlist general, Cabrera, was then detained there. He had been brought down to room

1, on the ground floor, in order to give the Prince rooms 7 and 9 on the second story. In his curious work entitled *Louis-Napoléon prisonnier au fort de Ham*, M. Hachet-Stouplet relates that on that occasion Lardenois, commandant of gendarmerie, fearing that the Prince might attempt suicide, forbade him to shave himself, and made him give up a notched old knife which had long been useless. At the same time he proscribed books, pens, and pencils. And yet Louis Napoleon still hoped, even in this cruel situation. On one of the walls of his chamber he wrote with a piece of charcoal: "The Napoleonic cause is the cause of the people's interests; it is the European cause; sooner or later it will triumph." And below this: "Left England August 4. Arrived before Vimereux, August 5. Landed at Boulogne, August 6. At Boulogne, August 7. At Ham, August 8."

Returning to the fortress of Ham October 7, the Prince was incarcerated in the chamber he had occupied already. If he was badly lodged, he was well guarded. Four hundred infantrymen occupied the barracks of the fortress, and sixty sentries, scattered on every side, obeyed strict orders. At Boulogne, among the officers who had shown noticeable firmness against the Prince figured the commandant of the place, Captain Demarle. For that reason he had been chosen as commandant of the fort and city of Ham. He was ordered to exercise the strictest watchfulness over the acts and gestures of the pris-

oner, and he rendered a detailed account of them to the Minister of the Interior.

The beginnings of the Prince's captivity were very painful. No companion had been assigned him. But this severity was soon abated, and the Government accorded him the precious favor of having three of his most loyal friends beside him. He was rejoined in prison by Dr. Conneau, October 11, 1840, by General de Montholon the 16th of the same month, and by Charles Thélin the 25th of the following May. The general had been condemned to twenty years' imprisonment and the doctor to five, while Charles Thélin, the Prince's faithful servant, had been acquitted. All three requested and obtained permission to be incarcerated with him. No courtiers of misfortune could have been more welcome.

Born in 1783, General Comte de Montholon belonged to an old and distinguished military family, and had signalized himself in Italy, at Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. The Emperor's aide-de-camp during the Hundred Days, he accompanied him to Saint Helena. April 30, 1821, after having written much from the dictation of Napoleon, who was to die five days later, he felt exhausted, and General Bertrand offered to replace him at the sick man's bedside. "Montholon suffices me," said the Emperor. "It is your fault if I have accustomed myself to his attentions, which are like those of a son. At present I desire no others. It is he who

will receive my last sigh; it will be the reward of his services." Montholon was one of the executors of the Emperor's will and the depositary of his manuscripts. On returning to Europe he published in 1823 the Memoirs contributing to the history of France under Napoleon, and written under his dictation. Devoted to the nephew as he had been to the uncle, when in presence of the Court of Peers, he uttered these words to justify himself for having taken part in the expedition of Boulogne: "I received the Emperor's last sigh; I closed his eyes; that is enough to explain my conduct."

Doctor Conneau was deeply attached to Louis Napoleon. After having been the secretary of the former King of Holland, he studied medicine in Florence. In 1831 he took part in the insurrection of the Romagna. From there he went to France, whence he wrote to Prince Louis for letters of recommendation. The Prince replied by inviting him to Arenenberg, where the doctor was so well received by Queen Hortense that he never wished to leave her. The following lines occur in the Queen's will: "I give to Dr. Conneau a present of twenty thousand francs and a watch, as a souvenir of his devotion in coming to attend me. I greatly desire that my son may retain him." "This last wish, gentlemen," said M. Barillon, in defending the doctor before the Court of Peers, "has been religiously observed; for on this sorrowful bench you perceive Conneau beside the son of his benefactress." Blondel was not more faithful

to Richard Cœur-de-Lion than Dr. Conneau to Louis Napoleon.

As to Charles Thélin, he was a model servant. At the moment when he saw the Prince flying toward the coast of Boulogne, he had done all in his power to enable him to re-embark. Thélin infinitely preferred captivity with his master to liberty without him. M. Capo de Feuillide has written: "Thélin prided himself from childhood on the title and functions of the Prince's valet-de-chambre; the Prince raised him to his own level by the title of friend."

According to M. Hachet-Stouplet, Louis Napoleon, General de Montholon, and Dr. Conneau were installed as follows in the building assigned to them:

Ground floor.

Door.

No. 1. Room used as a chapel.
" 2. General de Montholon's study.
" 3. Bathroom.
" 4. The General's bedroom.
" 5 and 6. Guardrooms.

Stairway.

Second story.

No. 7. The Prince's study.
" 8. Dr. Conneau's bedroom.
" 9. The Prince's bedroom.
" 10 and 11. Rooms whose doors were walled up.
" 12. Laboratory.

Stairway.

The floors were very unevenly tiled; there were holes in the ceilings; the curtains were in rags; the windows closed badly.

However, the Prince did not complain of his new lodgings. "I am now installed," he wrote to Madame Salvage, October 16, 1840; "I have a good bed, white curtains, a round table, a commode, and six chairs." He had also in his chamber a looking-glass measuring 3 × 6 inches, a faience stove, and two deal shelves on which were placed his silver toilet articles, marked with the imperial arms.

Room No. 7, which the Prince used both as study and salon, was furnished with a mahogany bureau, an old commode, a sofa, an armchair, four straw chairs, and a screen, which the prisoner placed there to shield himself from draughts. He amused himself by decorating this screen with caricatures carefully cut out from *Charivari*. Gradually he added to this furniture some pictures relating to the history of the Empire, a portrait of his mother, busts of Napoleon and Josephine by Charvet, and a certain number of books and newspapers, notably a collection of *Moniteurs* and fifty volumes of the *Journal des Débats*. Books and journals were placed on white wooden shelves fastened to the wall. Later on we shall see what use the prisoner made of one of these shelves. Comte de Rémusat, Minister of the Interior, gave an order for six hundred francs to make some absolutely necessary repairs, and an allowance of seven francs apiece was made for the daily

nourishment of the captives. Their cooking was done by the gate-keeper, who served as sutler. The Prince wore either a military cloak and foraging cap, or a blue frock coat and red kepi trimmed with gilt braid. He rose every morning at six, and worked until breakfast, that is, until ten o'clock. He walked for some minutes on the ramparts after that, and then resumed his work until the dinner hour. In the evenings he played whist or chess with General de Montholon and Dr. Conneau. Every Sunday the curé of Ham came to say Mass in room No. 1, on the ground floor, which served as a chapel. From the upper part of his windows, which were barred and very close to the ramparts, the vicinity of which intercepted both air and daylight, the Prince perceived a line of curtains the summit of which was gained by sodded parapets. In the middle of the court, as if by some irony of fate, there was a liberty tree, planted in 1793 by a member of the Convention (Bourdon de l'Oise).

Louis Napoleon at first complained rather sharply of the conditions made for him. He wrote to M. Vieillard, May 22, 1841: "During the nine months I have passed in the hands of the French Government, I have patiently submitted to its mean treatment of every description; however, I will no longer maintain a silence which might seem to indicate acquiescence in the oppressive measures of which I am the object. . . .

"I should have nothing to complain of in the Gov-

ernment's treating me as an enemy and depriving me of the means to harm it, but its conduct will be inconsistent if it treats me as an ordinary prisoner, — me, the son of a king, the nephew of an emperor, and connected with all the sovereigns of Europe.

"During the first months of my captivity every kind of communication with the outer world was interdicted, and inside the prison I was constrained to the completest isolation. Now that several persons have been authorized to see me, these restrictive measures on the inside can have no further object, and yet it is when they have become useless that an effort is made to augment them. Everything which is intended for my personal use is daily subjected to the minutest examination. . . . Such a system of terrorism has been put in operation in the garrison and among the employees of the château that no one dare lift his eyes to me; a man needs a great deal of courage to be simply polite. How could it be otherwise when a glance is considered a crime and those who would like to ameliorate my captivity without failing in their duty are denounced to the authorities and threatened with losing their positions? In the midst of France, which my family has made so great, I am treated like an excommunicated person of the thirteenth century. In a myriad ways, too many to enumerate, they seem to be trying to make me feel my captivity every minute of the day, and to re-echo that mournful and incessant cry: Woe to the vanquished!"

The conclusion of the letter was as follows: "The treatment I receive is at once unjust, illegal, and inhuman. If they think to conquer me in this way, they are mistaken. It is not outrage but kindness which subjugates the hearts of those who know how to suffer."

Such complaints were exaggerated. If one considers the matter from the Government's point of view, one must, in fact, recognize that the authorities of Ham did not take too many precautions against the prisoner, but too few. With a stricter surveillance his escape would have been impossible. It must be admitted that Louis Napoleon was treated with consideration. His two best friends, General de Montholon and Dr. Conneau, were left with him, as well as an absolutely loyal servant, Charles Thélin. The latter was permitted to leave the fortress and take walks in the city. A large number of persons were authorized to visit the Prince: MM. Louis Blanc, Laity, Vieillard, Fouquier d'Hérouel, Degeorges, Calixte Souplet, Pauger, Capo de Feuillide, Poggioli, Baron Larrey, Lord Malmesbury, Sir Robert Peel, Lady Cramford, etc.

The prisoner was able to correspond with several provincial journals, in which he published a great many political articles. He was allowed to have a garden of some forty yards on the rampart leading to the grand tower, in which he cultivated flowers. It was apropos of this that he wrote to M. Vieillard, February 20, 1841: "Gardening is what occupies me

a good deal just now. I have a little piece of ground on one of the curtains, in which I am planting hardy seeds and shrubs. The pleasure which I find in removing cubes of earth some yards makes me think that our nature has many resources and consolations unknown to those who are always happy. When we lose one sense, Providence has ordained that we shall be compensated for its loss by the perfection attained by those we have left. So one who has lost his liberty finds inside his prison walls, within his narrow atmosphere, sources of delight which, when free, he trampled indiscriminately under foot, germs of pain as well as germs of pleasure." The inhabitants of Ham were always asking the Prince for bouquets from his garden, and the Prince took pleasure in sending them. It was from the highest part of this garden, which reached as far as the great tower and overlooked the country, that the Prince looked down upon the passers-by, and was seen from below by many persons who were interested in his fate. Thus it was that nearly all detachments of troops passing through the city of Ham halted at the foot of the fortress to look at and salute the prisoner.

Louis Napoleon was also permitted to buy a horse and ride a little within the court. He amused himself by galloping at full speed up the glacis and stopping suddenly on the summit of the ramparts, on the very edge of the precipice; and the boldness of the rider aroused the admiration of the promenaders.

Louis Napoleon distributed much alms among the

poor of Ham, and was on excellent terms with the curé of the town, who was the medium of his bounties. M. Hachet-Souplet relates that the Prince frequently offered collations on Thursdays to boarding-school children, under an enormous lime tree, which has become legendary. He even went so far as to distribute medals among them representing patriotic allegories. But the rector of the academy of Amiens disapproved of this; and going to Ham, he scolded roundly the principals of institutions who had tolerated the accomplishment of such a crime. It may be said that, during his captivity, the future Emperor developed all those instincts of a conspirator which characterized him by nature. He tried to captivate all with whom he came in contact, beginning with the commandant of the fortress. By his gentleness, affability, simplicity, and extreme politeness he made friends of his very jailers. According to M. Fernand Girandeau, the soldiers detailed to guard him, who were forbidden to speak to, salute, or stand up in his presence, contrived means of secretly displaying their sympathy; several even offered to facilitate his escape. Every week the sentry boxes had to be washed to efface inscriptions of, "Long live Napoleon!" "Long live the Emperor!" which some seditious but anonymous crayon had chalked there during the night. Hence the little garrison at the fort had often to be changed. One might say that the prisoner took more pains to conciliate the sympathies of his keepers, and the soldiers, and

inhabitants of the city of Ham than he did afterwards to possess himself of France.

General de Montholon had obtained permission for his wife to live with him in the fortress. There it was that their son, Comte de Montholon, at present the minister of France at Brussels, was born. The latter has inherited from his father several objects pertaining to the captivity of Ham: a small bronze timepiece with a gilded dial, representing Time with his sickle, with the words: "Louis-Napoleon, Ham, 1841," inscribed with a penknife on the lower part; two little chandeliers and two small bronze cups which ornamented the Prince's chimney-piece; and the inkstand he used in writing all his letters and works when in prison. Still more curious is a sepia drawing representing the fortress from the side of the entrance door, and signed: "Napoleon L. B. 1840." In addition to these are the following sketches made by General de Montholon, who had a very pretty talent as a draughtsman: bird's-eye view of the fortress (1842); bastion of the Constable de Saint-Pol's tower (the dungeon); salon and bedroom of the Prince; garden made and cultivated by him; bedroom of the general; salon of his wife. Are not these drawings the best illustrations of a captivity whose scenes they reproduce with such exactness? This captivity, which lasted the same time as that of Saint Helena, is assuredly far less pathetic, far less poetic, but it too has its interest. The prisoner of Saint Helena converted his rock into the pedestal of

a gigantic glory, he resumed there the dazzling souvenirs of his past. The prisoner of Ham made a place of meditation and study of his prison, a university, as he said himself, in which he silently completed his education and prepared his political future. The captivity of Saint Helena is an epilogue, that of Ham a prologue.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LETTERS FROM HAM

LOUIS NAPOLEON wrote a great deal. We shall glance over his correspondence in the first place, and then at the newspaper articles and works which he published during his captivity. Buffon's remark: "The style is the man," applies very well to the Prince, and his correspondence makes one comprehend his character, his ideas, his hopes and illusions, his medley of practical thoughts and dreams, of sadness and of concentrated enthusiasm.

In 1841, the prisoner seemed resigned to his fate. He wrote to a great English lady, January 13: "Here I am in my place; with the name I bear I need either the darkness of a dungeon or the light of power." And on August 14: "My life goes on here in a very monotonous way, because the rigors of authority are always the same; yet I cannot say that I feel dull, because I have created occupations which interest me. I am writing reflections on English history, and besides, I have planted a little garden in one corner of my retreat. . . . I make no complaint of

the position I have created, and I resign myself to it completely."

The same note of resignation appears again in the letter addressed to M. Vieillard, December 17, 1841: "The year is almost over. Receive my best wishes for 1842. I wish both you and Madame Vieillard all that a friend desires for a friend. As for me, I do not complain; I have no right to accuse fate; my misfortunes are my own work, and to deplore them would be to revolt against myself."

The prisoner accepted his situation calmly, but he remained convinced that his prison was the vestibule of the Tuileries, and adhered to his plans with a tenacity that nothing could discourage. This is what he wrote to M. Vieillard, June 10, 1842: "You say I try to further my cause by puerile efforts. Good heavens! success depends upon a number of infinitesimals which only at the very end attain a body and count for something. If you saw a man abandoned, alone in a desert island, you would say to him: 'Don't try to make a skiff out of tree-trunks, which would founder in a storm; wait till chance brings a liberating vessel.' I would say to him: 'Use all your endeavors to create instruments with which you may succeed in building a vessel. This occupation will sustain your moral force, and you will always have an aim before you. This will develop your faculties by the obstacles you have to overcome; if you succeed, it will prove that you are superior to destiny. When your vessel is finished,

enter it boldly. If you succeed in reaching the continent, you will owe your success to nobody but yourself. If you succumb, well, you will have met a better end than if you had allowed yourself to be devoured by wild animals or by the enemy.' No, there is nothing puerile in efforts when they always proceed from the same motive and always tend towards the same end."

In this curious letter, the Prince defends his conduct since 1832. He recalls the fact that at this epoch he wrote a pamphlet on Switzerland in order to gain the good opinion of those with whom he was obliged to live; that afterwards, during nearly three years, he applied himself to a work on artillery, in order thus to win some hearts in the army; that this permitted him to attempt the Strasburg expedition; that he had the Laity pamphlet published so as to give the French Government a pretext for banishing him from Switzerland; that his expulsion restored his moral independence, which he had in a manner lost by a forced restoration to liberty; that in London, contrary to everybody's advice, he had published the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, in order to formulate the programme of his party and to prove that he was not merely an "adventurous hussar"; that by means of the newspapers he had tried to prepare the public mind for the event of Boulogne, but that this was not the business of editors, who merely want to make their living by controversy, while he wished to make it serve him.

"Boulogne," adds the Prince, "was a frightful catastrophe for me, but after all I retrieve it by that interest which always attaches to misfortune, and that elasticity inherent in all national causes which, although frequently compromised by events, resume their first position in course of time."

An inveterate conspirator, thoroughly resolved on conspiring again, he does not repent of a single one of his enterprises, and even felicitates himself on his defeats: —

"But in fine what results from all this series of petty feats and petty pains? An immense thing for me. In 1832, the Emperor and his son were dead. There were no longer any heirs of the imperial cause. France did not know a single one. Several Bonapartes made their appearance, it is true, here and there in the background of the world's stage, like bodies without life, petrified mummies or imponderable phantoms; but for the people the line was broken; all the Bonapartes were dead. Well, I have reunited the thread; I have come to life by myself and by my own strength, and to-day I am twenty leagues from Paris, a sword of Damocles for the Government."

Louis Napoleon accuses M. Vieillard of being too prudent, too timorous. "Do you know," he says in the same letter, "the difference between you and me in the appreciation of certain things? It is that you proceed with method and calculation. For me, I have the faith which makes one support everything

with resignation, which makes one spurn domestic joys, which almost every one desires; that faith, in fine, which alone is able to remove mountains."

Speaking afterwards of his political writings, the Prince adds: —

"I admit without hesitation that there are writers cleverer than I. But ask Bastide, Louis Blanc, George Sand, all of them in fact, if in developing their political ideas they have ever affected their readers to tears. Eh! well, I am sure that such a thing has never happened, whereas I have seen, and seen a thousand times, that my writings have produced that result. And why? Because the Napoleonic cause goes to the heart; it stirs, it awakens palpitating souvenirs, and it is always by the heart that one moves the masses, never by cold reason. To sum up, I am going to commence my review, and I count on you as my first subscriber."

A journalist by temperament and calculation, Louis Napoleon in his captivity was incessantly thinking of the power of the press and the services he expected from it.

In 1844 the Prince had a curious correspondence with a very honorable republican, M. Peauger, which has been published by the latter's son, M. Marc Peauger. The object of this correspondence was the purchase or founding of Parisian journals; it shows the tactics employed by Louis Napoleon in his attempts to win the democrats.

He wrote March 9, 1844: "Brought up in demo-

cratic sentiments from the time when I arrived at the age of reflection, I admired the head of my family not merely as a great captain, but above all as the glorious representative of the French Revolution. I saw then but two distinct causes in Europe, — that which was victorious July 14, 1789, and that which triumphed June 18, 1815. . . . To-day the question is the same for me; I see only the vanquished and the victors of Waterloo.

"Convinced that the actual Government will make France unhappy, I have resolved to do all in my power to overthrow it, although determined to allow the entire people afterwards to choose the form of government which will suit them best. The rôle of liberator satisfies my ambition, and I am not fool enough to expect to found a dynasty on a soil strewn with all the débris of those that are past. At present I neither have nor can have any other ambition than that of recovering my rights as a French citizen. Nevertheless, if my fellow citizens should believe in my name as a useful standard to oppose to feudal Europe, I should be glad and proud to represent the greatest nation of the world, and to do all in my power to assure its prosperity. But these dreams belong to the future; the Government triumphs by the divisions of its enemies, and so long as these divisions subsist it can trifle with the greatest interests of the country with impunity."

Even while seeking reconciliation with the republicans, the Prince did not share the admiration enter-

tained by some among them for the terrorists. We quote the following passage from one of his letters to M. Peauger, bearing date September 8, 1844: "In general, history can absolve the absolute and terrible government which sheds the blood of the guilty, but that which sheds innocent blood ought to be destroyed. I cannot help thinking that if Robespierre had lived two days longer, the head of my grandmother, the Empress Josephine, the best of women, must have rolled upon the scaffold. One might claim that the Saint Bartholomew massacre saved French unity; and yet, who would dare boast of Charles IX.? I am by no means of the opinion that injustice and cruelty have ever been good auxiliaries. An unjust action sooner or later produces an equally unjust reaction."

In another letter to M. Peauger (September 30, 1844), Louis Napoleon said that an openly Napoleonic journal would not succeed, because, according to the Prince, "a knife must be offered by the handle and not the blade"; the thing would be to found a journal of the extreme left, which should ally democratic ideas to the souvenirs of the Empire. That was why he had written on June 6 of the same year to M. Ledru-Rollin: "I should be happy to have as representative a man whose political convictions are so intimately allied to mine." He declared himself to be in community of ideas with so fervent a republican as M. Peauger, saying to him in a letter dated February 3, 1845: "Now that I have in you a man

capable of fertilizing them, I often despair at having no longer at my disposal the resources I formerly possessed. Heretofore I have always lacked men; now I lack means. But I believe in fatality. If my body has miraculously escaped all dangers, if my soul has risen above so many causes of discouragement, it is because I am called to accomplish something."

The letters we have just cited have shown us Louis Napoleon the politician, the conspirator, the publicist. Those which are to follow represent the dreamy, melancholy, poetic side of his character. They were addressed in 1844 to a Frenchwoman, the daughter of a former prefect of the Empire, who lived in Florence, where King Louis often saw her. On the 5th of May, anniversary of the death of the Emperor Napoleon, she had written a letter to the Prince which deeply affected him. Here is his response, dated May 6, 1844: —

"Madame, I received yesterday the letter you have deigned to write me; like its predecessor, it has come amidst the sad memories of a sad anniversary to awaken hope and say to me: All is not over, since there is still a noble and lofty heart which is interested in thee! — You do not know, you cannot comprehend, the effect produced upon me by your letters. How describe it to you? I will resort to a comparison. You have doubtless seen a fine English engraving which represents Our Lord walking upon the waves and reanimating with a

glance the courage of one of His apostles who is about to disappear in the abyss: 'Come on,' He says to him; 'faith saves.' — Ah! well, your sweet intervention in the midst of my solitude produces the same effect; at your voice I have felt my heart revive, and the atmosphere of my prison, which the indifference and hostility of my family sometimes render so heavy, seems lighter to me. I rise up again; a ray of hope has shone into my soul, and I feel transported into another world."

Louis Napoleon was bent, moreover, on making it clear that misfortune had been unable to master him or break his force of character. "Still, Madame," he adds, "do not believe that I am discouraged. No; there are in me two beings, the politician and the private man; the politician is and will remain unshaken; hatred, calumny, captivity, will not wrench from him one complaint, one sigh; but the private man, when his turn comes, is very unhappy. Abandoned by all the world, by his old friends, his family, even by his father, he often succumbs to his memories and regrets; he sees himself buried alive while still young; he would like to go out, to act, to love, and all is forbidden him, save thought; hence he uses, he abuses even, his sole remaining faculty."

The sentimental man reveals himself wholly in these lines: "I hardly know you, Madame, but the memory of you is linked with that of the being whom I loved most in all the world, my poor brother. How then should I not love you? Then, too, when

everybody, except perhaps the soldiers who guard me, displays indifference, you come to heal one of my deepest wounds by restoring to me the affection of my father. Why not believe in a secret sympathy which communicates itself at great distances, like the electric fluid? For my part, I believe in all that I experience, and even in all that pleases and elevates my soul. Yes, I am sure that you comprehend the sentiments which have guided my past actions, and that you render justice, if not to the deeds, at least to the intentions. Ordinary people neither see nor approve anything but success; lofty minds scrutinize chiefly the morality of the aim, and then they often accord a few tears, a few consolations, to the vanquished." The Prince terminates his letter thus: "If you do not answer me, it will be because I have displeased you, because I have deceived myself; it will be another illusion which I shall have lost! But it will not be so; your heart is too generous not to bear with the abiding griefs, the fleeting joys, of those who suffer."

The 28th of the following September, the Prince addressed a still more sentimental letter to the same lady: "It appears that happiness, like misfortune, is often at our door without our suspecting it; you have been on the point of coming to see me, you say, and I was unaware of your near presence, and of your intention, and of your sympathy. But alas! you did not come, and unhappiness alone has entered my prison. I hope that if a similar cir-

cumstance ever presents itself, you will not listen again to the counsels of your all-powerful relative [M. Thiers]. Believe me, the all-powerful have no generosity. One needs to wear a halo in order to please them; and they were unable to appreciate your noble decision to make yourself, morally speaking, a sister of charity. You would like to send me the air you breathe; and certainly, it would be the finest present you could make me; for, do you see, although I scarcely know you, I love you tenderly. That is stupid, you will say, and perhaps you are right. But so it is. Your face, which is lost in the vagueness of my memory, is always present to my eyes. I think, I dream of you. Why? Ah! I beg you not to ask so prosaic a question. Do we know why then? the why of all our sensations? Do you know why the dove, torn from its nest and carried to a distant country, finds in the air the road that leads it back to its birthplace? Do you know why you yourself feel transported by a sentiment of sweet beatitude on beholding from a mountain the laughing valleys and the horizon losing itself in mist? I understand happiness almost as you do; to command in order to do good, or to obey what one loves, this, for a man, is true felicity." The imagination of the prisoner is excited by this dream of love and glory. Then he relapses into melancholy, and his heart grows tender:

"How often, when wandering over the mountains of Switzerland, and enraptured by the spectacle

before my eyes, have I not wished for some one, or rather for some woman, who would share my impressions and identify herself with all my being! How often, in the midst of London crowds, have I not found myself more isolated than on the rocks of Switzerland!" It is no longer the poet but the lover who speaks: "When from the summit of the blue hills surrounding Florence, at the close of a lovely day, you look down upon that city scattered throughout the valley of the Arno, when you fix your gaze on the horizon, a point that always charms us because it is vague, indefinite, poetic, like our future, then think of me, and remember that there is a loving, respectful, and loyal soul that breaks its bonds, crosses the Alps and Apennines, and flies to you whenever summoned by memory. A story is told of two palm trees, one of which, planted near Taranto, scattered the dust from its flowers upon the wind, which carried it to the other, vegetating on the shores of Greece; and this aërial correspondence sufficed to vivify, sustain, and yearly renew their leafage, withered by the sun. I always laughed at this story; to-day I believe in it, because it touches me."

In this correspondence there is a continual blending of exaltation and depression. The prisoner writes to the same woman, February 15, 1845: "I have moments of discouragement so painful that I have not strength enough left to write. So many causes of chagrin have been added to my griefs. I

have lost my fortune and my friends; all whom I loved have given themselves to others, and I remain alone without other impressions than that of a vague and uncertain hope." Another impassioned letter on the 3d of the succeeding March: "I detest those mediocre natures which are never gay or sad, because they feel nothing keenly; they vegetate, they do not live. . . . Although I do not budge, the world turns around me, and I own to you that one of the ideas that torments me most is to think that I may never see you again."

Louis Napoleon did see again the woman to whom he wrote these sentimental letters. She visited him in prison in August, 1845. "Madame," he wrote her on October 2, "it is eight days since I had the happiness of being with you. Your appearance has been like a happy dream to me, but only like a dream; for your visit was so short that I had scarcely time enough to recover from the emotion it produced, and when I had grown calm enough to enjoy it, you were already gone."

What specially strikes one in all the letters we have cited is the ardent soul of their writer. To look at his impassive face, his impenetrable mask, his imperturbable coolness, no one would have suspected all the passions which agitated both the politician and the private man. By nature he was a volcano hidden beneath a glacier.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PRISONER'S WRITINGS

IT pleased Napoleon III. to say that the prison of Ham had been his university. He finished his education there, studying science, history, political economy, and transforming himself into a publicist and even a journalist. The writings of the prisoner are very numerous. The day that Napoleon's remains were brought to Paris, February 15, 1840, he composed a dithyramb in prose entitled: *Aux mânes de l'Empereur!* "Sire, you return to your capital, and the people of France hail your return; but I, from the depths of my prison, cannot perceive a ray of the sunlight which illuminates your obsequies! . . . Montholon, whom you loved best of all among your devoted companions, who paid you the attentions of a son, has remained faithful to your memory and your last wishes: he brought me your last words, and he is with me in prison!

"A French vessel, commanded by a noble young man, went to reclaim your ashes; but you would have sought in vain from its bridge for any of your kindred; your family was not there! . . . The people throng as of old upon your passage; they

salute you with acclamations as if you were living; but the nobles of the day, even while they pay you homage, say under their breath: 'God! do not awaken him! . . .'

"Sire, the 15th of December is a great day for France and for me. From the midst of your splendid cortege, disdaining a certain kind of homage, you have glanced for a moment at my dark abode, and remembering the caresses you lavished on my childhood, you have said to me: 'You suffer for me, friend; I am pleased with you.'"

In 1841, the Prince wrote a study on English history entitled: *Fragments historiques, 1688 et 1830.* In the preface, dated May 10, he thus expressed himself: "While they are deifying the mortal remains of the Emperor in Paris, I, his nephew, am buried alive in a narrow enceinte; but I laugh at the inconsequence of men, and thank Heaven for having given me as a refuge, after so many bitter trials, a prison on French soil. Supported by an ardent faith and a pure conscience, I clothe myself with resignation as a garment, and am consoled for the present by seeing the future of my enemies written in indelible characters in the history of all peoples."

The study concluded as follows:—

"The example of the Stuarts proves that foreign assistance is always powerless to save governments not adopted by the nation. And the history of England says loudly to kings: March ahead of the ideas

of your time, and these ideas will follow and support you. March behind them, and they will drag you along. March against them, and they will overthrow you."

In August, 1842, Louis Napoleon published an *Analyse de la question des Sucres.* In 1843 he produced one of his most singular writings. This study, which was entitled: *De l'organisation militaire de la Prusse*, is a prophecy. "It no longer suffices nowadays," said the Prince, "for a nation to have a few hundred armed cavaliers, or a few thousand mercenaries and adventurers to maintain its rank and independence; it must have millions of armed men. Prussia has 14,330,000 inhabitants; its army numbers 145,000 men; the landwehr, 385,000. Thus Prussia, whose population is only one-half as large as that of France, can raise an army of 530,000 drilled men to defend its territory. . . . The Prussian system solves the problem morally and materially too; for this organization is not only advantageous from the military point of view, but it also merits admiration from the philosophic side, because it destroys all barriers between the citizen and the soldier, and elevates the mind of every man by making him comprehend that the defence of the country is his first duty." Louis Napoleon proposed an army of 200,000 men for France, and the creation of a reserve analogous to the Prussian landwehr. With this system an effective force of 1,200,000 men would be available in case of danger.

"France," said the Prince in concluding, "would be safe from any invasion. She could defy the universe and repeat with greater justice those words of the haughty Gauls: 'If the skies fall, we will hold them up on the points of our spears.'" It is really regrettable that the Emperor Napoleon III. did not think himself able to carry out the programme of the prisoner of Ham.

In 1842 and 1843, the Prince had a large number of unsigned articles inserted in two republican journals, the *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais* and the *Guetteur* of Saint-Quentin, whose editors-in-chief, MM. Frédéric Degeorges and Calixte Souplet, were convinced and honest democrats. The first of these journals made this avowal in its issue of October 23, 1843: "It is no longer a secret, and we have never made a mystery of it to any one: for over fifteen months Prince Louis Napoleon has been sending articles from his prison to the *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais.*" These articles broached a multitude of political and economic questions and nearly always contained bitter animadversions on the Government of July. The latter finally became exasperated and notified the two journals through the public prosecutors that their printers' certificate would be withdrawn if the Prince's collaboration continued.

Unable longer to continue his rôle as a journalist, the prisoner decided to publish, in 1844, a sensational brochure, which he entitled: *Extinction du paupérisme.* There are many absurdities in this

work, but it is very curious, because the author develops in it the principles of the most advanced socialism.

In the preface to his brochure Louis Napoleon expressed himself thus: "To spread comfort, instruction, and morality among the working classes, who are the majority, is to extirpate pauperism, if not altogether, at least in great part. Hence to propose a means capable of initiating the masses into all the benefits of civilization, is to dry up the sources of ignorance, vice, and poverty. Therefore I think I may without boldness retain for my work the title of *Extinction of Pauperism.* I deliver my reflections to the public in the hope that, developed and put into practice, they may be useful for the solace of humanity. It is natural in misfortune to think of those who suffer."

The author's thesis was this: "The working classes possess nothing; they must be made proprietors. They have no riches but their arms; these arms must be given an occupation useful to all. They are like a nation of helots in the midst of a nation of sybarites; they must be given a place in society and their interests attached to those of the soil. Finally, they are without organization, without rights, and without a future; it is necessary to give them rights and a future, and to elevate them in their own eyes by association, education, and discipline." The combination proposed toward this end is the creation of agricultural colonies, sugges-

tive of the phalanstery system. "In France," said the Prince, "there are 9,190,000 hectares of uncultivated land. Let the Chambers decree that all these waste lands belong by right to the workmen's association, reserving an annual payment to the present proprietors equal to what they now receive; let them give to these idle hands the lands which are likewise idle, and the two unproductive capitals will recreate each other to new life. The agricultural colonies once created, a sort of intermediary body of tradesmen would have to be instituted between the working classes and the capitalists. From the profits of each establishment a sum destined to create an individual share for each workman should be deducted in the first place." The Prince added: "What would be needed for the realization of such a project? One year's pay of the army, a sum equal to that employed on the fortifications of Paris. And this advance would return a million to France at the end of twenty years, to the working classes eight hundred millions, to the treasury thirty-seven millions! Let the Government put this idea into execution, modifying it by whatever the experience of men versed in these complicated matters can offer in the way of useful hints or novel views; let it cordially enter into all great national interests and establish the well-being of the masses upon immovable foundations, and it will be immovable itself. Poverty will no longer be seditious when opulence is no longer oppressive." The brochure terminated by

these lines: "To-day the aim of every capable government should be so to direct its efforts that men may presently say: 'The triumph of Christianity destroyed slavery; the triumph of the French Revolution destroyed serfdom; the triumph of democratic ideas has destroyed pauperism.'"

The prisoner of Ham ascended the throne, and pauperism has not become extinct. But in 1844 his theories were received in the democratic camp with a certain sympathy, and the republic of Salente, which the imprisoned Prince dreamed of for the working men, was not regarded by every one as an Utopia. George Sand wrote at the time: "Speak to us often of deliverance and enfranchisement, noble captive! Like you the people is in irons. The Napoleon of to-day personifies the sufferings of a people, as the other personified its glories."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE END OF THE CAPTIVITY

LOUIS NAPOLEON had written, April 18, 1843: "If to-day they opened the doors of my prison, if they came to offer to change my present position into exile, I would refuse such a proposition, for to me it would be an aggravation of the penalty. I prefer to be a captive on French soil rather than a free man in a foreign land." In 1845 the prisoner was no longer of the same mind, and asked to be set at liberty. What had occurred to cause this change of attitude? Merely that King Louis, who was very ill, had expressed a wish to see his son before his death, and asked him to come to Florence.

Louis Napoleon had always had a profound veneration for his father. The old King had never spared him either severe language or remonstrances. He had always reproved him for nourishing himself on vain hopes, and had blamed his escapades of Strasburg and Boulogne in the most energetic manner. But for all that the young Prince had remained faithful to the duties of filial piety. His father's coldness was an affliction for which he could not be consoled.

The former King of Holland having sometimes insinuated that his son's demonstrations of affection were tainted by self-interest, the latter indignantly repelled a suspicion against which his whole character protested. He wrote to his correspondent in Florence, May 6, 1844: "I act from interest! My God, now when I have spent nearly all my fortune in order to support the men who were compromised by me, I would give my whole existence for one caress from my father. Let him give all his fortune to Peter or Paul, it does not matter to me, I will work for my living; but let him give me his affection; I have never shown myself unworthy of it, and I need affection. There are many men who can get along very well with the heart empty and the stomach full; but my heart must be replenished, my stomach concerns me little."

The Prince was in this state of mind when he received a letter from his father, dated August 18, 1845, which influenced his destiny. The old King expressed himself as follows: —

"My son, you deceive yourself strangely if you believe me indifferent to your position and your sufferings. Doubtless I am unable to forget that you placed yourself in this position out of mere wantonness, but I suffer from your sufferings because I had hoped for some solace in your happiness, a happiness which is independent of all the glories of life. Moral sufferings have reduced me to the point of being no longer able to stand up-

right, or even to rise from my chair without assistance, and yet I have no one who can assist me. I cannot even write any more, and you will see from my signature how I can sign. I have taken some measures for you, but it is only too probable that they will be useless, like all that have been attempted hitherto."

King Louis had sent M. Poggioli from Florence to Paris to seek the good offices of MM. de Montalivet, Decazes, and Molé, hoping that the Government of King Louis Philippe would allow the prisoner of Ham to go to his father. On learning this, and receiving the letter of August 18, Louis Napoleon was deeply affected. He replied thus: "Fortress of Ham, September 19, 1845. — My dear Father: The first real joy I have felt in five years I experienced in receiving the friendly letter you were so kind as to write me. M. Poggioli succeeded in reaching me, and I was at last able to talk with some one who is entirely devoted to us, and who saw you not long ago. How happy I am to know that you always retain your tenderness for me! . . . I am of your opinion, my father; the older I grow, the more I perceive the void around me, and the more convinced I am that the only happiness in this world consists in the reciprocal affection of beings created to love each other. What has touched me, affected me most, is the desire you manifest to see me again. To me this desire is a command, and henceforward I will do all that depends on me in order to render

possible this meeting, which I thank you for desiring. . . . Even the day before yesterday I had determined to make no effort to leave my prison. For where should I go? What should I do, alone again in foreign lands, far from my own people? A grave in one's native land is better. But to-day a new hope lights up my horizon, a new aim presents itself to my endeavors; it is to go and surround you with attentions and prove to you that if for the last fifteen years many things have come between my head and my heart, nothing has been able to uproot filial piety, the first foundation of all the virtues. I have suffered much. Sufferings have destroyed my illusions and dispelled my dreams, but happily they have not weakened the faculties of the soul, those faculties which permit one to comprehend and love all that is good."

King Louis' application having proved fruitless, his son resolved to make a personal appeal to the Government. He wrote, December 25, to Comte Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior: "I come, M. Minister, to declare to you that if the French Government will permit me to go to Florence and perform a sacred duty, I promise, *upon honor*, to return and become a prisoner again, whenever the Government expresses its desire that I shall do so." The Prince went further still. January 14, 1846, he addressed to the King himself the following letter: "Sire, it is not without keen emotion that I come to ask Your Majesty, as a benefit, for permission to

leave France, even momentarily, I who have, for the last five years, found an ample recompense for the torments of captivity in the air of the fatherland. But at present my sick and infirm father demands my care. In order to obtain my freedom, he has addressed himself to persons known for their devotion to Your Majesty; it is my duty, on my own part, to do all that depends on me to reach him.

"The Ministerial Council, not thinking it within its competence to grant the request I have made to go to Florence, promising to return and become once more a prisoner when the Government shall manifest its desire for me to do so, I come, Sire, with confidence, to make an appeal to Your Majesty's humane sentiments, and renew my request by submitting it, Sire, to your high and generous intervention.

"Your Majesty, I am convinced, will appreciate as it deserves a step which pledges my gratitude in advance, and, touched by the isolated position in a foreign land of a man who on the throne merited the esteem of Europe, will hear the prayers of my father and my own.

"I beg, Sire, Your Majesty to receive the expression of my profound respect."

This letter was transmitted to the King by the General Prince de la Moskowa, eldest son of the illustrious marshal, and peer of France. The Council of Ministers thought it insufficient, and that the clemency of the King could not be exercised unless

the Prince formally begged pardon. Now, he was irrevocably determined never to pronounce the word pardon. M. Odilon Barrot, who interested himself greatly in the prisoner, sent him the draught of a letter by M. Duchâtel, and strongly urged him to sign it.

The Prince replied to M. Odilon Barrot February 2, 1846: "I do not think I can put my name at the bottom of the letter of which you have sent me a model. To sign it would in reality be to ask pardon without daring to avow it. I should be hiding myself behind my father's request like a poltroon who shelters himself behind a tree to avoid the bullet. I find the situation scarcely worthy of me. If I thought it honorable or suitable for me to invoke purely and simply the royal clemency, I would write to the King: 'Sire, I beg pardon.' But such is not my intention. I suffer, but every day I say to myself: I am in France, I have kept my honor intact; I live without joys, but also without remorse, and every night I go to sleep contented. . . . It is not my duty to subscribe to a request for pardon disguised as filial piety. . . . I will not move a step further in advance. The path of honor is narrow and shifting; there is but a hand's breadth between firm ground and the abyss. . . . I await calmly the decision of the King, a man who, like me, has passed through thirty years of misfortunes. . . . For the rest, I resign myself to destiny, and envelop myself beforehand in my resignation."

Instigated by M. Vieillard, who was at the time deputy from the department of the Manche, several other deputies displayed an interest in the Prince. Some thirty of them met in one of the offices to examine his situation and contrive means of being useful to him. Among them were MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Berryer, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Odilon and Ferdinand Barrot. They separated without coming to any conclusion. But at the close of the meeting, M. Dupont (de l'Eure) said: "Let M. Odilon Barrot go and see the King, not as leader of the opposition, but in his private capacity, and plead the situation of the aged, infirm, solitary father, comparing it with that of the King, who is also a father, but surrounded by a numerous family." M. Odilon Barrot, having consented to this semi-official measure, went to the Tuileries the next day and pleaded the prisoner's cause with his usual eloquence. According to the account he has given in his Memoirs, he sought to persuade the King that it would be good policy to end a captivity which, if indefinitely prolonged, might attract attention to the prisoner, and that it would be better to crush this ambitious youth once more under the weight of royal generosity: that the approaching death of King Louis afforded a favorable opportunity, as the favor would seem to be granted to the father rather than to the son. Louis Philippe replied that the Government could not consider the Prince's engagement to return to prison as a serious guaranty, and ought not to set him at

liberty until he had explicitly acknowledged that he owed his pardon to the royal generosity. The sovereign added that the question had now become a state affair and could not be settled without a deliberation of the Ministerial Council. As M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed: "Ah! Sire, you send me back to the Ministers; there is no longer any hope!" "Pardon! pardon!" returned the King, and the conversation terminated courteously, but without any result. An English peer, Lord Londonderry, made equally unsuccessful efforts. It was in vain that he declared, on behalf of Louis Napoleon, that if the Prince were released from the fortress of Ham, he would pledge himself to go to America after passing a single year in Italy with his father.

When Louis Napoleon became convinced that all his efforts would fail, as he was firmly resolved never to utter the word pardon, he took a resolution which he has described as follows in a letter addressed to M. Degeorges: "The desire to see my father once more in this world has urged me to the most audacious enterprise I ever attempted; one that demanded more courage and determination than Strasburg or Boulogne, since I was resolved not to endure the ridicule attaching to a man arrested under a disguise, and a failure would have been insupportable." In the history of celebrated escapes, none is more astonishing than that of the prisoner of Ham.

The prisoner confided his scheme to two persons

only: his valet, Charles Thélin, and Dr. Conneau. The doctor had carried his devotion to such lengths that when amnestied, in 1844, he had asked the favor of remaining in prison with the Prince, and wrote on November 28: "I declare that I have elected my domicile in the prison of Ham and submitted to all conditions which the authorities have seen fit to impose upon me." Charles Thélin was fully determined never to quit his master, and his captivity being entirely voluntary, as he had never been condemned, he was treated in a special manner and allowed to leave the fortress at times and go about in the town. But for this permission granted to his servant, the escape of the Prince would have been impossible. It was Thélin, in fact, who bought in Ham the clothes in which his master disguised himself, and who arranged the details of the flight.

As to General de Montholon, the prisoner took good care not to tell him. The general had disapproved of the Boulogne expedition, of which he had known nothing until the very moment when the vessel containing the conspirators was about to land at Vimereux. The Prince was very well aware that the general would be as energetic in his condemnation of what seemed to be a folly, an absurdity. But the improbable is occasionally the true. History has still greater surprises than the novel.

When Louis Napoleon acquainted Dr. Conneau with his plans, the latter made every effort at dissuasion. Failure seemed inevitable, and one still

wonders how a man could be rash enough to attempt such an enterprise. Any one who glances at a plan of the fortress of Ham will find that the way in which the prisoner succeeded in getting out without the connivance of a single jailer or soldier is a miracle. Some fortuitous circumstances, of which Louis Napoleon availed himself with unheard-of audacity and coolness, could alone have rendered this miracle possible.

The Prince's prison, guarded by three jailers, two of whom were always on duty, was on one side of the barracks, near the dungeon, at the back of the court. To go out of the only door of the fortress it was necessary in the first place to pass in front of the two jailers, cross the entire length of the court, go under the windows of the commandant, who lodged near the drawbridge, and through the wicket, where there was an orderly, a sergeant, a gate-keeper, a sentry, and lastly a post of thirty men. That the Prince should conceive the idea of going out alone, in broad daylight, in sight of everybody, was a contingency so strange, so inconceivable, that not even the most suspicious of jailers would have admitted its possibility. The prisoner himself would never have thought of it but for an altogether peculiar circumstance. At the time when he was arranging his plan, a sum of six hundred francs had been placed at the disposal of the commandant of the fortress for certain indispensable repairs in the Prince's apartment and the stairway

leading to it. There was a continual going and coming of workmen in the court. Louis Napoleon remarked that they were carefully searched when they entered, but much less so on going out. This was an illumination for him. He took the strange determination to disguise himself as a workman and leave the fortress in open daylight.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ESCAPE

LOUIS NAPOLEON had settled on the 25th of May for his escape. On the 26th the workmen would have completed their task. But on the 25th they were all to be there, and the commandant of the fortress, who had been unwell for some time, was expected to rise somewhat later than usual. Here were two circumstances which must be availed of without delay. On the 24th, in bidding General de Montholon and his wife good night, the Prince embraced them with an emotion that came very near betraying him. But neither of them suspected what was going on.

On the 25th, the Abbé Tirmache, curé of Ham (who under the Second Empire was a bishop and almoner of the Tuileries), was to say Mass at the fortress in the chapel on the ground floor. Very early in the morning, the Prince wrote and sent this letter to him: "M. Dean, I should be glad to have you put off until to-morrow or the next day the Mass you were to celebrate to-day at the château, for, as I suffered great pains on rising, I am obliged to take a bath to alleviate them."

It is half-past six o'clock in the morning. The workmen are already at work repairing the paint on the staircase. At the same time the Prince finishes disguising himself. Among the papers found at the Tuileries after the revolution of September 4, was the bill for the articles used in this disguise. It amounted to twenty-five francs. The dress was a complete workman's costume. The Prince puts on a blue blouse, soiled with plaster, over his frock coat; on his head he wears a black wig with long hair, and a peaked cap worn threadbare with pumice stone; he is shod with sabots, which make him look taller; he has darkened his complexion, and, to make himself totally unrecognizable, has shaved off his moustache. The future Emperor looks like a real mason.

"I myself," said Dr. Conneau afterwards, "would have met and not recognized the Prince in a workman thus accoutred." Under his apparel the prisoner conceals a portfolio containing two letters, one from the Emperor his uncle, and the other from his grandmother, the Empress Josephine, which he never lays aside, because he regards them as talismans. This is a grave imprudence, for if the fugitive is arrested on his way, these letters would be sufficient to identify him. But what of that? Superstitious and a fatalist, the captive abandons himself to his destiny.

His disguise accomplished, Louis Napoleon puts a pipe between his teeth, and a long deal plank over

his shoulder. This plank is one of his library shelves, and the letter *N* is inscribed upon it. It is the initial of Napoleon's name; the Prince fancies it will bring him good luck. As he will say afterwards, that plank is to be his *plank of salvation.*

The time to start has come. But the workmen are still on the staircase, where they are at work, and if the Prince passes in front of them they will wonder at this comrade whom they do not recognize. How to get them out of the way? Charles Thélin asks them to take a drink. They accept, and going into a room on the ground floor, they empty several bottles. Quitting them for an instant, Thélin hastily runs up to his master's room and tells him it is time to depart. But the two wardens, Dupin and Issali, are on duty at the door, and how is their vigilance to be eluded? Thélin, who has gone down again and is chatting with them, remarks that the Prince was seriously ill during the night.

Just then Louis Napoleon leaves his room. On the stairs he meets a workman and recoils for a moment. Dr. Conneau gives him a push, saying in an undertone: "Go on." The Prince is at the foot of the stairs, face to face with one of the wardens. He puts the plank before his face and passes. Romantic and eager for emotions in spite of his phlegmatic appearance, he experiences a violent satisfaction in braving fortune and in saying to himself: If the escape is a failure, I will not sur-

vive the ridicule; but if it succeeds, I shall become the master of France.

Now he is in the court, the whole length of which he is obliged to traverse. He keeps the plank constantly between himself and the sentries and other persons whom he meets. When passing in front of the first sentry he lets his pipe fall, stops for a moment to pick up the pieces, and then walks on again. Next he meets the officer of the guard, but the latter is reading a letter and does not notice him. The Prince passes under the commandant's windows, beside the only door of the fortress. Until now he has not been recognized. But will it be so at the wicket? The soldiers at the guard house seem surprised at the dress of the pretended mason. The drum rolls several times. However, the orderlies open the door, and the fugitive is outside of the fortress. But hardly has he left it when he meets two workmen, who look at him attentively. He shifts his plank to the shoulder next them, but fears he cannot escape, when he hears them say: "It is Bertrand!" He is safe.

Charles Thélin goes out soon after his master, taking care to say that he will not come in until very late, so that his prolonged absence may not arouse suspicion. He runs to Ham for the cab he had hired the day before from one Fontaine, and drives along the Saint-Quentin road to meet the Prince, who meantime has been walking.

On leaving the fortress, Louis Napoleon follows

the rampart as far as the Saint-Quentin gate, then takes the faubourg of Saint-Sulpice, and afterwards the high road. He passes the cemetery of Ham, and returns thanks to Heaven. The 6th of the next June he will write to M. Vieillard: "When about half a league from Ham, while awaiting Charles, I found myself opposite the cemetery cross and fell on my knees before it and thanked God. . . . Ah! do not laugh at it! There are instincts which are stronger than all philosophic arguments." The Prince abandons the plank that has done him such good service. He throws it on the road in front of the cemetery of Ham, and then, sitting down on the side of a ditch, he counts the minutes and wonders when Thélin will arrive. At last he sees a carriage coming. It is the cabriolet, into which he hastily enters with his faithful servant. In less than an hour they reach Saint-Quentin.

At the entrance of the city the Prince alights from the carriage, hides his workman's dress in a ditch on the right-hand side of the road, and makes the tour of the city *extra muros*, while Thélin goes to find another carriage. The master and servant agree to meet on the Valenciennes road, and do so. Both get into the carriage taken at Saint-Quentin. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon they arrive at Valenciennes, and they alight at the railway station, where, for two hours that seem very long, they await the train for Brussels. For one instant the Prince believes that he is discovered, that he is

going to be wrecked in port. Thélin hears a loud voice calling him by name. Who is it that speaks? A former gendarme of Ham, who is now employed on the railway. This individual asks for news of the Prince and begins a long conversation. But the alarms are dispelled. Louis Napoleon is not recognized. He gets into a railway car with Thélin and crosses the frontier unmolested. King Louis Philippe's Government has no further hold upon him.

A few days later the escaped captive wrote to a republican, the editor-in-chief of the *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais:* "My dear Degeorges, if I experienced a lively sentiment of joy when I felt myself outside the fortress, I experienced a very painful impression in crossing the frontier; to determine me to leave France I needed the certainty that the Government would never set me at liberty unless I consented to dishonor myself; I needed, lastly, to be urged by the desire of trying every means in order to console my father in his old age. . . . Although free, I feel very unhappy. . . . If you can, try to be useful to my good Conneau."

Now let us see what went on at the fortress of Ham during the evening of May 25. All day long, Dr. Conneau had experienced almost as many emotions as the fugitive himself. It was essential that several hours should elapse before his departure was suspected. For if any inkling of it should be gained, orders for his arrest would be telegraphed to the authorities of Saint-Quentin and Valen-

ciennes. It was necessary first of all to gain time and prevent any one from entering the empty chamber. The doctor put a sort of manikin into the bed, made out of a cloak and a silk handkerchief. He said that the Prince, who was suffering greatly in the morning, had gone to bed again after taking a purgative, and was sleeping after a night of insomnia, and that his slumber ought to be respected. It was not until evening that Commandant Demarle began to have vague suspicions. At seven o'clock he said to Dr. Conneau: "If the Prince is suffering, make your report. He has not been seen all day. This is the third time I have come here. I wish to see him." And he went to the door leading into the bedroom. The drums began to roll as he opened it, and he exclaimed: "That is going to awaken the Prince. I think he turned round in his bed." M. Demarle entered the chamber, approached the manikin, which he mistook for Louis Napoleon, and said: "It seems to me I do not hear him breathe." Then in a moment, perceiving that there was nothing but a manikin in the bed, "What does this mean?" he exclaimed; "are you playing a trick on me? Where is the Prince?"

"*Mon Dieu*," replied the doctor, "it is useless to conceal it from you any longer; the Prince is gone."

"Gone! How? Where?"

"Excuse me, but that is my secret; I have done my duty; do yours and search."

"But, at least, tell me at what hour?"

"At seven o'clock this morning."

"Very well, sir; re-enter your prison."

On learning, as he did at this time, that Louis Napoleon had left the fortress without bidding him adieu, General de Montholon, who had been his companion in captivity for six years, was not merely surprised, but very much offended. This consolatory letter had been left for him by the Prince: "My dear General, you will be much astonished by the decision I have taken, and still more so that, having taken it, I did not inform you of it sooner. But I thought it was better to leave you in ignorance of my plans, which date only a few days back; and besides, I was convinced that my escape could not be otherwise than advantageous to you and to other friends whom I leave in prison. The Government only detains you on my account, and when it sees that I have no intention of using my liberty against it, it will, I hope, open the doors of all the prisons. . . . Believe, General, that I greatly regret having been unable to see you and press your hand before departing; but that would have been impossible; my emotion would have betrayed the secret I wished to keep. . . . I will write you as soon as I have reached a place of safety. Adieu, my dear General; receive the assurance of my friendship." A few weeks later, General de Montholon was pardoned by King Louis Philippe and set at liberty.

On July 9, Commandant Demarle, Dr. Conneau, and the two jailers, Dupin and Issali, appeared

before the correctional tribunal of Péronne, charged with complicity in the Prince's escape. Judgment was rendered the next day, and the commandant and the two jailers were acquitted. Charles Thélin was condemned in default to six months' imprisonment, and Dr. Conneau to three months'. As M. Fernand Girandeau has said, the doctor would willingly have endured ten times as much in order to save his Prince, and no one has ever seen a condemned man in better spirits.

In France people like audacity, and political prisoners who make good their escape always interest the public. The same persons who had ridiculed the unsuccessful attempt of Boulogne applauded an escape made improbable by its very boldness. Opponents in all parties were amused by the trick just played by a prince disguised as a mason. It was like a novel which had excited general attention, but whose succeeding chapters no one could yet guess at.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DEATH OF KING LOUIS

LOUIS NAPOLEON had escaped from the fortress of Ham on Monday morning, May 25, 1846. He was in Belgium eight hours later, and twelve hours after that in England. Just as he arrived in London he passed Lord Malmesbury in the street, who was on horseback. Lord Malmesbury met one of the attachés of the French Embassy at dinner that evening. "Have you seen him?" said he. "Seen whom?" — "Louis Napoleon; he has just arrived in London." The young diplomat left the table at once and went with all haste to communicate the news to his chief, Comte de Sainte-Aulaire.

The first thought of the escaped prisoner was for his father. He wrote him from London, May 27: "My dear Father: The desire to see you again made me attempt what otherwise I never should have done. I have eluded the vigilance of four hundred men and arrived in London safe and sound. I have powerful friends there. I am going to put them to use in trying to reach you. I entreat you, my dear Father, to do all in your power in order that I may speedily rejoin you. My address is: Comte d'Arenenberg, Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn street, London."

At the same time, the Prince addressed the following letter to the ambassador of King Louis Philippe: "Sir, I consider it my duty to inform you of my escape from the fortress of Ham and of my arrival on the hospitable soil of England. I have endured six years of captivity without complaining, because I wished to prove, by my resignation, that I was worthy of a better fate. But my aged and infirm father having desired to see me once more in this world, I asked permission to go to Florence from the French Government, assuring it of my pacific intentions and offering it every guaranty consistent with my honor. The Government was inexorable. I took my departure. Now that I am free, I come, sir, to give you the formal assurance that if I have quitted my prison, it was neither to concern myself with politics nor to seek to disturb the repose enjoyed by Europe, but simply to fulfil a sacred duty."

The filial piety of the Prince had caused him to accomplish a thing that bordered on the miraculous: He was amazed himself at the success of his escape, and returned thanks to Providence. He wrote to M. Vieillard, June 1, 1846: "I have been very well received here. Really one must do the English justice; they have a great deal of independence in their character. Yesterday I dined at a most delightful villa on the bank of the Thames, and when I remembered that just eight days ago I was meditating with Conneau, on the top of the ramparts, concerning my

escape, I thought I must be dreaming." And on June 6: "The agitation has done me good. But I have not yet recovered from the fear I had of not succeeding. When I remember that I was scrutinized from head to foot by the warden, the soldiers, and the workmen, I tremble at the thought of a third failure."

While the Prince was making repeated efforts to obtain a passport which would enable him to rejoin his father in Tuscany, the unfortunate old man, who had but a few days more to live, was awaiting with agonizing impatience the only child whom God had left him. The sole desire of the dying man was to see this son upon whom all his affection was concentrated, but it was a wish which met with insurmountable obstacles. Concerning this M. Fernand Girandeau has justly remarked: "The right to go wherever we please, to which we are now accustomed, was not then accorded to all; and those who set out on a journey without the required papers could not go far. If we now go everywhere, or almost everywhere, without passports in our pockets, it is because at this epoch, having suffered cruelly from such an impediment, Louis Napoleon resolved to suppress it as soon as he should come to power, and kept his resolution, and because most of the other governments were brought to act like his."

All the Prince's attempts to obtain his passport were in vain. The Embassy of France at London met him with an absolute refusal. The Austrian

ambassador, who was also *chargé d'affaires* for Tuscany, answered him by saying: "You are neither an Austrian nor a Tuscan subject; to us you are a foreigner, or, rather, under suspicion as a former carbonaro; your request should not be addressed to us." The Grand-duke of Tuscany caused him to be notified that he would not tolerate his presence for twenty-four hours in his dominions.

Meanwhile the unfortunate King Louis was waiting for his son with feverish impatience, counting the days and hours, and alas! in vain. Few destinies have been so sad as that of the former King of Holland. Born at Ajaccio, September 2, 1778, he was but thirty-one years of age when he was dispossessed of his throne. From that time he had lived in retirement and in an exile interrupted for a few weeks only in 1814, at the time of the invasion. As deeply afflicted by the sufferings of his country as by those that were personal to himself, he dragged out a dismal existence in a foreign land. A dethroned king, an unhappy husband, a father whom death had deprived of two of his three children, and life forced apart from the only one that remained, he saw all things human under the most gloomy aspect. Of all his ephemeral grandeurs he had retained nothing but a memory replete with bitterness. The detestable state of his health had induced a moroseness of disposition which annoying trifles affected more than great calamities. A retired old pilot, he was still more surprised than chagrined by seeing his

audacious son affronting tempests through mere wantonness. Such adventures as those of Strasburg and Boulogne seemed to him culpable absurdities, inexcusable follies. And yet his foolhardy son moved him rather to compassion than to anger. His severity had lessened, and the motive which had inspired the escape from Ham touched his paternal heart profoundly. Providence refused him the realization of his latest hope. He died, alone and sad, at Leghorn, July 25, 1846, without having been able to see and bless his son.

King Louis bequeathed to Amsterdam all the property he possessed in that city, expressing a desire that the income arising therefrom should be devoted to the relief of the victims of the yearly inundations. He made rather important bequests to his brother, King Jérôme, and his three children, and to the son of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. His will terminated thus: "I leave all the rest of my property, my palace in Florence, my large estate of Civita Nuova, etc., all my real estate and personal property, shares, claims, — everything in fact which at the time of my death shall constitute my heritage, — to my universal heir, Louis Napoleon, my only remaining son, to which son and heir I leave, as a testimony of my tenderness, my *Dunkerque*, placed in my library, with all the decorations of foreign orders and all the souvenirs it contains, and in testimony of a yet more particular affection, I leave him all the objects which belonged to my brother the Emperor

Napoleon, which are enclosed in the small receptacle intended for that purpose."

Louis Napoleon was deeply afflicted by his inability to close the eyes of a father whom he venerated, and to whom he bore more than one resemblance, both physical and moral. The countenance of King Louis bore no likeness whatever to that of the Emperor his brother. His eyes were full of gentleness. His expression was kindly. Those portraits of him which were painted under the First Empire, some of which are to be found in the museums of Holland, and others in the attics of the château of Versailles, prove the resemblance which existed between his features and those of Louis Napoleon. Their characters presented similar analogies. In the son as in the father there was a noticeable propensity to melancholy, a blending of coldness and affability, and a pronounced taste for literature, humanitarian dreams, and generous Utopias.

The dethroned King wished to be a man of letters, a prose writer, and a poet. He wrote a great deal. As early as 1800 he published a novel in three volumes entitled: *Marie ou les Peines de l'amour.* He brought out a second edition of it in 1814, under the title of *Marie ou les Hollandaises.* In 1819 he published *Documents historiques sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande*, which have a real value; in 1820, an *Histoire du Parlement Anglais ;* in 1825, an *Essai sur la Versification*, in which he proposed to render the French language prosodical, like Latin, which would

permit the suppression of rhyme; in 1828, a collection of poems and a response to Walter Scott's life of Napoleon. Certain works of his contain Utopian schemes like those broached by his son in his book on the *Extinction of Pauperism*. We instance that passage in *Marie ou les Hollandaises*, in which the quondam sovereign describes, under the veil of fiction, a country after his own heart, governed paternally but despotically, in which marriages are regulated by the supreme authority, and large sodalities of nurses who have gained the prize for virtue (*rosières gardes-malades*) sing together on church festivals.

If certain analogies between the characters of King Louis and Napoleon III. can be affirmed, one must, on the other hand, acknowledge great differences. The second Emperor was far more ardent, more ambitious, more daring, than the former King of Holland. His personal charm and attractiveness were greater. He knew better how to win attachment, and had a confidence in his star which was entirely wanting to his father. Morose, ill, disenchanted, King Louis endured life as a burden, and longed for nothing but moral and material repose. His son, a man of action, avid of adventures, vehemently desirous of power, an indefatigable political gamester, was not discouraged by Strasburg or Boulogne, nor even by Sedan. After having lost a formidable game, he still dreamed of taking his revenge. Assuredly it was not the example of that resigned

philosopher his father which had inspired him with such tenacity in his projects, such inveteracy in tempting fortune.

No historian, it seems to us, has better summed up the career and character of the Emperor Napoleon's brother than M. Albert Réville. The studies published by him in 1870, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title: *La Hollande et le roi Louis*, are truly remarkable. He relates that Hollanders of distinction journeying to Italy never passed through Florence without going to pay their respects to their former King, who received them with affability, willingly conversed with them about Holland, and showed his interest in all that went on there. M. Albert Réville finds, on the whole, that the history of Louis Bonaparte leaves a very melancholy impression on the minds of those who study it, and that the faults he may have committed were out of all proportion with his misfortunes. "The country over which he reigned, and which did not desire him, which scarcely thought of recalling him when it might have done so, this country is the best judge of his conduct as a king. Well, it is impossible to deny that Holland, without distinction of parties and opinions, has retained an affectionate memory of Louis Bonaparte. Nothing in this sentiment of the Dutch people bears even a remote resemblance to a dynastic attachment, but for all that, when one is speaking in Holland of the prince who directed the destiny of the country from 1806 to 1810, he

usually hears him styled *the good King Louis.*" M. Albert Réville has reason to add that this title is worth more than many pompous epithets invented by flattery.

Louis Napoleon having been unable to be present during his father's last moments, and not being authorized to repair either to Italy or Switzerland, remained in England until the revolution of February 24. At the beginning of 1847, he was living in London in one of the new houses in King street, Saint James. February 15, he wrote to M. Vieillard: "For the last fortnight I have been installed in a new house, and for the first time in seven years I enjoy the pleasure of being at home. I have assembled here all my books, all my albums and family portraits, in a word, all the precious objects which have escaped shipwreck. The portrait of the Emperor by Paul Delaroche is very fine. This generous present has given me great pleasure and forms the most beautiful ornament of my salon."

The Prince combined the life of a student with that of a man of the world. He frequented both drawing-rooms and libraries. He occupied himself with a scheme for a Nicaragua canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. He prepared a new edition of his *Manual of Artillery*. It was said that, loyal to the promise he had made to the ambassador of France, he had become indifferent to political matters. The sign of a pretender was visible in nothing but his liberality toward those of his partisans who

lacked resources. Moreover, the Bonapartist cause seemed absolutely lost. In spite of the parliamentary disturbance, the dynasty of Louis Philippe was believed to rest upon a secure foundation. A throne upheld by young, brave, and popular princes seemed impregnable to every danger. There was no Bonapartist party either in the Chambers or the press, the army or the navy, the country as constituted by law, or in the masses. The Emperor who died at Saint Helena was worshipped, but nobody believed in a resurrection of the Empire. The Bonapartes themselves seemed to have renounced every lurking idea of ambition. King Joseph had died leaving no male descendants. The children of Lucien, who was also dead, were all of them papal subjects and Roman princes. King Jérôme, in September, 1847, had been authorized to sojourn in France during three months with his family. This sojourn seemed to have become definitive. The former King of Westphalia had been promised a yearly pension of one hundred thousand francs, and it was even said that Louis Philippe intended to give him a seat in the Chamber of Peers. His son, Prince Napoleon, had been kindly received by the King, who had noticed the learning and intelligence of this young man, whose sister, the beautiful and witty Princesse Mathilde, married since 1840 to a great Russian nobleman, Prince Demidoff of San Donato, frequented the salon of Queen Marie-Amélie. Whoever should have predicted, at the close of 1847,

that one year later Prince Louis Napoleon would be, by legal means, the head of the French Government, would have been thought a fool. The pretender was the only person who believed in his star; and in his London retreat, apparently so calm, he was waiting patiently for the moment when it should rise above a horizon as yet absolutely hazy. They say that his cousin, Lady Douglas, daughter of the Grand-duchess Stéphanie of Baden, being in London one evening, said to him: "Now that you are at liberty, will you resign yourself to repose? Will you give up these illusions which have cost you so dear, and whose cruel deceptions have been felt so keenly by all who love you?" "My cousin," returned the Prince, "I do not belong to myself, but to my name and my country. Although fortune has twice betrayed me, my destiny will be accomplished all the more speedily." The hour expected by the untiring conspirator was about to strike.

CHAPTER XXX

LOUIS NAPOLEON DEPUTY

FEBRUARY 25, 1848, Louis Napoleon arrived in Paris. He stayed at the house of his friend, M. Vieillard, rue du Sentier, and on the 28th he wrote this letter to the members of the Provisional Government: "Gentlemen, the people of Paris having destroyed by their heroism the last vestiges of the foreign invasion, I hasten from exile to range myself under the flag of the Republic which has just been proclaimed. With no other ambition than that of serving my country, I come to announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government and to assure them of my devotion to the cause they represent, and of my personal sympathy. Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my sentiments." The Prince was answered by an order to recross the frontier without delay. Far from being irritated by this injunction, he submitted to it without a murmur and set off at once for London; after addressing this second letter, dated February 29, to the Government: "Gentlemen, after thirty-three years of exile and persecution, I believed I had acquired a right to a home in my fatherland. You think that my presence

in Paris will cause embarrassment just now, and therefore I go away for a while. This sacrifice will make evident to you the purity of my intentions and my patriotism. Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my high esteem and sympathy."

The Prince is once more in London, where he seems to take no interest in French politics, and where he has his name inscribed beside those of the most honorable men in the city, in the list of special constables stationed in Trafalgar square to restrain the Chartist agitation. He comprehends very clearly that on the morrow of February 24, Lamartine's popularity would outweigh his own, and instead of attempting a struggle in which he would be at a disadvantage, he leaves the great poet to squander the power and political prestige which within three months will have disappeared.

The elections for the Constituent Assembly take place in April. Louis Napoleon does not offer himself as a candidate. Three of his cousins, Prince Napoleon, son of King Jérôme, Pierre Bonaparte, son of Lucien Bonaparte, and Lucien Murat, son of the King of Naples, are elected. The Assembly holds its first session on May 4. It cheers the Republic seventeen times in succession, and yet the majority of the representatives is reactionary. The man of Boulogne and Strasburg waits, and watches his opportunity. May 11, he writes to M. Vieillard from London: "I was unwilling to present myself as a candidate for the elections, because I was con-

vinced that my presence in the Assembly would have been extremely embarrassing. . . . I do not know whether you blame me for this resolution, but if you knew how many ridiculous propositions reach me even here, you would comprehend how much more I should be exposed to all these intrigues if I were in Paris. I will not interfere in any way; I desire to see the Republic increase in wisdom and in power, and meanwhile exile is very sweet to me, because I know it to be voluntary."

The Prince learns that it is a question whether to maintain against him alone the law of exile aimed at the Bonapartes, enacted in 1832. On hearing this, he addresses a letter to the National Assembly, dated May 24, which concludes as follows: "In presence of a king elected by two hundred deputies, I might remember that I was the heir of an empire founded upon the consent of four millions of Frenchmen; in presence of the national sovereignty, I neither can nor will claim any rights except those of a French citizen, but those I will never cease to assert with all the energy imparted to an honest soul by the feeling that he has never wronged his country."

Who is it that defends the Prince's cause before the Assembly? A republican, a member of the Provisional Government, the Minister of Justice, Citizen Crémieux. "The renown of Napoleon," he says in the tribune on June 2, "remains as one of those immense souvenirs which extend over the history of a people and cover it with an eternal splendor. All

that is popular in this glory we accept with eagerness; the proscription of his family by the France of to-day would be a shame." The Assembly takes under consideration by an almost unanimous vote the Pietri proposition, which is thus worded: "Article 6 of the law of April 10, 1832, relative to the banishment of the Bonaparte family, is abrogated." The imprudence of the republicans has just opened a new career to Louis Napoleon.

Supplementary elections take place on June 4. The Prince does not present himself, but some of his friends, more impatient than himself, bring forward his name without his knowledge. Certain former conspirators of Strasburg and Boulogne, MM. de Persigny, Laity, Bataille, begin to bestir themselves. Louis Napoleon does not appear, or make any proclamation, and yet, to his great surprise, he is elected by four departments: the Seine, Yonne, Charente-Inférieure, and Corsica.

In spite of a Bonapartist agitation, which had begun in Paris itself, who is it that speaks in the Assembly in favor of confirming the election of the Prince? Two eminent republicans: Jules Favre and Louis Blanc. One of them says: "Can you not understand that if Citizen Louis Bonaparte were fool enough, mad enough, to dream at the present time of a sort of parody of what he did in 1840, he would be overwhelmed by the contempt of his fellow citizens and that of posterity?" The other thus expresses himself: "The Republic is like the sun. Allow the

nephew of the Emperor to approach it. I am sure that he will disappear in its beams." The admission of the Prince is voted by a large majority.

Meanwhile the Bonapartist agitation in Paris continues. There are meetings on the terraces of the Tuileries, on the Place de la Concorde, and on the boulevards. A Napoleonic propaganda which assumes a democratic and popular form is openly carried on. The Government begins to be uneasy. Thereupon the Prince writes from London, June 4, to the president of the Assembly: "I was about to set out for my post when I learned that my election serves as a pretext for deplorable troubles and fatal errors. I did not seek the honor of being a representative of the people, because I was aware of the unjust suspicions of which I am the object; still less did I seek power." The following sentence comes near spoiling everything: "If the people impose duties on me, I shall know how to fulfil them; but I disavow all who credit me with ambitious intentions which I have not." On hearing these words read, "If the people impose duties on me, I shall know how to fulfil them," a violent clamor breaks out. "This is a pretender!" is shouted on all sides. General Cavaignac springs to the tribune and says: "I am so excited by emotion that I cannot express all I think as I would like to. But what I notice is that in this document, which becomes historic, the word Republic does not appear." If a vote had been taken, the Prince would certainly have been con-

demned; but the discussion is postponed to the following day, June 16, and on that day the president of the Assembly receives another letter from Louis Napoleon, in which he says: "I desire order and the maintenance of a prudent, great, and intelligent Republic, and since I involuntarily facilitate disorder, I place, not without keen regret, my resignation in your hands. Soon, I hope, tranquillity will be restored to France, and I shall be allowed to re-enter there as the simplest of her citizens, and also as one of the most devoted to the prosperity of the country."

A few days later the formidable insurrection of June breaks out. It is a great piece of good luck for Louis Napoleon not to have witnessed it. Present in Paris, he would have been obliged to declare for one or other of the parties in dispute. Besides, there were many Bonapartists in the insurgent ranks. It was far better for him to be playing the part of a special constable in London than to have been obliged to put on the uniform of a national guard in Paris. It was his lucky star which kept him out of all participation in the Draconian measures, the fusillades, the wholesale transportations, which were the conclusion of the lamentable days of June.

The insurrection once suppressed, the Prince makes no haste to come upon the scene. For several weeks he seeks to make himself forgotten. The National Assembly has just decreed that General Cavaignac had deserved well of the country, and he would have only to express a wish for the dictator-

ship to obtain it. To attack it prematurely would be a grave mistake. The Prince does not commit it. He keeps patience three months longer.

Elections are to take place in September to fill the existing vacancies in the National Assembly. In spite of the rectitude of his intentions, General Cavaignac has incurred enmities in the ranks of the advanced republicans, and still more among the conservatives. Louis Napoleon concludes that it is time for him to come forward. A most active electoral propaganda is organized in his favor. He is nominated by five departments, — Seine, Moselle, Yonne, Charente-Inférieure, and Corsica. He prefers Paris, his native city. When the elections are announced at the Hôtel de Ville, the two names most lustily cheered by the crowd are his and that of Raspail.

Coming from London, the new deputy arrives in Paris September 24, and lodges at the Hôtel du Rhin, Place Vendôme, opposite the column. The National Assembly has been in session for some time the next morning when all eyes begin to turn, all opera glasses to point, toward the middle of the left side, over the bench occupied by M. de Lamartine. It is the Prince, coming in quietly through a lobby, and taking his place on one of the benches of the left, between M. Vieillard and M. Havin. Presently he asks leave to speak, and, ascending the tribune, reads the following address: "Citizen representatives, it is impossible for me to keep silence after the calumnies of which I have been the object. I must give

full expression here, on the first day on which I am permitted to seat myself amongst you, to the real sentiments which animate, and always have animated, me. After thirty-three years of proscription and exile, I once more find my country and my fellow citizens. The Republic has given me this happiness; let the Republic receive my oath of gratitude and devotion. For a long time all I could consecrate to France were the meditations of exile and captivity. To-day the career in which you are marching is open to me; receive me into your ranks, my dear colleagues, with the sentiments of affectionate sympathy by which I myself am animated. My conduct, as you should not doubt, will always be inspired by duty, always animated by respect for law. My conduct will prove that no man here is more devoted than I to the defence of order and the consolidation of the Republic." This little speech was favorably received by the Assembly.

As a deputy, Louis Napoleon maintains a prudent reserve. His appearances at the Chamber are very infrequent. As crowds station themselves in front of the railing to see him pass, he enters through the small doors in order to shun curiosity. He takes his seat on the left, but he votes neither with the left nor the right.

An adroit tactician, he withdraws on important occasions. He chats very politely with his colleagues of different parties, but never commits himself, or abandons safe generalities. However, as he

is courteous, has an air of modesty, and always preserves a well-bred calm, he makes friends of several of his neighbors, and habitually oscillates between the republicans and the royalists, seeking to gain the sympathies of each. But if one studies him closely, it is easy to see that he is out of his element in the hall of the Palais-Bourbon, and that for this hap-hazard deputy the legislative mandate is but a stepping-stone.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

UP to the time of his escape from the fortress of Ham, Louis Napoleon had been pursued by fatality. All his enterprises had failed in a wretched manner. One might have said his forehead was branded with the indelible mark of proscription and misfortune. Disgraced, flouted, vilipended, ridiculed in every way, disowned even by his family, exciting a disdain yet more offensive than anger, he seemed forever condemned to irreparable failures. Suddenly, as if at the stroke of a magic wand, the same person is to become, no one knows why, the favorite of fortune, and to profit by one of the most unforeseen, most extraordinary, most unheard-of chances that ever carried a politician to the pinnacle of power. All that should have harmed him will turn to his advantage, and the very persons who ought, it would seem, to have been his most dangerous adversaries will contribute to his triumph.

It is the 5th of October, 1848. The National Assembly is about to decide on the mode of electing the president of the Republic. If it decrees that he should be appointed by itself, there is no manner of

doubt that General Cavaignac will be elected. It seems, then, as if all the republicans would agree in order to bring about such a combination. Well! the contrary happens; and the man who induces the Assembly to have the head of the state appointed directly by means of universal suffrage, and thus prepares the downfall of the Second Republic, is its founder, M. de Lamartine. "I have faith," he says, "in the maturity of a country which fifty-five years of political life have fashioned to liberty; but should this confidence prove to be misplaced, I will repeat that there are epochs when we must say, like the ancients: *Alea jacta est*, the die is cast! Something must be left to Providence, who knows better than we what is suitable for us." The poet prophet terminates his fatalistic discourse in this fashion: "If the people will to be led back into the paths of monarchy, if it desire to quit the realities of the Republic, and run after a meteor which will burn its hands, it is free to do so; after all, it is the real King; it is its own Sovereign, and there will be nothing left for us except to say, like old Cato: *Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni.*" The amendment of M. Grévy which would suppress the presidency of the Republic is rejected by 643 votes against 138. By a vote of 627 against 130, the following article of the Constitution is adopted: "The president of the Republic is elected by ballot and by an absolute majority of voters, by universal suffrage."

Louis Napoleon has just taken a long step forward. But parliamentary ground is a quicksand. The Prince still needs great reserve and prudence. Any proposition well presented to the Assembly might crush his imperial eagle in the shell. The future Cæsar must disguise himself skilfully under the republican mask. It is his interest to belittle himself. He will not succeed unless he can lull the suspicions of the old parties by persuading them that at the close of four years of power he will be thoroughly used up. The Prince intends the masses to consider him a providential man, but the Burgraves (the name given to the principal royalist deputies) to rate him as a nullity.

After the attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne, it would seem natural that Louis Napoleon should be treated as a pretender. The Republic has exiled both branches of the Bourbons. It would seem quite simple that it should exile the Bonapartes also, or, at any rate, that one of them who has posed as the Emperor's heir. Even if he were not exiled, it might be decreed that he cannot be a candidate for the supreme magistracy in a republican country.

October 9, M. Antony Thouret supports the following amendment: "No member of the families which have reigned in France may be elected president or vice-president of the Republic." M. Lacaze exclaims: "He who might affect pretensions to sovereignty is here. Let him explain himself! He has protested his devotion to the Republic; ought

we to deem him capable of failing in this solemn obligation?" All eyes turn instantly towards the Prince. Speak! Speak! the whole Assembly cries to him. This time he has nothing ready, no discourse to read; he is obliged to improvise. Luckily for him, he has absolutely no talent for oratory. Should he make a fine address, should he succeed as a parliamentary speaker, he would arouse the suspicions of his colleagues and seriously compromise his cause. But he hesitates, he hums and haws. He articulates with difficulty these few sentences, interrupted by several pauses: "I do not come to speak against the amendment. Certainly, I have been recompensed enough in regaining my rights as a citizen to have now no further ambition. But it is in the name of the three hundred thousand electors who have elected me that I come to protest against and that I disavow the name of pretender which people are always throwing at my head." The Prince comes down from the tribune. M. Antony Thouret goes back to it, and says disdainfully, that after what he has just seen and heard, he withdraws his amendment as being henceforth useless. The Assembly laughs; the Prince they are jibing at remains impassible.

Louis Napoleon has nothing further to dread; people think him mediocre. They will allow him to become president of the Republic.

The electoral contest begins. It is one of the most curious recorded in history. France and all

Europe attach extraordinary importance to it. It narrows itself between two competitors: Louis Napoleon and General Cavaignac. The Prince is forty years old, and the general forty-six. The souvenir of the imperial epic is linked to the one, and that of the African wars to the other. Honest Bonapartists cannot avoid paying homage to a character like that of General Cavaignac. "In all respects," M. Emile Ollivier has said, "such a man was worthy of the supreme magistracy." If Louis Napoleon had been his sole antagonist, the general would doubtless have been the victor. But his real competitor was not the nephew of the Emperor, but the Emperor himself. Cavaignac will be vanquished by a shade. The all-powerful agent of the electoral propaganda is a dead man — is Napoleon. *Defunctus adhuc loquitur.* Cæsar made Augustus; Napoleon First will make Napoleon Third.

Within a few days the Prince holds all the cards. His candidacy is favored by politicians who ought, it would seem, to be the most opposed to it. He is supported by legitimists like M. Berryer and Comte de Falloux, by former ministers of King Louis Philippe like M. Thiers, M. Guizot, M. Molé, the Duc de Broglie. The most heterogeneous elements, the most contrary forces, from partisans of divine right to socialists, combine in his favor. His electoral manifesto is not of a nature to alarm or discourage any one. "If I were elected president," he says, "I would devote myself entirely, without

mental reservation, to the consolidation of a republic wise in its laws, honest in its intentions, great and strong in its deeds. I would make it a point of honor to leave to my successor, at the end of four years, this power confirmed, liberty intact, a real progress accomplished."

M. Thiers, to whom the Prince submitted this manifesto before publishing, protested against it in vain. "What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Strike out this imprudent sentence. Beware of promises of this kind." The sentence was not suppressed. The manifesto terminated with this noble thought which, unfortunately, Louis Napoleon forgot when he attained to power: "The Republic should be generous and have faith in its future; hence I, who have known exile and captivity, ardently invoke the day when the country can without danger put an end to all proscriptions and efface the last traces of our civil discords."

The success of the Prince's candidacy was very soon beyond a doubt. General Cavaignac disposed of all the governmental forces, but his competitor had a name which was a talisman. Men had forgotten what France suffered under the Empire to remember only the glory it had given it. M. Pierre de La Gorce has said in his *Histoire de la Seconde République:* "Peoples are made that way; when the sacrifices demanded of them have cost equality nothing and have been rewarded by glory, they end by forgetting the price of these sacrifices; to the

powers which have abused them most they are ready to offer their blood anew, just as vines give their most generous substance to those who tread them under foot in the wine press."

The partisans of both candidates in Paris and the provinces, and above all in country places, engaged in controversies whose violence often equalled their bad taste. The Prince was unceremoniously called an idiot, and General Cavaignac a slaughterer. But the two adversaries were personally as correct, as courteous, as their partisans were deficient in those qualities. A workman brought the Prince a lithographic stone on which the general was represented as an executioner massacring the defeated men of June: "How much do you want for this stone?" demanded Louis Napoleon. The workman having named his price, the Prince paid it and then, sending for a hammer, broke the stone in pieces. On his part, General Cavaignac, a man as well bred as his rival, did not say a single offensive word against him.

The unpublished Memoirs of General Fleury, the devoted adherent and faithful friend of Napoleon III., contain some very curious details concerning the period of the presidential election. The general, then a major of spahis, on leave in Paris, went to the Hôtel du Rhin to call on the Prince, to whom he had been presented in London in 1837. Louis Napoleon received him as an old comrade who had not been forgotten. Accepting his proffered services,

he said: "Among the crowd who hang around the Place Vendôme, to watch me when I go out, there may be ill-intentioned persons. Some of the reports I receive from trusty agents, tell me that I incur great dangers. Although I put very little faith in these sinister predictions, it is my duty to protect myself against perils that are pointed out to me. Hence I never go out without a revolver and a sword-cane. As you are going to play the part of my aide-de-camp, until you shall be such in reality, I confide to you the attributes of your commission." Then the Prince drew a revolver from a drawer, and taking a sword-cane from the chimney-piece, he shook hands with his new coadjutor and gave him these weapons.

Some days afterward, Louis Napoleon being out riding with Commandant Fleury, they passed over the Quai d'Orsay, where the 2d Dragoons were in barracks under the command of Comte de Goyon, who in 1816 had replaced my father there as colonel. The Prince was tempted to enter the barracks. But let General Fleury tell the story.

"Hardly had I told the non-commissioned officer of the Guard the name of the almost unknown visitor, when this magic name flew from mouth to mouth, and from one story to another, and the soldiers running to their windows, shouted for Louis Napoleon with all their might. The colonel of the regiment, who happened to be at the barracks, carried away by this example, shared the sponta-

neous movement, and with a vibrant voice cried: "Long live Napoleon!"

Still another passage from the Memoirs: "A very short time before the election, I had accompanied the Prince to the house of M. Thiers, Place Saint-Georges. On our way back he said to me: 'What a singular little man M. Thiers is! Just now he asked me what costume I would assume when elected president, a civil or a military one. "That of the First Consul would be very suitable, it seems to me." — "I don't know yet," I replied. "But probably I shall select either the uniform of a general of the National Guard, or of the army." — "But then," said M. Thiers, "how would you expect us to do, I or some one else when we are called to succeed you? Believe me, Prince, take the dress of the First Consul." I did not insist, and left him believing that I would follow his advice.'"

The result of the election was no longer doubtful. "The steady current of the most contrary opinions," M. Odilon Barrot has written, "had become irresistible. . . . Let no one say that such or such a personage who supported this election is politically responsible for it. . . . MM. Molé and Thiers, for example, who believed they ought to favor openly the candidacy of Louis Napoleon, have merited neither reproach nor thanks on that account, for though they had abstained from voting, as I did, the result would have been absolutely the same."

The balloting, opened on December 10 and 11, gave the following results: —

Voters	7,517,811.
Louis Napoleon	5,572,834
Cavaignac	1,469,156
Ledru-Rollin	376,834
Raspail	37,106
Lamartine	20,938
Changarnier	4,687

December 20, at three o'clock in the afternoon, just as the National Assembly was discussing the draught of a proposed law of minor importance, the member of the commission who had been appointed to draw up the official report of the presidential election was seen to enter the hall. This was M. Waldeck-Rousseau. He announced the result. Then M. Armand Marrast, president of the National Assembly, proclaimed Charles-Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte president of the Republic. General Cavaignac afterwards asked leave to speak, and uttered but this one sentence, which was greeted by loud applause: "The National Assembly will comprehend better than I can express the sentiments of gratitude which I derive from the remembrance of its confidence and kindness towards me." As soon as the general came down from the tribune, the new president of the Republic ascended it. In a black coat, with the star of the Legion of Honor, he took the oath prescribed by the Constitution and pro-

nounced, amidst profound silence, a short harangue: "The suffrages of the nation," said he, "and the oath I have just taken will guide my future conduct. I shall see the country's enemies in all those who seek to change by illegal means what France has established. I have called honest and capable men, devoted to the country, to my assistance, convinced that in spite of diversities of political origin, they will agree to concur with me in the application of the Constitution, the improvement of the law, and the glory of the Republic." Then he paid this deserved compliment to his competitor: "The conduct of the honorable General Cavaignac has been worthy of the loyalty of his character and of that sentiment of duty which is the chief quality of a ruler of state." And he concluded thus a discourse which was well received by the Assembly: "We have a great mission to fulfil, and that is to found a Republic in the interest of all, and a just, firm government which shall be animated by a sincere love of country without being reactionary or utopian. Let us be men of the country and not men of a party, and, God helping, we shall at least do good if we cannot do great things." Descending from the tribune, the Prince went up as far as the bench on which General Cavaignac was sitting, and offered him his hand. The general, in surprise, allowed his hand to be taken rather than gave it. Then Louis Napoleon left the hall and, attended by several friends, went to the Elysée palace, which he had

chosen for his residence. He was to remain there three years, and leave it only to take possession of the Tuileries.

Commandant Fleury, who was to organize the household of the new president of the Republic, had got ready the carriage and horses which conveyed him from the Palais-Bourbon to the Elysée. The carriage was a large coupé which had belonged to the Princesse de Liéven, M. Guizot's friend. The two horses had been bought from General Cavaignac, who purchased them in Algeria, after the revolution of February, at the sale of the Duc d'Aumale's stud. On either side of the carriage, driven by one Ledoux who had been Louis Philippe's coachman, rode Colonel Edgard Ney and Commandant Fleury, one destined to be thereafter master of the hounds and the other grand equerry of the Emperor. On entering the Elysée, the President was greatly surprised at finding all the requisites for a princely abode. Footmen in the imperial livery were marshalled in the ante-chamber. The Swiss porter was striking his halberd on the ground, and ushers were stationed at the inner doors. "The Prince sat down at table," General Fleury tells us in his Memoirs. "At this first dinner intimate friends were present: Persigny, Laity, Mocquard, Bataille, Colonel Vaudrey, Edgard Ney, and I. The dinner, though not elaborate, was well served. The long gallery, with its paintings by Carle Vernet, brought back the days of his earliest childhood to the Prince. He seemed

to feel the contentment of a traveller who, after long years of absence, returns to his own home."

Louis Napoleon's guests at the first dinner at the Elysée were all ardent Bonapartists. But not one of the ministers whom the Prince had just appointed belonged to that party. By the antecedents of its members, two names alone excepted, the cabinet of December 20, 1848, was a ministry of the left centre and Orleanist. An eminent orator, a distinguished representative of the honest and liberal middle classes, M. Odilon Barrot, president of the Council and Minister of Justice, had been a loyal partisan of the July monarchy, and his opposition while that lasted had never ceased to be dynastic. The political affinities of his colleagues, General Rulhière, MM. Drouyn de Lhuys, de Malleville, de Tracy, Hippolyte Passy, Léon Faucher, all recommended to Louis Napoleon's choice by M. Thiers, resembled those of M. Odilon Barrot. There was but one republican in the cabinet, M. Bixio, and he kept his portfolio only a few days. The sole legitimist minister was Comte de Falloux, who had been induced to accept the double portfolio of Public Instruction and of Worship by the urgent solicitations of MM. Molé, Thiers, de Montalembert, Madame Swetchine, and the Abbé Dupanloup, who hoped through his influence to secure the passage of the law granting liberty of instruction, so keenly desired by the Catholic party. However, M. de Falloux hesitated much before accepting. "I wished," said the Prince, "to

rely upon the Conservatives, but since this point of support fails me, I shall seek one elsewhere. To-day the legitimist party (by preventing M. de Falloux from accepting) raises its standard; to-morrow the Orleanist party will do likewise. I cannot remain in the air, and I shall ask the left for the support which the right is not willing to lend me. I will see M. Jules Favre this evening." This threat had put an end to the hesitation of Comte de Falloux. As to General Changarnier, called by the president of the Republic to the double command of the 1st Military Division and the National Guards of the Seine, although this plurality of offices was contrary to the law of 1831, the royalist salons found it pleasant to consider him as a future Monk, and proposed doing all in their power to cajole and win him over.

Fated to struggle against embarrassments and difficulties of every kind, Louis Napoleon was now to oscillate between the right and the left as he did afterwards between the Papacy and the Italian revolution, between Russia and Turkey, between Austria and Prussia. This see-saw system, so fatal to him from the standpoint of foreign policy, was from the domestic point of view marvellously favorable to the accomplishment of his designs. His mother, very ambitious for her race if not for herself, in spite of all her protestations of detachment from human things, had left him written counsels by which he was to be guided. In this programme Queen Hortense said: "Napoleon, the author of our celebrity,

doubtless crushed peoples under the weight of his ambition, but he has awakened magnificent hopes among all the poor and astonishing admiration everywhere. . . . When those who own property are afraid of losing their advantages, promise to be their guaranty. If it is the people who suffer, show that you have been oppressed like them; make it understood that apart from you there is no safety. Believe that it is not impossible to become literally an idol, something like the Redeemer.

"It is so easy, moreover, to gain the affections of the people. They have the simplicity of childhood. If they think you are occupying yourself about them, they leave you free to do it; it is only when they believe there is injustice and treason that they revolt. . . . Rebuff nobody, yet give yourself away to nobody. Welcome every one, even the sightseers, the schemers, the advisers. All that is serviceable. . . . Be everywhere a little, always prudent, always free, and show yourself only when the opportune moment comes."

It was in following such a line of conduct, in applying the maxim "divide to reign," and in using men of the most opposite opinions, and elements the most contradictory to attain his end, that Louis Napoleon was to profit by his imperturbable calmness, his surprising temperament, his power of dissimulation, his experience as a conspirator, his hardihood as a political gamester, and his faculty of tranquil and sweet seductiveness.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE ELYSEE

TO the mind of the new president of the Republic the Elysée suggested ideas alternately brilliant and sinister. This elegant palace has had the most widely different destinies. Built in 1718, it was successively the residence of the Comte d'Evreux, the Marquise de Pompadour, her brother the Marquis de Marigny, the financier Beaujon, and the Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the Duc d'Enghien. When this princess emigrated, the Elysée became national property, and was handed over to contractors, who gave public balls in the gardens, and transformed the palace into a sort of casino, where games of chance, roulette especially, were played. Murat bought it in 1803, and when he went to occupy the throne of Naples, transferred it to the Emperor, who gave it to Josephine after the divorce, and who resided there during a part of the Hundred Days. It was from there that he departed for Waterloo, and there he signed his second abdication. Under the reign of Louis XVIII., the Elysée was the dwelling of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry from the date of their marriage until the day when the Prince

was stricken down by Louvel's poniard. One of the earliest memories of the president of the Republic was of seeing his uncle, the Emperor, at the Elysée. There the power of Napoleon First had given way. There that of Napoleon Third was to be established.

January 1, 1849, at ten o'clock in the morning, the President, wearing the uniform of a general of the National Guard, and surrounded by Marshals Molitor, Sébastiani, Bugeaud, Reille, and Admiral de Mackau, all in full uniform, received the officials and diplomatic corps. To the nuncio he expressed the hope of seeing Pius IX. speedily restored to his dominions. January 4 he went to install King Jérôme as governor of the Invalides, and was received at the entrance of the hotel by General Petit, made famous by the farewells of Fontainebleau. On the 17th he dined at the house of M. de Falloux, Minister of Public Instruction. Among the guests one noted M. Armand Marrast, president of the National Assembly, the Archbishop of Paris, Marshal Bugeaud, Generals Changarnier, Bedeau, de Lamoricière, MM. Thiers, Molé, de Noailles, Viennet, Victor Hugo, Cousin, de Saint-Priest, de Maillé, de Mouchy, Berryer, de La Rochejaquelein. January 29, Louis Napoleon dined at the house of M. Léon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, with MM. Armand Marrast, de Rémusat, Molé, Berryer, de Montalembert, Mignet, Meyerbeer, de Luynes, Victor Hugo, Mérimée, Marshal Bugeaud, General Changarnier.

February 16, he gave a ball at the Elysée which was attended by the most eclectic society. The National Assembly was represented by MM. Molé, Thiers, Guinard, Flocon, Bixio, Armand Marrast, General Cavaignac, General Changarnier. The faubourg Saint-Germain had sent some of its greatest ladies. All eyes rested on Madame de Gramont (mother of the Duke, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1870), with whom the President promenaded for a long time in the salons. The *Patrie* newspaper described the ball in an article reproduced by the *Moniteur*, in which it said: "This fête, which was characterized by the most cordial gaiety and the most excellent good taste, will doubtless produce the best effect on the Parisian public; it will help to restore confidence in the commercial world and the laboring classes of the population, who have long been alarmed and discouraged by hearing it repeated in every tone that the fashionable classes are going away."

February 24, the anniversary of the Revolution, Mass was said at the Madeleine by the Archbishop of Paris. The President was present. I seem still to see him going up the church steps in the uniform of a general of the National Guard, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor and a silver-laced hat surmounted by a very tall tricolored plume. In the evening the public edifices were illuminated.

The next day, Louis Napoleon inaugurated the section of the railway from Creil to Saint Quentin

lying between Compiègne and Noyon. In the latter city he said: "I share the desire of the country for the consolidation of the Republic. I hope that all the parties by which the country has been divided for the last forty years may find here a neutral ground where they can agree to unite for the greatness and prosperity of France." He held a review at Compiègne the same day. He held another in Paris, at the Champs de Mars, the 21st of May, forty thousand men taking part in it. After the review he wrote to General Changarnier: "With soldiers like these our young Republic would soon resemble its elder, that of Marengo and Hohenlinden, if the foreigners forced us to it. And within, if the anarchists raised their flag, they would be instantly reduced to order by this army ever faithful to duty and honor. To praise the troops is to praise the chief who commands them. I am glad of this new occasion of expressing to you my private sentiments of high esteem and friendship." At this time there was complete accord between the President and General Changarnier. Nor did any conflict arise between Louis Napoleon and the Constituent Assembly, which broke up May 27, 1849, and was replaced by the Legislative Assembly on the following day.

The new Assembly was composed of more than seven hundred members. Five hundred of these were conservatives, nearly two hundred of them belonging to the legitimist party, while the rest were former friends of the July monarchy. The moderate

republicans numbered about seventy, and the socialists one hundred and eighty. The majority were averse to the republican régime, but did not agree in their schemes for a monarchical restoration. The Assembly was divided against itself.

One especially irritating subject, the Roman question, divided the Right from the Left. After the assassination of his minister, M. Rossi, Pius IX., who was threatened by the revolution, had succeeded in escaping from his capital, November 24, 1848, and had taken refuge in Gaeta, on Neapolitan ground. February 9, 1849, a Constituent Assembly, held in Rome, had proclaimed the downfall of the pontifical power and the establishment of the Republic. At Novara, March 23, the Piedmontese army had been destroyed by the Austrians. Charles Albert having abdicated, his son Victor Emmanuel had ascended the throne. The French Government had allowed Austria to vanquish at Novara, but wished to prevent its intervention at Rome. The National Assembly, by a majority of three hundred and ninety-five against two hundred and eighty-three, had voted a loan intended for the Roman expedition. Commanded by General Oudinot, this expedition landed at Civita Vecchia, April 25. Having rashly advanced to the walls of Rome, it was defeated there, April 30. Louis Napoleon wrote to General Oudinot, May 8: "I hoped that the inhabitants of Rome, opening their eyes to evidence, would cordially receive an army which came to accomplish a disinterested and

benevolent mission amongst them. It has been otherwise; our soldiers have been received as enemies; our military honor is involved, and I will not allow it to be injured; reinforcements shall not be lacking to you. Tell your soldiers that I appreciate their bravery, that I share their grief, and that they may always rely on my support and my gratitude."

At bottom, Louis Napoleon was struggling between his youthful souvenirs, which favored Italian liberalism, and the governmental interest, which urged him to conciliate the clergy and the conservative party in France. He would gladly have avoided irritating either the republicans of Rome or the Papacy. But that was impossible. A conciliatory mission was confided to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, but it was a failure; and the negotiator, who was accused of having inclined too much to the side of the Roman republic, was disavowed. Confronted by the disposition manifested in Paris by the majority of the National Assembly, Louis Napoleon, had he wished to do so, could not have declared against the Pope's cause. Hence the expedition was continued with extreme energy. Hence, also, arose an exasperation among the Mountain party which brought about the insurrection of June 13, the very day on which the breaching batteries of the French army opened fire on the ramparts of Rome. Numerous groups assembled in the boulevard region, which extends from the Porte Saint Martin to the Place de la Bastille. A column

of from fifteen to twenty thousand men came down the boulevards, growing larger as it came. General Changarnier waited until the head of this column reached the church of the Madeleine. Then, debouching by the rue de la Paix with a strong division, he cut this manifestation in two. The leaders had designated the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, in the rue Saint Martin, as the headquarters of the insurrection. It was there that M. Ledru-Rollin and one hundred and nineteen other representative Mountain deputies had signed this proclamation: "To the French People, the National Guard, and the Army. The Constitution is violated; the people are rising to defend it. The Mountain is at its post." However, the people remained indifferent. The troops, after removing some barricades with ease, entered the Conservatory. Then ensued a general *sauve qui peut* among the Mountain deputies. They fled through every outlet, even the windows. The disturbance had been quelled, one might say, without a combat. As soon as the boulevards were cleared, Louis Napoleon, on horseback, attended by several generals and an escort of lancers, rode all along the line of the boulevards and through the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, coming back to the Elysée by the rue de Rivoli. He was everywhere greeted with applause. According to what has been related by M. Odilon Barrot, he replied, half seriously, half laughingly, to General Changarnier, who was complimenting him on the day: "Yes, General, the day has

been good, very good. But you hurried me past the Tuileries."

The president of the Republic profited by the fine weather to make official excursions to several cities in the neighborhood of Paris. The inauguration of railways, and distributions of flags to the National Guard, served as pretexts for these excursions, on which he was always received as a sovereign. At Chartres he remembered that Saint Bernard had preached the second crusade in that city, and Henri IV. been crowned there, and evoking both memories, he drank a toast to religion and concord. At Amiens he spoke of the treaty of 1802. At Ham, July 22, he went to the fortress, and visited every part of his former prison, then occupied by the Algerian chieftain Bon-Maza, whom he pardoned. The town offered him a banquet. "Believe me," said he, "if I have come to Ham, it is not through pride, but through gratitude. I had it at heart to thank the inhabitants of this town and its environs for all the marks of sympathy they constantly gave me during my misfortunes. To-day when, elected by all France, I have become the head of this great nation, I cannot glorify myself on account of a captivity caused by an attack on a regular government. When one has seen how many woes follow in the train of the most righteous revolutions, one scarcely comprehends the audacity of having been willing to assume the terrible responsibility of a change. I do not complain therefore of having

expiated here by six years of imprisonment my temerity against the laws of my country, and it is with happiness that, in the very places where I suffered, I propose a toast in honor of the men who determined, in spite of their convictions, to respect the institutions of their country."

Some days later, Louis Napoleon affirmed his personal ideas in a letter which had a wide publicity. The French army entered Rome July 3, 1849, and the temporal power of the Pope was re-established there. Pius IX. remained at Gaeta, and did not return to his capital until the 12th of the following April, but he sent three cardinals thither who, arriving July 31, governed in his name and inaugurated a period of reaction. It was then that Louis Napoleon wrote to his orderly officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Edgard Ney, who accompanied the Roman expedition, a celebrated letter dated August 18. The *Moniteur* reproduced it in its non-official columns, September 7: "My dear Ney," said the President, "the French Republic did not send an army to Rome to stifle Italian liberty there, but on the contrary to regulate it by preserving it against its own excesses, and to give it a solid foundation by replacing on the pontifical throne the Prince who was the first to place himself boldly at the head of all useful reforms. I learn with pain that the benevolent intentions of the Holy Father, like our own action, remain sterile in presence of hostile passions and influences. They would like to make proscription

and tyranny the bases of the Pope's return. Say for me to General Rostolan that he must not permit any act to be committed under the shadow of the tri-colored flag which can distort from its true meaning the real character of our intervention. I sum up thus the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope: *General amnesty, Secularization of the administration, the Code Napoleon and liberal Government.* I have felt personally offended, in reading the proclamation of the three cardinals, to find that the name of France was not even mentioned, nor the sufferings of our brave soldiers. Any insult offered to our flag or our uniform goes straight to my heart, and I beg you to make it plainly understood that if France does not sell her services, she at least exacts gratitude for her sacrifices and her abnegation. When our armies made the tour of Europe, they left everywhere, as traces of their passage, the destruction of feudal abuses and the germs of liberty; it shall not be said that in 1849 a French army could have acted in another sense and to bring about other results." The President had not communicated this letter, in which his ideas of 1831 reappeared, to any of his ministers.

As to domestic politics, the accord between Louis Napoleon and his ministry was merely apparent. The president of the Council, M. Odilon Barrot, has written in his Memoirs: "I felt that there was an abyss between Louis Napoleon's ideas and my own. Gentle, easy, full of distinction and good will

in his habitual relations, talking little, and knowing how to listen a great deal, wherein he differed widely from Louis Philippe, it sometimes happened that he betrayed his opinion by sudden sallies; but, at the slightest opposition, he withdrew it into his secret soul, and seemed to yield to the arguments of his advisers, while in reality he merely postponed and waited. It was not difficult for me to divine this character, at once enterprising and reserved, and to foresee that although we might pass through critical times together and in unison, yet this accord would cease as soon as danger no longer diverted attention from the profound contradiction between our sentiments and opinions." M. Alexis de Tocqueville, Minister of Foreign Affairs at that time, has written: "We wanted to make the Republic live; he wanted to be its heir. We merely supplied him with ministers, while he needed accomplices."

The situation of the Cabinet was difficult. The republicans accused it of being clerical, and the majority of the Assembly thought it too republican. MM. Thiers and Molé, who went often to the Elysée, constituted, with the other heads of the conservative party, a sort of occult ministry which wounded the susceptibilities of the Cabinet. The Right, wishing to regain possession of all the places for its tools, displayed irritation because the Minister of the Interior, M. Dufaure, who had occupied the same position under General Cavaignac's government, had refused to dismiss republican officials. Dividing to

reign, Louis Napoleon sought to turn the quarrels between the Right and the Left to his own advantage. He made them an occasion for dismissing his Cabinet, although it had not ceased to possess a majority in the Chamber. Even while parting with M. Odilon Barrot in this way, he signed a series of decrees which appointed him, on the same day, chevalier, officer, commander, grand officer, and grand cross of the Legion of Honor. M. Barrot refused this distinction, and clearly comprehended that the advent of personal power was approaching. "A day came," he has written in his Memoirs, "when M. Thiers cried out dolefully: 'The Empire is ripe!' It was on the 28th of October, 1849, that he should have uttered that cry; that is, when a ministry truly parliamentary, and in full possession of the majority, was replaced by ministers who were mere underclerks; it was on that day, assuredly, that the first foundations of the imperial throne were built up anew."

Louis Napoleon had the art of advancing and recoiling according to circumstances. Haughty as had been his message of October 31, which contained such phrases as these: "France, unquiet because it has no direction, seeks the hand, the will of the man elected on December 10; . . . the mere name of Napoleon stands to it for a programme; it means order, authority, religion, the welfare of the people in the interior, and on the exterior, national dignity," — the attitude of the new ministry in face of the

Assembly was different. The "Burgraves" triumphed. The law granting liberty of instruction, so much desired by the Catholic party, was passed, March 15, 1850, by 399 votes against 137. "The expedition to Rome is necessary in the interior," said M. de Montalembert. On the 31st of the following May, by 433 votes against 241, the Assembly adopted the law mutilating universal suffrage under pretext of purifying and moralizing it. This law struck not merely vagabonds and vagrants, those whom, during the discussion, M. Thiers described as a "vile multitude," but many poor but honest citizens as well. More than three millions of citizens found themselves stricken from the electoral lists. Louis Napoleon counted on making the Assembly bear the recoil of this unpopular measure. As M. Odilon Barrot has said, "The conservative party was unable to see that it was wantonly forging the weapon with which it was to be assailed."

At the same time, the President sought every occasion of entering into direct personal relations with the provincial populations. He was welcomed by the ringing of bells and by salvos of artillery. He said, at the banquet of Soissons, June 9, 1850: "If I were always free to do as I please, I would come among you without pomp or ceremony. I would like to participate, unknown, in your labor as well as in your festivals, so as to judge better for myself of your wishes and your sentiments. But it appears that fate always puts a barrier between you

and me, and it is my regret never to have been able to be a private citizen of my country. As you know, I spent six years not many leagues from this city, but walls and moats divided us." At Dijon he said, August 13: "When I see my name still retaining influence over the masses, an influence due to the glorious head of my family, I congratulate myself upon it, not for me, but for you, for France, and for Europe." At Lyons, August 15, he disavowed in this way the schemes attributed to him: "Rumors of a *coup d'Etat* have perhaps reached you; but you have put no faith in them, and I thank you for it. Surprises and usurpations may be the dream of parties lacking support in the nation; but he who is elected by six millions of votes executes the will of the people; he does not betray it." Nevertheless, at Strasburg, Nancy, Metz, Rheims, Caen, Cherbourg, he appeared surrounded by all the pomp of sovereignty.

The Assembly, which adjourned from August 11 to November 11, had instituted a permanent committee of twenty-five members, all of whom were opposed to projects of imperial restoration. The two powers were observing each other with mutual distrust. October 30, 1850, Louis Napoleon was holding a grand review on the plateau of Satory, near Versailles, when several regiments of cavalry shouted: "Long live the Emperor!" The committee demanded explanations. General Changarnier addressed the following order of the day to the troops: "By the terms of the law, the army

does not deliberate; by the terms of the military regulations, it must abstain from all demonstration, and utter no cry when under arms. The general-in-chief reminds the troops under his command of these stipulations." From this moment there was a ruthless struggle between it and the President, but as yet a silent one. Louis Napoleon did not think the hour had come for throwing off the mask. November 12, he addressed a message to the Assembly which concluded thus: "What especially preoccupies me is not to know who will govern France in 1852, but to so employ the time at my disposal that the transition, whatever it may be, shall take place without agitation and disturbance. The aim most worthy of a lofty soul is not to seek, when in power, for expedients by which it may be perpetuated, but to watch incessantly for means of consolidating, to the advantage of all, the principles of authority and morality which defy the passions of men and the instability of laws. I have loyally opened my heart to you, you will respond to my frankness by your confidence, to my good intentions by your concurrence, and God will do the rest." Louis Napoleon, having lulled the vigilance of the Assembly in this way, waited until January 9, 1851, to rid himself of the chief obstacle to his projects, General Changarnier. The latter had not merely become the general of the Parliament, but the legitimists and Orleanists regarded him as a future Monk. The president of the Republic, from

whom he held command of the 1st Military Division, and also of the National Guards of the Seine, took them from him. From that day a conflict began between Louis Napoleon and the Assembly which was to end only by a *coup d'Etat.*

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PRELIMINARIES OF THE COUP D'ETAT

TO revenge itself for the dismissal of General Changarnier, the Assembly declared, January 18, 1851, that the ministry did not possess its confidence. Louis Napoleon changed his ministers, but not his policy. Disembarrassed of the man who had been the chief obstacle in the way of his projects, he pursued his object calmly and patiently, seeking to conciliate the clergy, the army, and the masses of the people. On Good Friday, which in 1851 fell on April 18, the procession of relics at Notre Dame was preceded by a discourse from Père Ravignan. The Prince-President — as people were beginning to style the chief executive — seated himself in the churchwarden's pew, as did Marshal Exelmans. May 23, he reviewed the army of Paris on the Champ-de-Mars. June 1, at the inauguration of the Dijon railway, he made a speech at the banquet offered him by that city, in which Parliament saw a menace. "For three years," said the Prince, "it has been remarked that I have always been seconded by the Assembly when there was a question of combating disorder by repression. But when I have wished to do good, to

ameliorate the condition of the people, it has refused me this concurrence. If France recognizes that no one has the right to dispose of her without her consent, France has but to say so: my courage and my energy will never fail her. . . . Whatever the duties my country may lay upon me, it will find me determined to obey its wishes. And, be very sure, gentlemen, France will not perish in my hands."

General Changarnier, thinking he ought to reply indirectly to the Dijon speech, delivered from the tribune, June 3, a short and important harangue, which ended thus: "The army does not desire more than you to see any one inflict on France the miseries and shames of a government of Cæsars, alternately imposed and reversed by debauched plebeians. . . . No one will oblige our soldiers to march against this Assembly. Into that fatal path they will not drag one battalion, one company, one squad, and they will find in front of them the leaders whom our soldiers are accustomed to follow on the road of duty and of honor. Mandataries of France, deliberate in peace."

Meanwhile Louis Napoleon continued his triumphal excursions in the provinces. July 1, he inaugurated the section of the railway between Tours and Poitiers, and on the 6th, at Beauvais, the statue of Jeanne Hachette. On that day the bishop said to him: "Whatever may be the future now hidden from us by heavy clouds, the Church will gladly repeat that under your government the

august chief of Catholicity returned to the capital of the Christian world, and that education has been partially delivered from the shackles which impeded the development so necessary to religious principles." At the banquet offered him by the city, Louis Napoleon delivered an address on providential missions, which was stamped with a sort of mysticism: "It is encouraging," said he, "to think that, in extreme dangers, Providence often reserves to one alone to be the instrument of the salvation of all, and, in certain circumstances, it has often chosen this one from amongst the weaker sex, as if by the fragility of the envelope it wished to prove more fully the empire of the soul over human things, and to make it evident that a cause does not perish when it has an ardent faith, an inspired devotion, a profound conviction to guide it. Thus, in the fifteenth century, at an interval of only a few years, two women, obscure but animated by the sacred fire, Jeanne d'Arc and Jeanne Hachette, appeared at the most hopeless moment to fulfil a sacred mission."

It was only because he too wished to pose as a saviour that Louis Napoleon evoked such souvenirs as these. A rumor had been put in circulation to the effect that during the year 1852 society would be exposed to the most serious perils. In the month of May, within a few days of each other, the powers of the president of the Republic and those of the Assembly were to expire; the prophets of misfortune were announcing the most terrible catastrophes for

that date. The great art of Louis Bonaparte's partisans was to maintain and profit by the terrors which had laid hold of the middle and lower classes.

Article 45 of the Constitution declared the president of the Republic ineligible, and fixed on the second Sunday of May for the election of his successor. The new Assembly was to be chosen April 29, 1852, and the old one to sit until May 28. In a report read from the tribune, July 8, 1851, M. de Tocqueville expressed himself as follows on the danger of such a situation: "Thus, in the same month, and only a few days apart, the executive power and the legislative power will change hands. Never, assuredly, has a great people, as yet ill-accustomed to the use of republican liberty, been thrown suddenly by law into so hazardous a position, never has a nascent Constitution been subjected to so rude a trial. . . . The existing *status quo* must necessarily result either in usurpation or in anarchy, in any case, in the ruin of the Republic and perhaps of liberty."

Consequently, M. de Tocqueville and the committee whose report he drew up proposed a revision of the Constitution. In August, 1850, out of eighty-five councils-general, fifty-two had passed a resolution to this effect. By July 1, 1851, the number of petitioners expressing the same desire had risen to 1,123,000. There was evidently a majority in the Assembly in favor of the revision, but it was not a majority of three-fourths. Now, according to its

article 111, the Constitution could not be revised unless the revision were demanded by a three-fourths majority of all the votes cast.

Louis Napoleon was irrevocably determined to remain in power. But of all solutions which would have permitted him to attain this end, that which he would certainly have preferred would have been a legal re-election following a revision of the Constitution. The deliberations of the Assembly on the project of revision began July 14, 1851, and did not close until the 19th. After magnificent but fruitless oratorical tournaments and a series of discourses, each more eloquent than the others, on the respective merits of the Republic and the Monarchy, the revision had 446 votes against 278. A three-fourths majority would have been 543, and 97 were lacking to the legal figure. From that moment Louis Napoleon made ready for the *coup d'Etat.*

After nominating a permanent committee, the Assembly adjourned from August 9 to November 4. During this interval the Prince-President lost no means of assuring the concurrence of the army. General de Lamoricière had said at the house of the Duc de Luynes: "The *coup d'Etat* will not be made until the President has found the man for it. . . . His man is in Algeria. That fellow will stop at nothing. When you see Saint-Arnaud Minister of War, say: 'Here comes the *coup d'Etat.*'" The prophecy was accomplished in every particular. Louis Napoleon had an orderly officer, Commandant

Fleury, in whom he had absolute confidence. Him he sent to Algeria to drum up recruits among the generals and officers who would take part in the *coup d'Etat*. In the first rank was General de Saint-Arnaud, who explicitly promised his concurrence. He was only a brigadier-general at the time, but in July he was given the command of a little expedition in Kabylia, which the journals devoted to the Prince-President exploited in the most pompous style. Appointed a general of division, he was called to a command in Paris. October 27 he was appointed Minister of War.

A noteworthy circumstance is that the three men who were to be Louis Napoleon's chief collaborators in the accomplishment of the *coup d'Etat*, General de Saint-Arnaud, Comte de Morny, and M. de Maupas, were Bonapartists of very recent standing. Jacques Leroy de Saint-Arnaud, born in Paris August 20, 1798, entered the bodyguards in 1815. Having resigned from service, he entered it again after the revolution of 1830. At the age of thirty-four he was still a second lieutenant. Throughout the reign of Louis Philippe he displayed great loyalty to the King and his dynasty. His correspondence with his brother during that period has been published, and it contains not a trace of Bonapartism. He was General Bugeaud's orderly officer when the general was governor of the fortress of Blaye, during the captivity of the Duchesse de Berry, and by his tact and intelligence succeeded in obtaining the

friendly regards of the captive. In 1836 he went to Algeria, where he distinguished himself. The Duc d'Aumale described him as a promising officer, and, in 1851, wrote to congratulate him on his appointment as a general of division.

Comte de Morny, for whom Louis Napoleon reserved the post of Minister of the Interior for the *coup d'Etat*, was the reputed son of Queen Hortense and General de Flahault. But that did not prevent him from being a militant Orleanist. Born in Paris, October 23, 1811, he had distinguished himself as a cavalry officer, served in Algeria under the eyes of the Duc d'Orléans, who displayed much good will towards him, and made the campaign of Mascara and the first campaign of Constantine. He was decorated for having saved the life of General Trézel, whose orderly officer he was. Resigning from the army in 1838, he occupied himself with industrial pursuits. Becoming in 1842 a deputy from Puy-de-Dôme, he figured as one of M. Guizot's most loyal partisans until the end of the July monarchy. A friend of the princes and much sought after in Orleanist society, as a man of pleasure and a man of business he was equally interested in the salons, the Bourse, and politics. Up to the revolution of February he had never been in relations with Prince Louis, and they met in London, toward the close of 1848, for the first time. It was only after the death of Queen Hortense, in 1837, that the Prince learned of his mother's liaison with General de Flahault, and

the revelation had caused him profound chagrin. As to General de Flahault, he was one of King Louis Philippe's favorites, and was representing him as ambassador to Vienna when the revolution of February broke out.

After the downfall of the dynasty of July, M. de Morny is said to have had some slight tendencies toward the legitimists. The journal of the Princesse Mélanie de Metternich in fact contains the following passage, dated in August, 1848: "M. de Morny came to see Clément (Prince de Metternich); he said to him that he no longer saw more than one chance of saving France: Henri V. must be called to the throne. He wished to make the journey to Frohsdorf without the knowledge of his friends." Returning to parliamentary life in 1849, M. de Morny voted with the monarchical majority in the Assembly, and never went over to the side of the Elysée until a breach had occurred between the Right and the Prince-President.

As to M. de Maupas, the prefect of police of the *coup d'Etat*, he had never been esteemed a Bonapartist under the régime of Louis Philippe, and he served the King loyally, as sub-prefect of Beaune, until the revolution of February.

To the list of the principal coadjutors in the work of the 2d of December let us add General Magnan, who was called, July 15, 1851, to the command-in-chief of the army of Paris, and in whom Louis Napoleon had entire confidence.

The hour of the decisive conflict was drawing near. Facing cleverly about, the Prince-President, who wished to conciliate the popular masses, proposed to the Assembly the abrogation of the law of May 31, 1850, by which universal suffrage had been restricted. The Left approved the Prince. One of its most ardent leaders, M. Michel (of Bourges), said from the tribune: "When a man who is called the chief executive takes measures which in my opinion compromise liberty and order, I oppose him; but when he takes such as assure order and liberty, I support him, and glory in so doing." However, on November 13, 1851, the Assembly, by 351 votes against 347, decreed the maintenance of the law of May 31. This was to put one of his best cards into the Prince's hand.

A frankly republican Assembly would have rendered any *coup d'Etat* impossible, but an Assembly divided against itself, and composed of a majority of royalists at odds with each other, could have no power of resistance. The attempts at fusion which we have described in detail in our book, *The Exiles*, had produced no result but that of increasing the chances of the Bonapartist cause by accentuating the antagonism that existed between the elder and the younger branches of the Bourbons. It was the legitimists, with M. Berryer at their head, who, through opposition to the Orleanists, had combined with the republicans to prevent the National Assembly from abrogating the law which exiled both

branches of the Bourbons. On the other hand, the royalists of the Assembly had completely roused the suspicions of their republican colleagues, who had a far greater repugnance to a legitimist restoration than to the triumph of Bonapartism. Louis Napoleon's chief auxiliaries, in fact, were the white flag and the red spectre.

There were two men in the Assembly, M. Thiers and General Changarnier, to whom the republicans were more hostile than to the Prince-President himself. They were openly accused of preparing with their friends for a royalist dictatorship, and at all costs it was desired to deprive them of the means of executing such a scheme. This is why nearly all the republicans opposed the only proposition which might have averted the *coup d'Etat*. The three questors of the Assembly, General Leflô, M. Baze, and M. de Panat, had proposed a law on November 6, granting to the president of the Assembly the right to call on the army and all authorities whose concurrence it might deem necessary. The Left, with the exception of General Cavaignac, Colonel Charras, and several other deputies, were adverse to this proposition. During the discussion which took place November 17, M. Crémieux said: "The Assembly does not need a guard around it. Its guard is the people." M. Michel (of Bourges) expressed himself as follows: "The army is ours, and I defy you, whatever you might do should the military power fall into your hands,

to make a single soldier come here for you against the people. No, there is no danger, and I permit myself to add that if there were danger, there is also an *invisible sentinel* that guards us. I need not name this sentinel, it is the people." Jules Favre put this dilemma to the Right: "Either you believe the President to be conspiring, in which case accuse him; or you do not believe it, and in that case it is you who are conspiring against the Republic." And yet there was a moment during the discussion when it seemed as if the proposition of the questors would be voted. "The Minister of War thought so too," writes M. Odilon Barrot; "for he made haste to leave the Assembly, signalling M. Magnan, who was present in a gallery during the session, to follow him. M. de Morny left also, looking pale and disconcerted; they went to the Elysée to concert the measures to be taken in order to ward off in advance the blow that seemed to be impending. An order to confine all the regiments in their barracks was in fact given immediately." Useless precaution, for, thanks to the agreement between the partisans of the Prince and the members of the Left, the proposition of the questors was rejected by 408 votes against 300. On learning this news, Louis Napoleon, who was ready to mount on horseback, contented himself by saying: "Now, gentlemen, we will go to table."

It was clear to all men of discernment that the Assembly had just signed its own death warrant. But notwithstanding so many alarming symptoms,

it was still blind to the fate reserved for it. The language of the president of the Republic should have opened its eyes. On November 9, when receiving at the Elysée six hundred officers of the regiments of Paris, he had said to them: "If ever the day of danger should arrive, I would not act like the governments that have preceded me, nor would I say to you: 'March on, I am following you'; but I would say: 'I am marching, follow me.'" November 25, in distributing rewards to the French exhibitors of London, he thus expressed himself: "How great the French Republic might be if it were permitted to attend to its real business and reform its institutions, instead of being incessantly disturbed by demagogic ideas on one side, and monarchical hallucinations on the other!" He ended this discourse by the following sentences, which were the announcement of the *coup d'Etat:* "Do not dread the future. Tranquillity will be maintained whatever happens. A government which rests upon the entire mass of the nation, which has no motive but the public good, and which is animated by that ardent faith which is a sure guide across a space where no road is traced, this government, I say, will be able to fulfil its mission; for it has in it the right that comes from the people and the strength that comes from God."

It is said, however, that Louis Napoleon hesitated before committing an act of violence contrary to the mildness of his character. Impassible when in

action, he was by nature very irresolute before acting. The *coup d'Etat*, fixed for November 20, was put off to the 25th, and then to the 2d of December. The Prince would have dallied yet longer before crossing the Rubicon, but counsellors more rash than he were urging him on, and he allowed himself to be beguiled by the prophetic date of a double anniversary, — that of the coronation of Napoleon, and of the battle of Austerlitz. As none of his ministers, excepting General de Saint-Arnaud, were in the secret of what was going on, people in official spheres were in perfectly good faith when contradicting the rumors of a *coup d'Etat*. After so many alarms which had come to nothing, the Assembly began to be reassured, at least for December, saying to each other that the Prince would not alienate the tradesmen of Paris by disturbing what people were already calling the confectioners' truce. "We have at least a month before us," said General Changarnier. On December 1 the Assembly debated, with absolute tranquillity, the municipal-electoral law and the question of the railway between Lyons and Avignon. It could hardly have suspected that this was its last session.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE COUP D'ETAT

ON Monday, December 1, 1851, there is a soirée at the Elysée. Never has the Prince-President shown himself calmer or more affable. His countenance betrays no trace of any emotion whatever. The same evening, the Opéra Comique gives the first representation of the *Château de Barbe-Bleue*, the music of which is by Limnander, and the words by M. de Saint-Georges, brother of the director of the National Printing-house. M. de Morny reaches the theatre at the same time as General de Cavaignac and General de Lamoricière. He enters the box of Madame Liadière. "They say there is to be a sweeping out," says this lady to him. "On which side shall you be?" "On the handle side," he answers. Then he goes to the Elysée. The guests have just departed. A conference takes place between him, the Prince, General de Saint-Arnaud, and M. Mocquard. Colonel de Béville sets off in a cab for the National Printing-house. He is the bearer of the decrees and proclamations which are to be posted up at daybreak the next morning. A company of mobilized gendarmes is at the printing-house to look

after the workmen. The doors are hermetically closed. At two o'clock in the morning everything is printed.

Half an hour later the police commissioners are summoned to the prefecture by the prefect, M. Maupas. He tells them that a plot having been formed against the President, they are to arrest sixteen representatives, Generals Bedeau, Changarnier, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Leflô, Colonel Charras, M. Thiers, M. Roger (du Nord), M. Baze, and seven members of the Mountain, MM. Cholat, Valentin, Greppo, Nadaud, Miot, Baune, Lagrange. At half-past six o'clock in the morning, the sixteen representatives are arrested at their domiciles and incarcerated at Mazas. Not one of the ministers, with the exception of General de Saint-Arnaud, has been forewarned of the *coup d'Etat*. On awakening, the Minister of the Interior, M. de Thorigny, is greatly surprised to see the soldiers. He sends the following telegram to the prefect of police: "December 2, seven o'clock A.M. What has happened? The court of the ministry is full of troops." The prefect responds: "7.10 A.M. M. de Morny is charged to tell you; you will see him in an instant; wait for him." At half-past seven, M. de Morny arrives at the Ministry of the Interior and hands M. de Thorigny a letter from the President, announcing to him that he has been replaced as Minister of the Interior by M. de Morny. The latter installs himself without difficulty, and at once telegraphs instructions to all the prefects.

The Parisians are much astonished at reading on the walls the decree and proclamations of the President.

The decree dissolves the National Assembly and the Council of State, re-establishes universal suffrage by abrogating the law of May 31, convokes the people in their general assemblies, and establishes the state of siege throughout the extent of the first military division. The proclamation to the people proposes to submit to them a political system summarized as follows: 1. A responsible head elected for ten years; 2. Ministers depending solely upon the executive power; 3. A council of state preparing the laws and supporting them in debate; 4. A legislative body debating and passing the laws, to be elected by universal suffrage, without balloting for a list; 5. A second assembly, composed of all the illustrious men of the country, as a balancing power, a guardian of the fundamental compact and the public liberties. "For the first time since 1804," says the President, "you will vote with a full knowledge of the case, and thoroughly understanding for whom and for what. If I do not obtain the majority of your votes, I will summon a new Assembly and return to it the mandate I have received from you. But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol, that is, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89 and organized by the Emperor, is still your cause, proclaim it by sanctioning the powers I ask of you." In the same proclamation,

Louis Napoleon accuses the Assembly of being a nest of intrigues, and of wishing to overthrow the Republic which he claims to be desirous of upholding. "Soldiers," he says in his proclamation to the army, "be proud of your mission, you will save the country, for I rely on you not to violate the laws, but to make the first law of the country respected, the national sovereignty of which I am the legitimate representative. . . . In 1830, as in 1848, you were vanquished. After having stigmatized your heroic disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your inclinations and wishes, and yet you are the élite of the nation. Now, at this solemn moment, I wish the army to make its voice heard. Vote freely then as citizens; but, as soldiers, remember that passive obedience to the orders of the head of the government is the rigorous duty of the army from the general to the soldier."

Since morning twenty-five thousand infantrymen of the line and six thousand cavalrymen, with a large force of artillery, have been occupying the Place de la Concorde, all the approaches of the Palais-Bourbon and the Elysée, the Carrousel and the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville. Some hours later these troops are reinforced by a regiment of dragoons from Saint-Germain and a division of heavy cavalry from Versailles.

Prince Napoleon, who lives in rue d'Alger, in the same house as M. Gavin, goes out with him and, on perceiving the troops, displays an exasperation which

M. Gavin has great difficulty in calming down. As to King Jérôme, then governor of the Invalides, he had not been apprised until morning of what was going on. But at the first news of it that he receives he dons his uniform, mounts a horse, and goes to rejoin the President at the Elysée.

At ten in the morning Louis Napoleon, with King Jérôme on his left, and followed by his military household and a very large staff of general and superior officers, leaves the Elysée on horseback to present himself to the troops. They give him a warm reception. It depends on himself alone to take possession of the château of the Tuileries at once.

As to the National Guard, it is nowhere to be seen. Its commander-in-chief, General Marquis de Lawoëstines, has been ordered to prevent any assembling of the legions. To preclude the possibility of beating the roll-call, the drums have been broken or carried off.

What will the National Assembly do in the way of organizing a resistance, or, at least, offering a protest? The Palais-Bourbon, where its sessions are held, is occupied by the 92d of the line, commanded by Colonel Espinasse, who recently made the Kabylia campaign with General de Saint-Arnaud.

The authors of the *coup d'Etat* fear the President of the Assembly, M. Dupin, so little that they have not thought it worth while to arrest him. No sentries are placed at the little door opening on the rue de Bourgogne. A certain number of representatives

enter by this door and hold the simulacrum of a session. A chief of battalion and some soldiers summon them to withdraw. "A sort of tumult ensued," writes M. Odilon Barrot in his Memoirs, "which furnished M. Dupin an occasion to address this opportune reproach to his colleagues: 'But, gentlemen, you yourselves are making more noise than all these worthy soldiers put together.' Another remark of his is quoted which gives a still better notion of him. To some one who reproached him for having yielded so easily, he replied naïvely: 'If I had had a man at my orders, I would have caused him to be killed.' What is certain is that after thus exhausting all the courage he had, he retired into his apartments and was not seen again all day. Those who had believed in the force of abstract right in our country could now recognize how great had been their error."

Another reunion of deputies took place in the rue de Lille, at the house of Comte Daru, who in 1870 was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Ollivier Cabinet. This also was forcibly dispersed. A third, much more important, was held at the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement. The house, now destroyed, was situated on the square of the Croix Rouge, near the entrance of the rue de Grenelle. The National Guard of the quarter was commanded by General de Lauriston, a deputy of the Right, and favorable to the Parliament. It was eleven o'clock in the morning when nearly two hundred and fifty

deputies, nearly all belonging to the Right, arrived at this mayoralty and held a session of which M. Berryer was the ruling spirit, and in which Louis Napoleon's deposition was formally decreed. General Oudinot was invested by it with the command of the army, and took for his chief of staff a deputy from the Mountain, Captain Tamisier. But some troops under the orders of General Forey arrived with orders to break up the assembly, allowing those representatives who should offer no resistance to leave the mayoralty, and taking all others to Mazas. "All to Mazas!" shouted the representatives without exception. There were not carriages enough to convey them. It was determined to house them provisionally in the cavalry barracks of the quai d'Orsay. The column began its march at three o'clock. M. de la Gorce has written in his *Histoire de la Seconde République Française:* "The display was not less singular than that of the session just ended. The representatives advanced between two rows of foot-soldiers. These foot-soldiers, now agents of Louis Napoleon, had belonged to the Vincennes chasseurs, the same who had formerly been organized by the Orléans princes. The troops were commanded by General Forey, but lately Changarnier's right-hand man, now a proscript. In the procession deputies of all opinions mingled, adversaries yesterday, united to-day, and destined to separate anew to-morrow; for several of them, and not the least ardent, were to rally to the Elysée later on." The representatives

thus arrested spent the night at the barracks of the quai d'Orsay. The next morning some were transferred to Mazas, others to Mont-Valérien, and still others to Vincennes. One of their number, M. Odilon Barrot, shall tell us the rest: "When we were crossing the Faubourg Saint-Antoine," he writes, "the workmen were beginning to leave their houses to go to their workshops; they asked each other whom these well-escorted carriages might contain. 'Ah!' said they, after learning who we were, 'it is the *twenty-five francs* they are going to lock up. That is well played.' This was all the interest displayed in the appointees of universal suffrage by the population of a faubourg so famous and so dreaded on account of its democratic passions. So vanished successively, and one by one, all the illusions cherished by either conservatives or republicans. They had said: *He will not dare*, and he had dared. They had affirmed that not one soldier would march against the National Assembly, that they would rather disobey their officers; and the soldiers had marched and the officers had been perfectly obeyed. They had affirmed with great solemnity that the entire people would rise in defence of the Law and Constitution, and the people had nothing but sarcasms for the victims of both. At last the drawbridges of the old fortress of Vincennes were lowered, and we were received by the general, who placed at our disposal the apartments occupied by the Duc de Montpensier at the time when that

prince commanded the artillery during his father's reign." M. Odilon thus relates the manner in which they left Vincennes the next day. "Some one came," he says, "to tell us to get our packets ready. After long detours we reached the exterior boulevards, not far from La Salpetrière, where the carriages suddenly stopped. The police commissioners alighted, saluted us respectfully, and announced that we were at liberty. For some minutes we could hardly credit so unexpected a dénouement; then each of us picked up his bundle and looked about for a vehicle."

Generals Cavaignac, Bedeau, de Lamoricière, Changarnier, Leflô, Colonel Charras, M. Baze, and Comte Roger (du Nord) were treated more severely. After thirteen hours on a tiresome road, they were shut up in the fortress of Ham. General Cavaignac had the chamber occupied by Louis Napoleon during his six years' captivity.

To sum up, the reunion at the mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement had resulted in nothing but a protest. It had been almost exclusively composed of members of the Right, and they had not the faculty for rousing the masses. "What could they have done with the people?" says Victor Hugo. "Can one fancy Falloux a tribune, stirring up the *Faubourg Antoine?*" However, the leaders of the Left were not yet discouraged. They hoped that a real insurrection would break out on December 3. On the previous day the masses had shown more

surprise than anger, the shops had remained open, the omnibuses continued running, payments were made at all the public banks, the theatres did not close their doors. About half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 3d, a dozen representatives and several newspaper men arrived in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, shouting: "To arms! To the barricades! Long live the Republic! Long live the Constitution!" A Mountain deputy, M. Baudin, offered a musket to a workman. The man replied: "Oftener than not, we get killed for your twenty-five francs." "Very well!" replied the intrepid deputy, "you are going to see how we kill for twenty-five francs." Then he mounted a barricade, shouted, "Long live the Republic!" and fell, riddled with balls. His death inflamed men's minds. A good many barricades were erected, and a battle was imminent.

M. de Maupas wished to have it on the 3d of December, but it was otherwise determined. General de Saint-Arnaud concluded to rest the troops until noon the next day. Fifty thousand francs, all that was left of Louis Napoleon's patrimony, and supplementary rations of food and wine were distributed amongst them. It was thought better to end matters by one hard blow than to exhaust the soldiers by a protracted struggle of several days. This programme was strictly followed. The insurgents were allowed to develop in peace for fifteen hours. The troops did not leave their barracks until half-past one o'clock on the 4th of December, and the attack

did not begin until two. A barricade occupying the whole length of the boulevard between the Gymnase and the Porte Saint-Denis was destroyed by the 72d of the line, and General Canrobert's brigade disposed of those that had been erected in the vicinity of the Porte Saint-Martin. On the boulevard Montmartre, as far up as the *Prophète* shops and the house of M. Sallandrouze, shots having been fired from the windows, a discharge of grape made breaches in this house that were yawning for several days thereafter. At the Point Saint-Eustache and in the rue Rambateau there was desperate fighting. General Courtagé's brigade, coming from Vincennes, went down the Faubourg Saint-Antoine and destroyed all the barricades they found. For nearly three hours Paris listened to an uninterrupted roaring of cannon and volleying discharges of musketry. The insurrection tried to reach the rue Saint-Honoré, the Place Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, the region of the Bourse and the Bank. But it was everywhere thrown back. By five o'clock in the evening all was over. The army had 25 killed and 184 wounded. As to the civilians, the different figures given agree so badly that no exact computation can be arrived at. What is unhappily certain is that the majority of the victims were inoffensive people, mere spectators. On the 5th of December, Paris resumed its usual appearance.

Serious disturbances occurred in the middle and south of France. One after another came the insur-

rections of Nièvre, Hérault, Drôme, the troubles of Allier, the Jura, Lot-et-Garonne and Gers, and the taking of Var and the Basses-Alpes by the socialists. At several points, common-law crimes were committed, which the reaction did not fail to turn to its own advantage. The repression was terrible. Thirty-two departments were placed in a state of siege. Mixed commissions decided summarily and arbitrarily on the fate of thousands of republicans. Some were sent to Cayenne, 9530 transported to Algeria, 1545 expelled, and 2804 condemned to internment. A decree momentarily exiled Generals Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Lefiô, MM. Thiers, Duvergier de Hauranne, Baze, Chambolle, de Rémusat, Creton, de Lasteyrie. General Cavaignac did not leave the fortress of Ham until February, in order to marry Mademoiselle Odier.

Nothing is so contagious in France as success. The official result of the plebiscite of December 20–21, gave 7,439,216 ayes to 646,737 nays. If Louis Napoleon had failed he would have been called a criminal and a fool, as he had been after the ill-contrived enterprises of Strasburg and Boulogne. He succeeded, and he was saluted as a liberator.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE BEGINNING OF 1852

THE Republic no longer existed save in name. Its president surrounded himself with all the pomp of sovereignty. He did not yet sleep at the Tuileries, because the ground floor was undergoing repairs, but he received and gave fêtes in the large apartments of the second story. The functionaries came there to pay their respects on New Year's day, 1852. There was a *Te Deum* on the same day, at Notre Dame, which the Prince attended, escorted by numerous squadrons of cavalry. On the 7th he was present at a full-dress representation at the Opéra, and the orchestra played, for the first time, the march from *Le Prophète*.

A large number of Orleanists seemed disposed to rally to the new power. But the decrees of January 22, which unjustly deprived the Orleans family of a part of its property, caused them to persist in their opposition. Louis Napoleon's most devoted servitors blamed a measure so contrary to ideas of conciliation; and four of his ministers — MM. de Morny, Fould, Rouher, and Magne — handed in their resignations.

January 24, the decree of the Provisional Government, by which titles of nobility were abolished, was abrogated. February 23, there was a grand ball at the Tuileries. Eight thousand persons were present. Three hundred major-domos, in the uniform prescribed by the ceremonial of the former imperial household, were noticed.

March 29, the Prince opened the session of the Senate and of the legislative body in the hall of the Marshals, at the Tuileries. After congratulating himself, in his discourse, on the cessation of his dictatorship, he disavowed, in these terms, the projects for a monarchical restoration: "On seeing me re-establish the institutions and souvenirs of the Empire, it has been often repeated that I would like to re-establish the Empire itself. If such were my constant preoccupation, this transformation would have been accomplished long ago; for neither the means nor the occasions for it have been lacking. Thus, in 1848, when six millions of suffrages elected me, in spite of the Constituent Assembly, I was not unaware that a mere refusal to acquiesce in the Constitution might give me a throne. But an elevation which might entail serious disorders had no attraction for me. On January 13, 1849, it would have been just as easy to change the form of government. I did not wish to do so. Finally, on December 2, if personal considerations could have outweighed the grave interests of the country, I might at once have asked a pompous title from the

people, who would not have refused it. I contented myself with the one I have." The Prince concluded thus: "Resolved, to-day, as heretofore, to do everything for France, nothing for myself, I would not accept modifications of the present state of things unless compelled to do so by evident necessity. Whence could this arise? Solely from the conduct of the parties. If they resign themselves, nothing will be changed. . . . Do not let us preoccupy ourselves with difficulties which are doubtless improbable. Let us preserve the Republic; it menaces nobody, it can reassure all the world."

Even while preserving the name Republic, Louis Napoleon re-established the imperial eagles. He made a ceremonious distribution of them on the Champ-de-Mars, the 10th of May. The ceremony was at once military and religious. All the clergy, with the Archbishop of Paris at their head, were present. The Prince, coming from the Tuileries, arrived by the Jena bridge a little before noon, followed by a platoon of Arab chiefs. After passing the troops in review, he dismounted from his horse, and ascended an immense platform resting against the Military School. "Soldiers," he said, "the history of peoples is in great part the history of armies. On their success or their reverses depend the fate of civilization and the fatherland. Vanquished, it is invasion or anarchy; victorious, it is glory or order. . . . The Roman eagle adopted by the Emperor Napoleon at the beginning of this century was

the most striking sign of the regeneration and the glory of France. It disappeared in our calamities. It must reappear when France, risen from her defeats, mistress of herself, seems no longer to repudiate her own glory. Take back this eagle then, soldiers, not as a menace against foreigners, but as the symbol of our independence, as the souvenir of an heroic epoch, as the signet of nobility of each regiment. Take back these eagles, then, which have so often led our fathers to victory, and swear to die, if need be, to defend them."

After delivering this address, the Prince gave a standard to each colonel. Surmounted by an eagle, this standard bore the President's monogram, an R and an F (République Française), and the names of the principal battles in which each regiment had been engaged. The religious ceremony was afterwards celebrated. Salvos of artillery announced the beginning of the Mass, which was said by the Archbishop of Paris. At the Elevation, a cannon was discharged, the drums beat a salute, the trumpets sounded a march, the troops presented arms, the flags were lowered. After Mass, the Archbishop delivered a discourse in which he gave Louis Napoleon this prudent advice: "Prince, pay less attention to the present than to the future. You may talk of peace when armies so valiant are at your command. Your eagles will have space enough for their lofty flight, from the summits of the Atlas to the summits of the Alps and the Pyrenees." The prelate con-

cluded his harangue in this wise: "God, sovereign master of war and of peace, come Thyself to bless these standards; impress them with striking tokens of Thy power and sanctity. . . . May they enclose peace and war within their glorious folds for the security of the good and the terror of the wicked; and may France breathe freely in their shadow, and be, for the welfare of the world, the greatest and happiest of nations!" Then the Archbishop proceeded to the benediction of the standards. Afterwards the Prince mounted his horse again, and the troops began to file off. In the evening all the public buildings were illuminated.

Two days later, May 12, the army offered the Prince-President a grand ball at the Military School. Although I had not yet finished my studies I was present at this fête, which I recall as if it had taken place but yesterday. There were fifteen thousand invited guests. A palace had been improvised in the court of honor as if by enchantment. Stars of steel, broadsword blades, gun-barrels, the pommels of pistols, the points of poniards, appeared in the trophies. A parterre of women and flowers glittered in the amphitheatre on benches arranged on two sides of the dancing-hall, where a carpet of striped rubber cloth represented an immense Oriental stuff. On the walls the names of French victories shone in letters of gold. A chime of bells, placed in the orchestra, rang a full peal on the entry of the President, and drums beat and trumpets blared together.

At the back of the hall rose a vast platform ornamented by a bust of the Emperor Napoleon, a bust of his nephew, a gigantic cross of the Legion of Honor, and a colossal military medal. The first quadrille was danced by the Prince-President with Madame de Saint-Arnaud, wife of the Minister of War, by General de Saint-Arnaud with Lady Douglas, and with General Magnan with the Princesse Mathilde. The Prince danced a second time with Madame Sautereau, General Magnan's daughter.

June 28, at the close of the session, Louis Napoleon sent a message to the legislative body, in which he thus expressed himself: "Tell your constituents that in Paris, this heart of France, this revolutionary centre which sheds light or conflagration over the world by turns, you have seen an immense population applying themselves to the removal of the traces of revolution, and devoting themselves joyfully to labor, secure as to the future. . . . You have seen this haughty army, which has saved the country, rise still higher in the esteem of men by kneeling devoutly before the image of God present upon the altar. This is as much as to say that in France there is a government animated by faith and the love of goodness, which rests upon the people, the source of all power, upon the army, the source of all strength, and on religion, the source of all justice."

The satisfaction of the Prince-President was unmixed. But there was a man who, more Napoleonic

than Louis Napoleon, more of an imperialist than the future Emperor, could hardly conceal his dissatisfaction. This was the Minister of the Interior, M. de Persigny. This man found that the Republic was lasting too long and the Empire not coming sufficiently soon. "After the *coup d'Etat*," he has written in his Memoirs, "the Republic no longer existed except in name! But the passage from the republican to the monarchical form, desired by some, dreaded by others, still appeared so difficult of realization that no one would have dared publicly to declare himself in favor of it. Obeying as it were a sentiment of shame, the nation seemed to banish the necessity of another transformation from its mind. It was so short a time since it had hailed the Republic, that in spite of its desire for stability, it shrank from dreaming of another evolution. The President openly censured all idea of change, and especially all attempts to bring about constitutional manifestations."

Things were at this point when Louis Napoleon decided to make a long excursion in the departments of the South. At this time M. de Persigny said to the Ministerial Council: "What attitude ought we to recommend to the prefects in delicate circumstances?" "What attitude? what circumstances?" cried his colleagues. "What circumstances?" he returned; "but suppose they shout: 'Long live the Emperor!'" At this speech, adds M. de Persigny, in relating the incident, "an unheard-of scene

occurred. It seemed as if I had put my foot into an ant-hill. Questions rained on me from every side. The members of the Council got up, left their places, shouting and gesticulating. They grouped in the embrasures of the windows, talking animatedly together, then turning toward me like madmen, and asking if I wanted civil war. . . . I withdrew alone, followed by the disturbed and irritated glances of my colleagues, and wondering whether I should not at once receive an invitation to hand in my resignation." After this scene, the Minister of the Interior spent one day in a sort of stupor. The President was about to begin his journey. Not a moment was to be lost. M. de Persigny wrote a telegraphic despatch ordering the prefects of several departments through which Louis Napoleon had to pass to come to him without delay. The prefect of Cher, M. Pastoureau, was the first to arrive. "There is a train that starts for Bourges within an hour," the minister said to him. "Do not miss it. Go back to your post without seeing any one here, and without acquainting a living soul with the secret instructions for the journey. These are the instructions: The Empire! Long live the Emperor! And let us make no mistake. The Duc de Reichstadt, Napoleon II., never reigned, but the people knew him under that name for a long time. He was proclaimed by his father. Let us render this homage to his memory, and call the nephew of the Emperor, Napoleon III. This title will make

the dynasty seem older. Do not lose a moment in arranging to distribute flags to each municipality, on one side of which shall appear the words: Long live the Emperor! and on the other: Long live Napoleon III.! and when they are filing before the Prince let them shout. Do the same about triumphal arches. . . . Manage your preparations as secretly as possible."

Having taken so audacious a resolution without the knowledge of the President and the ministers, M. de Persigny was in anguish. "At every moment," he says, "at every noise, at every changing of sentries at my door, I feared lest some one might be coming to replace or to arrest me, — how could I tell? — and the work might be compromised. Then secret doubts and terrors occurred to me. Had I not presumed too far upon popular sentiment? Would not the acclamations in favor of the Empire provoke collisions? Sometimes my face was covered with a cold sweat." However, the terrors of the adventurous minister died away. When the Prince-President started on his journey to the South of France, M. de Persigny had the satisfaction of seeing him enter a railway car without either himself or any one around him seeming to have the least suspicion of what was going to happen. The prediction of M. Thiers was on the verge of accomplishment. One might say that the Empire had succeeded.

Thus, the same man who, in 1848, had caused Louis Napoleon to be elected a deputy, without his

knowledge, was, again without his knowledge, to have him acclaimed Emperor. One may question whether the imperial fanatic was well inspired in acting thus, and whether a Napoleonic republic would not have been preferable to an empire. Would not the First Consul have been wiser, happier, more truly great than the Emperor? Was the pompous display of a court in harmony with modern ideas? Was it to Louis Napoleon's interest to efface the R and F which he had just inscribed upon the eagle-surmounted standards, and to abandon to his adversaries such a talisman as the word Republic?

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE JOURNEY IN THE SOUTH

IT was the 14th of September, 1852, when Louis Napoleon left Saint-Cloud to make his journey in the South. His first stop was at Orléans, where the prefect had not received special orders. The Prince was received in the usual way, with cries of: "Long live the Republic! Long live the President! Long live Napoleon!" but without the slightest imperialist manifestations. He arrived the same day at Bourges. There M. de Persigny's programme was carried out to the letter. The Prince, not without astonishment, heard the whole population shouting: "Long live Napoleon III.! Long live the Emperor!" He was at Nevers the 15th of September, at Moulins the 16th, at Roanne the 17th, at Saint-Etienne the 18th. At all these places the imperialist manifestations reappeared. Telegraphic despatches giving an account of them were sent to the Ministry of the Interior, and from there forwarded to all the departments to be posted up in every commune of France.

The Prince arrived at Lyons on the 19th. There he found M. de Persigny. "The reception he gave

me," writes the latter, "was glacial. Never had he treated me so coldly. He made no allusion to my initiative, but he was evidently offended by the determination to which I had dared to come alone, and contrary to or lacking his advice." The Prince had just written a speech to be delivered at Lyons, in which he declared his intention to maintain the Republic. M. de Persigny, General de Saint-Arnaud, M. Mocquard, and M. Bret, prefect of the Rhone, united in trying to persuade him that it was too late to arrest a movement which had taken possession of all France. Louis Napoleon yielded without great resistance, and the speech was altered forthwith. "But it seemed to me," adds M. de Persigny, "that even in the midst of an unheard-of triumph the soul of this great prince experienced a sort of sadness in thinking, on one hand, of the collisions to which his person might be exposed, and on the other, of regret at having been surprised by an event which he had not foreseen."

On the 21st, the Prince unveiled the statue of Napoleon at Lyons. On this occasion he made a speech in which he said: "At every point of my journey has arisen the unanimous cry of 'Long live the Emperor!' But in my view, this cry is much rather a souvenir which touches my heart than a hope which affects my pride. Prudence and patriotism require that in moments like these the nation should reflect before fixing its destinies, and it is

still difficult for me to know under what name I can render the greatest services. If the modest title of President can facilitate the mission entrusted to me, and from which I have not recoiled, it is not I who, through self-interest, would desire to exchange it for that of Emperor."

The Prince-President was at Grenoble on the 22d of September, the 23d at Valence, the first garrison of the Emperor his uncle, the 25th at Avignon and Marseilles. The day before, preparations had been discovered in this city for the employment by conspirators of an infernal machine. The only result of this discovery was to assure the Prince a still more cordial welcome. The 27th he was at Toulon, the 30th at Aix and at Nîmes, the 1st of October at Tarascon, the 2d at Montpellier and Narbonne, the 3d at Carcassonne, the 4th at Toulouse, the 6th at Agen, the 7th at Bordeaux.

Baron Haussmann, who soon afterwards became justly famous as prefect of the Seine, had organized the reception of the Prince with that skill and administrative science of which he had the secret. In his curious Memoirs he has described the minutest details of the reception with the fidelity of a Daugeau. We will leave the account to him: "For the entry of Bordeaux by the bridge there was a stated ceremonial, which had been many times employed, and of which people were growing weary. The arrival of the Prince by the upper part of the river, which I proposed, and his entrance into the city by that

beautiful roadstead of which the arches of the bridge seem to be the fluvial portico, admitted, on the contrary, of an unexampled splendor for which I made myself the guaranty. My opinion prevailed. We agreed that one of the vessels of the steamboat company of the upper Garonne, decorated for the occasion, and abundantly provisioned for a breakfast on board, should be at the orders of the Prince at Agen, in the morning of October 7, with another boat to follow it. The departure from Agen would take place at seven o'clock precisely, the tide thus permitting, so that the arrival at Bordeaux might not occur later than three o'clock in the afternoon." This programme was faithfully executed. M. Haussmann adds: "The Prince by his affable reception, his simple manners, his willingness to chat with every one, even were it but for a moment, and to ask questions about everything, completely charmed all present. He noticed the country, the course of the Garonne, and asked the names of the cities and towns lying on either bank, the houses of which were covered with flags, and whose inhabitants were shouting, 'Long live the Emperor!' as he passed by, and making powder speak in every way at their command."

On approaching Bordeaux, Louis Napoleon went up on the captain's bridge, wishing to get a better view of the general outlines of the city. Behind the bridge, when he was actually in port, this unexpected sight struck him with admiration and sur-

prise. Pressing the arm of the prefect, he exclaimed: "How beautiful it is!"

From the bridge to the landing-place of the vertical wharf, in front of the Quinconces, the French vessels, with their sailors in the mizzen tops and on the yards, were drawn up in six uninterrupted parallel lines, three on either side, leaving a space four metres in width in the middle. Below, opposite the façade of the Chartrons, rose, like the background of a picture, the forest of masts of foreign vessels, all decked with flags, in front of which lay the vessels of the state, which greeted the arrival of the Prince by salvos of artillery, all the bells of the city ringing meanwhile. Louis Napoleon landed on the platform of the vertical quay, and the authorities received him under a *velarium* sown with golden bees. He mounted a horse and rode to the extremity of the Place des Quinconces, where the deputations from the five hundred and forty-four communes of the department of Gironde filed past him, preceded by banners, their mayors and deputy mayors wearing their official sashes. The members of these deputations comprised twenty thousand men, each of whom wore in his buttonhole a bronze medal stamped with the Prince's effigy, and on the other side, the words "Journey to the South. Bordeaux, October 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1852." They marched to cries of, "Long live the Emperor! Long live Napoleon III.!" Afterward they drew up in lines from the Place des Quinconces to the primatial church

whither the Prince was going. He went on horseback, escorted by a guard of honor composed of the fashionable young men of the city, all very well mounted. On arriving in front of the church portal, he was complimented by the Cardinal-Archbishop, Primate of Aquitaine, who conducted him to the choir, intoned the *Te Deum*, and gave the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession then resumed its march to the Municipal Palace, where the Prince was to lodge during his stay. In the evening a dinner was laid for sixty persons, and a concert given in the garden by the Saint Cecilia Society. The whole city was illuminated.

The next day, October 8, another dinner of sixty plates at the Municipal Palace, and a ball at the Grand Theatre, one of the finest theatres in Europe. Baron Haussmann was already collaborating with M. Alphand, the skilful engineer of roads and bridges, who had built the vertical quay of Bordeaux. They laid their heads together to decorate the hall in a magnificent manner. Faithfully reproduced on the level of the stage, it formed with it an immense oval which accommodated eight thousand persons. The *coup d'œil* was dazzling.

The Prince had accepted a dinner for the next day from the Chamber of Commerce. The repast took place in the hall of the Bourse. One hundred and eighty guests were seated around an immense table. A vast space had been contrived in the middle of this table, hollowed out so as not to impede

the view of the guests, and containing a real garden and a reservoir with gushing fountains. Eight hundred spectators occupied the first row of galleries. At nine o'clock, when the repast ended, Louis Napoleon rose, and in a vibrant voice, amidst a profound and religious silence, uttered these words: "There is a fear to which I must respond. Certain persons say, distrustfully: 'The Empire is war.' I say: 'The Empire is peace.' It is peace, because France desires it, and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil. Glory is rightfully bequeathed as a heritage, but not war. Have the princes who pride themselves so justly on being the grandsons of Louis XIV. reopened his strifes? War is not made for pleasure, but through necessity, and at these epochs of transition, when everywhere, at the side of so many elements of prosperity, there germinate so many seeds of death, one may truly say: 'Woe to him who shall be the first to give the signal for a collision in Europe!'" Alas! why have the sovereigns, and Napoleon III. himself, so frequently forgotten this prudent reflection?

Continuing his discourse, the Prince developed his programme in the following terms: "I admit, however, that, like the Emperor, I have many conquests to make. I wish, like him, to win the dissident parties to conciliation, and to bring back into the great popular stream the hostile currents which are wasting themselves to no one's profit. I wish to gain to religion, morals, comfort, that still very

numerous portion of the population who, in the midst of a land of faith and conviction, hardly know the precepts of Christ, who in the heart of the most fertile country on earth can scarcely enjoy its products of prime necessity. We have immense uncultivated territories to bring into cultivation, roads to open, harbors to dig, rivers to render navigable, canals to finish, our chain of railways to complete. Opposite Marseilles we have a vast kingdom to assimilate to France. We have all our great western ports to bring nearer to the American continent by the rapidity of communication which we yet lack. We have everywhere, in fact, ruins to rebuild, false gods to cast down, truths to be made triumphant. This is how I understand the Empire if the Empire is to be restored. Such are the conquests that I meditate, and all of you who listen to me, and who desire as I do the welfare of our country, are my soldiers."

Unanimous plaudits greeted this pacific discourse, which was to produce as great an effect abroad as it did in France. Some time after concluding it, Louis Napoleon went up to the first row of galleries, from which he watched the illuminations of the harbor and the neighboring hillsides. Fireworks were shooting into the air on every side.

There was a second edition — a popular edition — at the Grand Theatre that night of the ball given the night before. Offered by the city, it was intended for the working people. Its democratic character

was especially pleasing to Louis Napoleon, who surprised the guests by attending it and remaining longer than he had done at the ball of the night before. As he entered, fifteen young girls approached him. One of these, Mademoiselle Aimée Ruspino, daughter of an overseer who had formerly been a city fireman, carried an immense basket of flowers. Each of the others, who were uniformly dressed in blue, held a bouquet in her hand. Mademoiselle Ruspino addressed a compliment to the Prince, who opened the ball with her, the prefect dancing *vis-à-vis* with another workman's daughter. Both of the girls received a cross set with diamonds the following day, presented by the Prince and the prefect. The lively gaiety of this popular ball had enchanted Louis Napoleon. Never had he felt happier than when surrounded by these proletarians who gave him so cordial a reception. How men should felicitate themselves on not knowing their future destinies! What a gloom would have pervaded the Prince's countenance, then so triumphant, had he known, during these ovations of October 9, 1852, that on February 29, 1871, in this same hall of the Grand Theatre of Bordeaux, transformed into a parliamentary chamber, the downfall of his dynasty would be proclaimed!

On the day settled on for his departure, October 10, the Prince said to the Municipal Council: "Gentlemen, you have received me as a sovereign. Kindly remember me as a friend." Then he walked to the

cathedral, where he was received by the Cardinal-Archbishop. M. Haussmann accompanied him as far as Laroche-Chalais, where he took his leave. The Prince said at this time: "I could not be better pleased with my stay here and with all I have seen in Bordeaux, nor with the place you have taken in this fastidious region and the services you are here rendering me." And he added with a smile: "When the Prince is satisfied, the prefect may be tranquil."

In the Charentes he was welcomed still more cordially than in the Gironde. According to Louis Napoleon's own testimony, this was undeniably the most energetically sympathetic reception offered him. The least hamlet paid its tribute like the largest city. The Prince was at Angoulême October 10, at Saintes and at Rochefort the 11th, at Rochelle the 12th, at Niort the 13th, at Poitiers the 14th, at Tours the 15th, and on the 16th he re-entered Paris, where a triumphant return had been prepared for him.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE RE-ENTRANCE INTO PARIS

NEVER did a sovereign make a more ceremonious and splendid re-entrance into his capital than that of Louis Napoleon to Paris, October 16, 1852. The president of the Republic, who was to be Emperor before the year was out, wished already to show himself to his future subjects in imperial pomp. That which he displayed was a sort of preface to the plébiscite which was to put the sceptre into his hand. Along these boulevards, so recently the field of civil war and bristling with barricades, a chief of state advanced, beneath triumphal arches, in all the prestige of force and of authority. Republican sentiment was far from having disappeared in Paris, especially among the workmen, and a ceremony which resembled the ovations of Roman emperors was not calculated to please all. But it had been so cleverly got up that the spectacle attracted even those who opposed it. The crowd was enormous; and from the outskirts of the city and the neighboring departments a stream of real Bonapartists had been brought in who counted for a good deal in the sympathetic manifestations. The Parisians came,

some through genuine enthusiasm, others from simple curiosity. Great deployments of troops, drums, military music, fine uniforms, brilliant processions, have the gift of charming them. All along the road the Prince had to traverse, from the Orléans railway station to the Tuileries, — about two leagues, — appeared decorated houses, sheaves of arms, flags, banners, corporations of working men, innumerable groups of children crowned with flowers, and of young girls dressed in white. The weather was superb. A magnificent autumnal sun was shining.

The platform of the Orléans railway station, by which the Prince was to arrive, had been richly decorated. An armchair of red velvet, sown with golden bees, and surmounted by a dais, had been placed on a platform. Delegations from the great bodies of state were in the waiting-room. As two o'clock struck, salvos of artillery and bands of choristers announced the coming of the train into the station. The Prince was saluted by cries of "Long live the Emperor!" as he stepped from the car. After exchanging a few words with several persons, especially with the Archbishop of Paris, he mounted a horse, having as escort fifty-two squadrons of cavalry, and the procession began its march. At the exit of the platform the railway employees had erected a triumphal arch. For an instant the Prince was obliged to halt, so thick was the rain of flowers that fell at his horse's feet. One hundred young girls of the twelfth arrondissement were

offering him bouquets. On arriving at the Place Walhubert, he turned towards the pavilion occupied by the prefect of the Seine and the Municipal Council. "Monseigneur," said the prefect, "the city of Paris, your faithful capital, is happy to see you re-enter within its walls to-day. For a month its heart and mind have been following you in your triumphant march, and awaiting with impatience the day when it too might greet your return with acclamations. Comply, Monseigneur, with the wishes of an entire people; Providence borrows its voice to bid you terminate the mission it has confided to you by resuming the crown of the immortal founder of your dynasty." Louis Napoleon replied: "If France desires the Empire, it is because it thinks that form of government better ensures its greatness and its glory. As for me, under whatever title it may be granted me to serve it, I will consecrate to it all that I have of force, all that I have of devotion."

The procession resumes its march. Here on the Place Walhubert is an arch of triumph with this inscription: "The City of Paris to Louis Napoleon, Emperor." The names of the cities visited by the Prince at the time of his last journey stand out in letters of gold, with their arms on the front of the arch. They cross the Austerlitz bridge. On the Place Mazas they find thirty thousand people from the department of Seine-et-Oise. On the boulevard Bourdon is another arch of triumph with this inscrip-

tion: "The artists of the Hippodrome, to Napoleon III." At this moment a balloon rises, carrying a colossal gilt eagle with a wreath of laurel in its talons. On the right side of the same boulevard a second arch appears, with these inscriptions on its two sides: "France and Napoleon," and on the front, "Empire. Long live Napoleon III." They reach the Place de la Bastille. Here the deputations from Seine-et-Marne are stationed.

The Prince, still on horseback, and riding a few paces ahead of his immense escort of cavalry, passes over the whole line of the boulevards from the Bastille to the Madeleine, under successive arches of triumph. One at the upper end of the boulevard Beaumarchais is surmounted by an eagle with outspread wings, and bears this motto: "The eighth arrondissement to Louis Napoleon." Another appears in front of the Winter Circus, which has just been completed. On the summit of the entablature this inscription may be read: "To Louis Napoleon, the workmen of the circus," and beneath it the three words, "Amity. Respect. Devotion." On either side of the bay are these stanzas:—

Ami des travailleurs, et leur ami sincère,
Non content de leur rendre un labeur quotidien,
Pour eux, dans l'avenir, combattant la misère,
Il veut de leurs vieux jours être encor le soutien.[1]

[1] Friend of the working men, and their sincere friend,
Not content to furnish them a daily task,
For them in the future warring with poverty,
He wills to be their mainstay in their age.

Dieu nous garde la paix! Mais un jour si la guerre
En lui nous menaçait, après nos vœux, nos bras,
Du paisible chantier courant à la frontière,
Pour combattre avec lui, nous serions tous soldats.[1]

Now comes the triumphal arch of the Théâtre Lyrique, with this inscription: "To Napoleon, protector of the arts." And this of the Porte Saint-Martin, with these words: —

Ave Cæsar Imperator.
The Empire is peace. France is satisfied.

On the façade of the Gymnase is a gilt eagle with the thunderbolt and the imperial crown in his talons; on that of the Variétés, draperies and military emblems. A little farther off, on an immense canopy sown with golden bees, may be read this inscription: "To Napoleon III. Long live the Emperor!" This is the offering of the two theatres which already style themselves by anticipation the Imperial Academy of Music, and the Imperial Theatre of the Opera Comique. At the upper end of the rue Vivienne are two oriflammes erected by the stockbrokers, and a rich green drapery with these words in gold letters: "To Louis Napoleon, the Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine and the Chamber of Commerce of Paris." Here on the boulevard des Capucines is a great arch

[1] God keep our peace! But if one day war
In him should threaten us, after our prayers, our arms,
From peaceful work-yards running to the frontiers
To combat with him, we would all be soldiers.

of foliage. The Prince arrives at the church of the Madeleine. At the foot of the steps, all occupied by the pupils of the communal schools and those of the lyceums, conducted by Brothers of the Christian Doctrine and professors in their robes, stands, with his clergy, the curé of the parish, the Abbé Deguerry, one day to be a victim of the Commune of 1871. The Prince reins in his horse in front of the church porch, the magnificent colonnade of which produces an effect so grandiose. The curé says to him: "Monseigneur, it has pleased God to invest you with an immense power, and since He has put an ardent love for the people into your heart, what good He has called on you to do! What good you have already done and will you not do again! May you be blessed then, Monseigneur, in the name of that God who loves France, the eldest daughter of the Church."

The aspect of the rue Royale, from the Place de la Concorde to the garden of the Tuileries, is not less animated than that of the boulevards. From the middle of an innumerable crowd a forest of flags and banners stands out in full relief; corporations of working men, deputations from rural communes, veterans of the First Empire, young girls dressed in white, crowned with laurels and roses, representing the markets and workshops of Paris. At the entrance of the Tuileries garden rises a grand arch of triumph. On the front of it appears the inscription: "To Napoleon III., Emperor and Saviour of

Modern Civilization, Protector of the Arts and Sciences, of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, the grateful working men." On the left side: "Constitution of the Year VIII. Constitution of 1852. Conversion of Annuities. Crédit Foncier." On the right: "Works of Public Utility. Railways. Construction of the Louvre. Rue de Rivoli."

At the moment when Louis Napoleon, having passed under this triumphal arch, enters the garden, he is inundated as it were by a rain of flowers. The acclamations redouble until his arrival at the château, that architectural emblem of sovereignty. He rests for an instant in his apartments, and then, as the deputations which stand in the garden still continue shouting for him, he shows himself on the balcony of the hall of Marshals, and thanks the crowd by a salute. In the evening the streets and boulevards are filled with promenaders. A great many houses and all the monuments of Paris are illuminated.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ABD-EL-KADER AT SAINT-CLOUD

AT the time when Louis Napoleon made his ceremonious entry at the Tuileries, the restoration of the grand apartments was in progress. The conclusion of this task was to coincide with the restoration of the Empire. Meanwhile, the Prince lived at Saint-Cloud. When he arrived there, October 17, the mayor thus addressed him: "Prince, for the last month France has been existing on a single thought. She has been intent on the details of the marvellous journey which has convinced you that a great people, which you have saved from the dangers of shipwreck, still places in you all its hopes for the future. Reign, Prince, reign for long years over a country that will repay you in love and devotion for the care you are taking for its welfare."

At Saint-Cloud, on October 30, Louis Napoleon received the visit of Abd-el-Kader. A few days previous, just before ending his journey, he had gone out of his way to see the Emir at Amboise.

Abd-el-Kader had been a prisoner in France nearly five years, notwithstanding the promises made when he surrendered to the French, December 23, 1847, on

the plateau of Sidi-Brahim. The day before, along with the promise of the *aman*, General de Lamoricière had sent him his own sword as a pledge of his promise. The Emir wrote in reply: "I wish you would send me your French parole, which cannot be gainsaid or altered, and which will guarantee that you will have me transported either to Alexandria or Akka (Saint John of Acre), but not anywhere else." The general replied: "I have orders from the son of our king (the Duc d'Aumale) to grant you the *aman* and the passage from Djemma-Ghazouat to Alexandria or Akka. You will not be taken elsewhere. Come at your own convenience, either by day or night. Our sovereign will be generous toward you and yours." The Duc d'Aumale, then governor-general of Algeria, ratified the pledge given by General de Lamoricière, and expressed his firm expectation that it would be sanctioned by the Government. Nevertheless, in the middle of October, 1852, Abd-el-Kader was still a prisoner at Amboise.

The interview between Louis Napoleon and the Emir had a touch of solemnity in this château to which are attached so many historic souvenirs. With its terraced gardens, eighty feet above the ground, its bold bell-turrets, its pointed arches, and its two great towers to north and south, — inside of which a carriage might be driven to the very top, — it was a noble frame for this memorable scene. The Prince said to the Emir: "Abd-el-Kader, I come to tell you that you are free. You will be taken to

Broussa, in the Sultan's dominions, as soon as the needful preparations can be made; and there you will receive from the French Government a salary worthy of your former rank. As you know already, your captivity has long caused me real pain; for it always reminded me that the government which preceded mine had not kept all the pledges given to an unfortunate enemy; and, in my view, nothing is more humiliating for the government of a great nation, than to misconceive its own strength to the point of breaking its promise. Generosity is always the best counsellor, and I am convinced that your residence in Turkey will not disturb the tranquillity of our African possessions. Your religion, like ours, teaches submission to the decrees of Providence. Now, if France is mistress of Algeria, it is because God has so willed it, and the nation will never abandon this conquest.

"You have been the enemy of France, but I do not render less justice on that account to your courage, your character, your resignation in misfortune; and this is why I feel it an honor to end your captivity, relying fully upon your promised word."

Abd-el-Kader replied by assuring the Prince of his respectful and eternal gratitude, afterwards swearing on the Koran that he would never make any attempt against French domination in Algeria. He added that to suppose the law of the Prophet permitted the violation of promises made to Christians would be to misunderstand both its spirit and

its letter, and he showed the Prince a verse of the Koran which explicitly condemns, without exception or mental reservation, whoever violates sworn faith, even with infidels.

The château of Amboise has been the abode of several French kings, beginning with Louis XI., who there created the Order of Saint Michael. Charles VIII. was born and died there. Claude of France, wife of Francis I., brought nearly all of her children into the world there. To so many souvenirs, history will add the release from captivity of Abd-el-Kader by Louis Napoleon. This event has already been made the subject of a large picture, which is in one of the galleries of Versailles.

The Emir saw the Prince again October 30, and this time at the château of Saint-Cloud, where he came with General de Saint-Arnaud, Minister of War, and General Daumas, director of Algerian affairs. While waiting for the Prince, he said his prayers devoutly. Doubtless it was the first time that a Mussulman had performed his religious duties at Saint-Cloud.

When Louis Napoleon made his appearance, surrounded by his ministers and aides-de-camp, Abd-el-Kader stooped to kiss his hand. Louis Napoleon, raising him up, clasped him affectionately in his arms. After warmly expressing his gratitude, the Emir added: "I wish to leave a document in your hands which shall be to all a witness of my oath. Hence I give you this letter; it is a faithful repro-

duction of my mind." Some of the principal sentences of this document are thus translated: "Praise to the only God! May God continue to give victory to Napoleon, to our Lord, the Lord of Kings! . . . He who is now before you is the former prisoner whom your generosity has delivered, and who comes to thank you for your benefits, Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahhi-ed-Din. He has approached Your Highness to offer thanks for the good done by you, and to rejoice in beholding you, for I swear by God, the Master of the world, that you, Monseigneur, are dearer to my heart than any of those whom I love. . . . You have believed in me, you have not put faith in the words of those who doubted me, you have set me at liberty, and I swear to you solemnly by the word of God, and by His prophets and messengers, that I will never forget your benefits nor ever again set foot in Algeria. When God willed me to make war against the French, I made it; I have fought as well as I could, and when God so decided, I ceased to combat. . . .

"I am a witness of the greatness of your Empire, the strength of your troops, the immensity of the riches of France, of the equity of its leaders, the uprightness of their actions. It is impossible to believe that any one could vanquish you or oppose your wishes except Almighty God."

A real sympathy had evidently been established between the prisoner of Amboise and the former prisoner of Ham. It was openly displayed in the

closing words of this beautiful letter: "I hope that in your benevolence and goodness you will keep a place in your heart for me, for I was far distant, and you have placed me in the circle of your intimate friends; if my services do not equal theirs, I equal them at least in the friendship I bear you. May God increase love in the hearts of your friends and terror in the hearts of your enemies! I have nothing more to add, unless that I confide myself to your friendship. I offer you my good wishes, therefore, and renew my oath."

Louis Napoleon said to Abd-el-Kader: "Your letter touches me more deeply because I had not asked you for a written promise, finding a sufficient guaranty in my knowledge of your character. This spontaneous action on your part is a proof that I was right in believing in you."

The Prince then took the Emir through the château of Saint-Cloud and to the stables to see his favorite horses. He also told him that he would presently show him a grand review of cavalry and have him try the horse he meant to give him.

Louis Napoleon and Abd-el-Kader were very well satisfied with each other when they parted. The liberation of the prisoner had produced a good effect in all quarters. He assisted a few days later at the festivities of the inauguration of the Empire, and his presence, a symbolic homage of Algeria to France, attracted great attention from the crowd. I remember that although very young at the time, I had the

honor of being presented to the African hero. His grave and noble visage, his glowing eyes, his dull complexion, the blue mark in the skin of his forehead, his white burnous, his soldierly and priestly bearing, produced an impression that was poetic and imposing. One saw in him the veritable cherif, the descendant of the Prophet.

Louis Napoleon had been happily inspired in accomplishing an act of generosity and justice a few days before ascending the throne. It created a public opinion in his favor both in Algeria and France. Abd-el-Kader, moreover, justified in a striking manner the confidence placed in him, when, nearly eight years afterward, at the time of the massacres in Syria, he saved the lives of so many Christians threatened by Mussulman fanaticism, and merited the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor by his humanity and courage.

CHAPTER XXXIX

PARIS

PARIS, ungovernable at one time, easy to govern at another, is a city which at certain hours thinks of nothing but political hatreds, strifes, and passions, and at other periods takes for its motto: "Gain money, and amuse yourself." Mobile and versatile, by turns revolutionary and docile to authority, passing almost without transition from the régime of democracy to that of aristocracy, the same men at an interval of a few years raise barricades against one sovereign and triumphal arches for another. Now they scorn power, and again they worship it, and in either case they know not why. To-day liberty seems to them the chief good; to-morrow they will lose it without the least regret. A few only remain faithful to their principles, and, persuaded that the parliamentary régime is the best guaranty for the prosperity and dignity of modern society, continue to believe that there never are sufficient reasons for veiling the Statue of Liberty. But these men are rare, and in the view of many Frenchmen a *coup d'Etat* is legitimized by success.

The right they recognize most willingly is the right of the strongest. They abandon to a few isolated Catos the honor of delighting in defeated causes.

At the end of 1852 men no longer concerned themselves with politics in Paris. Parliamentarism they considered as a worn-out and unfashionable Byzantine subtlety. The tribune was almost an archaic ruin, and very few persons thought of repairing it. The last assemblies, by their discords, their inconsequence, their sterile wordy wars; the parties by their divisions, and the press by its excessive violence, had fatigued men's minds. The same city which had shed its blood to combat the ordinances of Charles X. saw Louis Napoleon muzzle all the journals with indifference.

Doubtless, a large number of workmen remained loyal at heart to the Republic; but as their wages were higher than ever, they quietly enjoyed their comfort. They had just finished the rue de Rivoli; they were going to finish the Louvre. The transformation of Paris was their work, and they took a certain pride in making it the capital of capitals. The furious diatribes of political refugees in London and Jersey had no echo in the Parisian proletariat. Louis Napoleon drove himself in his own phaeton, and unattended, through the most crowded quarters of Paris, and was menaced by no attempt at murder.

As to the middle classes, glad to be rid of riots and barricades, they enjoyed a quiet which seemed par-

ticularly sweet after the crises of recent years. The service of the national guards, so lately tiresome and dangerous, was now only a harmless recreation. At the head of this Parisian militia, once so turbulent, now so calm and well-disciplined, there had been put an old general, very Bonapartist but with the manners of the old régime, the Marquis Lawoëstine. He gave excellent breakfasts to a very brilliant staff in a fashionable hotel in the Place Vendôme. Young men of the wealthy middle class were very proud of caracoling in the national guard on horseback, and of showing themselves in uniform at balls and on parade. Business men are always in good humor when they are making money, and at the end of 1852 they were making a good deal. That is why they were nearly all imperialists. The pacific programme of Bordeaux had given trade and commerce a scope and security which permitted men who were at all enterprising to make fortunes as considerable in quantity as they were swift in the making. The financiers both great and small, the merchants, the speculators, were nearly all supporters of the Government.

As to the aristocracy, its drawing-room antagonism was altogether spiritless and could not be taken seriously. The society of the faubourg Saint-Germain, much more brilliant and especially much more exclusive than it is at present, religiously retained its legitimist faith, but at bottom was extremely glad to be rid of the red spectre and of having preserved,

in spite of so many disquietudes, its titles of nobility and its property rights. Moreover, it could not forget that the greatest names of French aristocracy had figured in the household of Napoleon I. and in those of the empresses Josephine and Marie Louise. Let us add that in 1852 Louis Napoleon was esteemed the saviour of the Papacy. The acts that had committed him to the Italian revolutionary party dated twenty years back, and the conservatives considered them as youthful errors which had been long forgotten. The French clergy, with very few exceptions, had noisily rallied to the inheritor of the Empire, and it was the bishops who had given him the most active approbation. Hence the legitimist party could not summon the theory of the throne and the altar to the support of its ancient pretensions. On the whole, the partisans of the Comte de Chambord were far less bitterly opposed to Louis Napoleon than to Louis Philippe. Take it all in all, the Empire was less distasteful to them than the reign of the golden mean, and they owned themselves that if they were in power they would prefer to be governed with the Constitution of 1852 rather than with the Charter of 1830.

As to the Orleanist party, it had dwindled to not much more than a few personal friends of the Orléans princes, and a little group of *doctrinaires*, as people then styled men who remained faithful to parliamentary principles. Efforts at an agreement between Claremont and Frohsdorf were abandoned.

Between the white flag of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and the tricolored flag of the younger branch, all accord seemed impossible. Hence there was no more talk of that famous *fusion* which not long before had given rise to so many proceedings, and such frequent goings and comings. There was the less temptation to renew these negotiations, since there was no denying that even if they succeeded, they could produce none but a purely theoretic result in the existing condition of France. Besides, Louis Napoleon had neglected no means of rallying the former servitors, both military and civil, of the preceding reign to his side. The men who had made the *coup d'Etat*, — General de Saint-Arnaud, General Magnan, Count de Morny, the greater part of the ministers and counsellors of the Prince-President, MM. Achille Fould, Drouyn de Lhuys, Rouher, Ducos, Billault, Magne, and many others, — had been Orleanists. The July monarchy was scarcely represented at Paris, except in the French Academy and certain centres where Louis Napoleon had been forgiven neither the *coup d'Etat*, nor, above all, the decrees of January 22, which had confiscated a part of the fortune of the Orléans princes.

To sum up, the majority of the Parisians had abandoned all interest in politics, and were thinking only of their business and their pleasures. Everything was prospering, especially the trade in articles of luxury. The ball season — which at that epoch commenced with winter, and ended at the beginning

of Lent — promised to be very animated. It was known that there were to be magnificent fêtes at the Tuileries and the ministerial residences, and that the grand salons of the faubourg Saint-Germain would also be open, and the two societies vie with each other in elegance. Women had never spent more money on their dress. Never had more splendid equipages been seen in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne.

All the theatres were doing a splendid business. The dilettanti arranged to meet at the Opéra on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and on Thursdays and Saturdays at the Italiens, in the Salle Ventadour, that sanctuary of the art of song. There the chief star was Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, a German, who had Italianized her name, and who has become the Vicomtesse Vigier. Blooming with youth and beauty, she aroused general admiration by her spirited acting and the incomparable power of her voice, which had a prodigious compass, and was both soprano and contralto. Two artists destined to become famous — Faure at the Opéra Comique and Got at the Comédie Française — made their début at this period. Apropos of the latter, who had just been playing in the *Légataire Universel*, the critic of the *Moniteur* had written: "Got has the same qualities which Paliprat attributed to Regnard, — the art of enlivening the stage, *finesse*, and grace. Laughing suits him; he is clever, he is natural, he is diverting, he is pleasant, he is easy." The Théâtre Français

had a whole troop of first-class artists, — Augustine Brohan and her sister, Madeleine, Beauvallet, Ligier, Geffroy, Samson, Provost, Regnier; and, above all, the sublime interpreter of Racine and Corneille, Rachel, the tragedienne of genius. In October, 1852, she played the rôle of Emilie in *Cinna*. Hippolyte Rolle, the critic, wrote at the time: "Mademoiselle Rachel is Emilie herself; she has her insatiable hatred, her ferocious ardor to bathe herself in blood, her blind contempt of danger, her audacities, her impatience, her pitiless disdain for hands that hesitate or hearts that waver, all, even to her cruelty; but, by an exquisite art, at the moment when the generosity of Augustus and his natural clemency fall upon this ulcerated soul like a beneficent dew, which extinguishes its fire and heals its wounds, Mademoiselle Rachel expresses the appeasement of her hatred, astonished and disarmed, with a charm of look, and gesture, and attitude, which makes one comprehend the completeness of the victory of Augustus over the rebel, and to what a degree she is suddenly subdued and mastered."

The courtiers of Louis Napoleon, who called his uncle the Emperor Cæsar, and himself Augustus, thought *Cinna* an opportune play, and it was agreed that it should be performed before the Prince in a gala representation given at the Théâtre Français, October 22, 1852. Long before the play began, the approaches to the theatre were thronged by an immense crowd, and the windows of the neighboring

houses were filled with persons waiting to salute Louis Napoleon as he came from Saint-Cloud. The brilliantly lighted façade was decorated with eagles, the letter N surmounted by imperial crowns, and a triple row of gas jets. Cries of "Long live the Emperor!" announced the arrival of the Prince, who, on alighting from his carriage, was received by the director, M. Arsène Houssaye, and entered his box through the apartments of the Palais-Royal. The hall presented a dazzling spectacle. The women, in richly ornamented ball-dresses, nearly all carried bouquets of violets, — the Bonapartist flower. In the pit a sheaf of tricolored flags surrounded a bust of Louis Napoleon. During the representation, the applause of the spectators emphasized all passages which could be interpreted as flattering allusions to the Prince. Mademoiselle Rachel surpassed herself. After the tragedy she came on the stage again surrounded by all the artists of the Comédie Française, and recited an ode entitled, *The Empire is Peace*, and written by M. Arsène Houssaye. It commenced in this way: —

Je suis la Muse de l'histoire,
Mon livre est de marbre ou d'airain.
Quand vient l'heure de la victoire
Je prends mon stylet souverain.

Un nouveau cycle recommence,
Le vieux monde s'est réveillé.
Déjà dans l'horizon immense
L'étoile d'or a scintillé.

L'Empire, c'est la paix! paix qui sera féconde.
Quand Dieu veut que du Nil les flots soient assoupis,
Où le Nil débordait jaillissent des épis.
L'Empire a débordé pour féconder le monde.

Grande ruche en travail par les beaux arts charmée,
Paris, une autre Athène, Alger, une autre Tyr,
Des landes à peupler, des villes à batir,
Voilà les bulletins de notre Grande Armée. . . .

O Prince, l'avenir qu'hier tu fecondas
Nous ramène aux splendeurs des âges magnifiques,
Et pour suivre avec toi tes aigles pacifiques
Les Français, tu l'as dit, seront tous tes soldats.[1]

These are the two last stanzas, which were noisily applauded: —

La jeune France martiale,
Qui va guidant l'humanité
Avec l'idée impériale,
Rentre enfin dans sa majesté.

[1] I am the Muse of history, — My book is of marble or of bronze. — When the hour of victory comes — I take my sovereign stylus. — A new cycle recommences, — The old world is awaking. — Already in the immense horizon — The star of gold has sparkled. — The Empire is peace! peace which will be fecund. — When God wills that the floods of the Nile shall be abated, — Where the Nile overflowed the ears of grain spring up. — The Empire has overflowed to fertilize the world. — Great hive at work by the fine arts charmed, — Paris another Athens, Algiers another Tyre, — Waste lands to people, cities to upbuild, — These are the bulletins of our Grand Army. . . . — O Prince, the future thou didst fertilize yesterday — Brings us back to the splendors of the magnificent ages, — And to follow thee with thy pacific eagles — The French, thou hast said it, will all be thy soldiers.

Nous réaliserons le rêve
Qu'avait forme Napoléon.
Le Louvre, qui bientôt s'achève,
Prince, sera ton Panthéon.[1]

[1] Martial young France, — Which is to guide humanity — With the imperial idea, — Enters at last into its majesty. — We shall realize the dream — Formed by Napoleon. — The Louvre, soon to be finished, — Prince, will be thy Pantheon.

CHAPTER XL

MADEMOISELLE DE MONTIJO

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD has said: "Men often pass from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love." Louis Napoleon was to offer a contradiction to this maxim. There are ambitious persons who, their proud dreams realized, suffer as it were from a homesickness for love, and who say with Alfred de Musset: —

Etre admiré n'est rien, l'affaire est d'être aimé.[1]

Louis Napoleon belonged to this race of the ambitious. At the moment when he reached his goal after so many trials, and could exclaim like the Charles V. of Victor Hugo: —

Oh! l'Empire! l'Empire!
Que m'importe, j'y touche, et le trouve à mon gre;
Quelque chose me dit: Tu l'auras! Je l'aurai![2]

He allowed himself to be charmed by reveries and aspired after the greatest happiness in life: love in marriage.

[1] To be admired is nothing, the thing is to be loved.

[2] Oh! the Empire! the Empire! — What matters it to me, I have it, and I find it to my liking; — Something tells me: Thou shalt have it! I shall have it!

Francis I. used to say that a court without women is a year without spring and a spring without roses. Louis Napoleon was of the same mind as the Knightly King. He could not understand an Empire without an Empress. During the three years of his presidency he had not dreamed of marriage, because a cloud of doubt still hung over his political destinies. He had brought with him from London to Paris a very beautiful woman who was very devoted to him, but whom he never allowed to appear in the salons of the Elysée and who had in no wise the character or the rôle of a favorite. M. Odilon Barrot has reproduced in his Memoirs (Vol. III. p. 361) a curious letter written him by the Prince apropos of this beautiful Englishwoman. In it occurs the following sentence: "As until now my position has prevented me from marrying; as, amidst the cares of government I have, alas! in my own country, from which I have so long been absent, neither intimate friends nor acquaintances of childhood, nor relatives who give me the sweetness of family life, I may be pardoned, I hope, an affection which injures nobody, and which I do not seek to parade."

The prettiest women of the upper classes, both French and foreign, figured at the fêtes of the Elysée. The Prince-President was courteous and obliging to all, and showed no special preference for any one.

After the *coup d'Etat* the ministers and friends of the Prince sought to marry him to some princess of royal or imperial blood. But their attempts were not

fortunate, because there still existed many prejudices against Louis Napoleon in European courts. Nevertheless there was one matrimonial negotiation which for a moment seemed likely to succeed.

The Grand-duchesse Stéphanie of Baden, born Beauharnais, had had three daughters by her marriage with the Grand-duc Charles Louis Frédéric of Baden, who died in 1818: Louise Amélie Stéphanie, born in 1811, married to Prince Gustavus Vasa; Joséphine, born in 1813, married to the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; Marie, born in 1817, married to the Marquis of Douglas, son of the Duke of Hamilton.

It was in 1830 that the eldest of these three princesses married Prince Gustavus Vasa, son of Gustavus IV. of Sweden, who was dethroned in 1809 and replaced by his uncle, Charles XIII., who adopted the French Marshal Bernadotte as his heir. Exiled from Sweden, Prince Gustavus Vasa lived in Austria, where he became a lieutenant field-marshal in the Emperor's service. By his marriage with Princess Louise Amélie Stéphanie of Baden, from whom he separated in 1844, he had a daughter, Princess Caroline Vasa, born August 5, 1833. There was a question of marrying this princess (now Queen of Saxony) to Louis Napoleon. Prince Gustavus Vasa said he was not opposed to this marriage on principle, but that he would ask the consent of the Austrian Court. The Emperor Francis Joseph made him understand that considering the fate of the archduchesses Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise he should not be at all anxious

to favor a marriage with a French prince, and the scheme was abandoned. Louis Napoleon felt little regret at the failure of this negotiation, for his heart was not at all engaged in it.

There was at this time in Paris a young Spanish woman who attracted the attention of the principal salons by the splendor of her beauty. This was Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Téba. We have already spoken of her childhood, and we left her in Paris, in 1837, a pupil at the Sacred Heart Convent in the rue de Varenne, where she made her first communion. She lost her father March 15, 1839. On the first tidings of his illness she and her sister left France to rejoin him at Madrid. They were accompanied by their governess, Miss Flower. "You would not believe," wrote their old friend Mérimée at the time, "the chagrin I experienced at their departure." In his book on the author of the *Chronique du rêgne de Charles IX.*, M. Auguste Filon has said, apropos of this departure: "They were thirteen and fourteen years old, that indeterminate age when the woman begins to peer through the eyes of the child, with braids of hair hanging down their backs and an edge of embroidered pantalettes peeping below their petticoats. The beauty of the second was as yet only in the prophetic stage, but already one recognized a certain veiled glance and a certain bend of the neck. . . . Mérimée was moved by a fine, delicate, penetrating emotion when he saw the stage-coach which was to carry Paca and Eugénie

away swing into the court of the Messageries. A little later, yielding to a heartfelt necessity, he parted with them. He made the children and Miss Flower promise to write to him. 'From all this,' he wrote to their mother, 'there will surely come a letter.' From Oloron, in fact, where the three travellers were detained by the bad weather which made it impossible to cross the mountain, Eugénie wrote a fine letter, on ruled paper, to M. Mérimée."

After her husband's death, the Comtesse de Montijo became a female politician. She belonged to the party of Marshal Narvaez, and her salon, Place d'Angel, exercised a certain influence in Madrid. Her Sunday evenings were very popular. Grandees, members of the Cortes, the diplomatic corps, the leaders of art and literature, met there by appointment. During the summer the countess lived at her estate of Carabanchel, which had belonged to Comte Cabarrus, the minister of Charles IV., and where his daughter Terezia, famous afterward under the name of Madame Tallien, had passed her earliest years.

We have often had the honor of seeing Madame the Comtesse de Montijo when she was staying in Paris during the reign of her son-in-law. She was a very great lady of whom we have preserved a respectful memory. A thorough Spaniard, an impassioned patriot, profoundly loyal to her country and her friends, she united a lofty intelligence to an extremely energetic character. She was a woman of

mind and heart. No one who had the honor of frequenting her salon has forgotten with what distinction she presided over it. Amiable, witty, full of life and gaiety, she was interested in all the news of Madrid and Paris, and her conversation was varied and animated. French literature had as great an attraction for her as Spanish. She was very fond of music and knew all the operas of the repertory by heart. Very constant in her attendance at the theatre, she patronized the players and received them kindly at her house. At Madrid and Carabanchel she gave little balls and got up society comedies. Mérimée put his talents as a mechanic, scene-painter, prompter, and stage-manager at the disposal of the hospitable countess.

"In the estate of Carabanchel," writes M. Auguste Filon, "the Comtesse de Montijo planted some trees, and with that admirable power of illusion which makes all things possible, hardly did they spring up when she saw them grow large and enjoyed their shade. On her little country stage she ventured to produce grand operas. She made everybody sing and dance; she married and amused people till her latest hour. She distributed pleasure, she imposed happiness on all around her; a way of acting which could displease those only who have very independent and very particular notions. Most people are enchanted to accept a ready-made happiness."

The two daughters of the countess, Françoise (in Spanish Paca), born January 29, 1825, and

Eugénie, born May 5, 1826, excited general admiration, and one of the questions mooted by Madrid society was which of the two was the more beautiful. Their admirers were divided into two camps. The elder made a brilliant marriage, February 14, 1844, with the Duke of Alba, twelve times grandee of Spain. The younger was thus spoken of by M. de Mazade, who, at the end of Louis Philippe's reign, had been charged by the Ministry of Public Instruction with a mission in Spain: "Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo had made a great reputation in Madrid society by her daring imagination and the ardent vivacity of her character. She impressed one by a sort of virile grace which might easily have made her a heroine of romance, and before assuming the imperial diadem she proudly wore that crown of hair whose color a Venetian painter would have loved." It was in the fortnightly chronicle of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for January 31, 1853, that M. Mazade published the lines we have just quoted.

The two sisters were very much noticed at the time of the fêtes given at Madrid for the celebrated Spanish marriages (that of Queen Isabella with her cousin the Infante Francis of Assisi, and that of the Infanta Louise, the Queen's sister, with the Duc de Montpensier, son of King Louis Philippe). At the soirée given by Comte de Bresson, ambassador of France, October 7, 1846, the Duc d'Aumale, who had accompanied his brother the Duc de Montpensier to Madrid, had a very long conversation with

Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo and fell under the spell of her wit and beauty. Madame the Comtesse de Bresson, widow of the ambassador, recently told us so. The Duc d'Aumale has not forgotten this souvenir of his youth, and recalled it to the widow of Napoleon III., for whom he professes a chivalrous respect. Some years since, on arriving at Naples, the son of King Louis Philippe learned that the Empress was also there. He called on her and reminded her of that soirée of October 7, 1846, when he spoke to her for the first time. "What a beautiful young girl Your Majesty was!" said he. "And you, Monseigneur," responded the unfortunate sovereign, "what a handsome cavalier!" The Duc d'Aumale and the Empress Eugénie met again in May, 1896. The duke owns an estate in Sicily, on the slopes of Zucco, which is famous for its vineyards. He was entertaining his grand-nephew, the Duc d'Orléans, there. The two princes had accepted an invitation to breakfast on board the *Namouna*, the yacht of Mr. Gordon Bennett, the rich American who is the director of the *New York Herald*. On going aboard the Duc d'Aumale learned that the Empress Eugénie's yacht, the *Thistle*, had just anchored in the roadstead of Palermo. After breakfast he called upon her and mentioned the desire of the Duc d'Orléans to pay her his respects. The widow of Napoleon III. graciously responded that she would be happy to make the acquaintance of the young prince. Mr. Gordon Bennett immediately

lowered the launch of the *Namouna*, which took the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc d'Orléans on board the Empress's yacht. Her Majesty and the two princes had a friendly chat which lasted more than an hour. The next day, the widow of Napoleon, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc d'Orléans breakfasted together in the château of Zucco.

Now let us return to the youth of the Empress Eugénie. The year following the Spanish marriages her mother occupied the highest position at court which a woman can be entrusted with in Spain. In October, 1847, she was appointed *camarera mayor* of Queen Isabella. Mérimée wrote to her: "So you are really *camarera mayor*, and are satisfied; that is enough to make me satisfied also. You can do good; that is sufficient. Whatever you may say about it, you were made for combat, and it would be ridiculous to desire for Cæsar the tranquil life of the second citizen of Rome. I may tell you that people have already been courting me on your account, and I suppose they will soon present me with petitions. In such a temper as I am, you can guess how I shall dispose of them." It alarmed Mérimée to know that the countess went out alone in a phaeton with a sovereign menaced by numerous conspiracies. However, she was *camarera mayor* for a very short time. "Less than three months after her appointment," writes M. Auguste Filon, "the Comtesse de Montijo spontaneously resigned the post she had accepted with joy, but whose difficulties and dangers she

was soon to learn. An intrigue was formed to deprive her of the Queen's confidence. Mérimée was surprised that the Government should not have been better able to defend so useful an auxiliary. It was not long before he comprehended that the intelligence and increasing influence of the *camarera mayor* were precisely what gave umbrage to the masters of Spain, and Madame de Montijo made up her mind at once. Her ambition was of the right kind, and would not accept a precarious, contested authority, purchased by compromises or concessions. She preferred to resign rather than to submit."

Madame and Mademoiselle de Montijo were in Madrid when the revolution of February 24, 1848, broke out. They followed its phases and results with extreme attention. Mademoiselle Eugénie found Spanish affairs less interesting than those of France. Perhaps she already had a presentiment that she would play a great part in that country whose history is a tragi-comedy that has the gift of interesting and exciting all the world.

From February 10 to December 26, 1849, Prince Napoleon, son of King Jérôme Bonaparte, former sovereign of Westphalia, was the ambassador of France at Madrid. They say he conceived at this time a great admiration for Mademoiselle de Montijo and even thought of asking her in marriage, but that this idea was not encouraged either by her or her mother.

In 1849 the Comtesse de Montijo and her daughter came to Paris. Like all foreigners of distinction, they assisted regularly at the fêtes of the Elysée, and the Prince-President received them with the attentions due to their rank. But no one as yet foresaw that the Prince would fall in love with the young and beautiful Spanish woman who, for all that, had made a profound impression on him the first time he met her, and one that constantly increased.

The persons whom Madame de Montijo and her daughter saw most frequently at this period were not Bonapartists. They visited the Marquis and Marquise de Dampierre at the château de Plassac (Charente-Inférieure), where an asylum had been given to the Duchesse de Berry before the resort to arms in 1832. At Paris they usually frequented the houses of legitimists or Orleanists. Still, there was no Bonapartist society at that period. The official world and the ministers themselves were not in reality partisans of Louis Napoleon.

Mademoiselle de Montijo, however, who had been brought up from childhood on the Napoleonic epic, believed in a speedy restoration of the Empire. The passionate interest she displayed for the success of the *coup d'Etat* profoundly affected the Prince-President. M. Auguste Filon has written that his inclination for her began in 1849 and "sprang up stronger than ever when the young enthusiast, in the height of the December battle, before the result

had been decided, wrote to the Prince to place all she possessed at his disposal in case of failure."

The year that followed the *coup d'Etat* was a series of incessant ovations for the Emperor Napoleon's heir. The quondam proscript passed his life under triumphal arches. The incredible favors lavished on him at this time by capricious fortune did not inspire him with haughtiness or pride, but with sentimental reveries. The more he was flattered and applauded, the more ecstatically he dreamed of the young girl who had conquered his heart at the very time when he had conquered power. He forgot the fêtes, the reviews, the applause, the fanfares, to remember Bruyère's sentence: "A beautiful face is the most beautiful sight of all, and the sweetest harmony is the tone of voice of the woman we love." According to the statement of an ocular witness, it was between a sojourn at Fontainebleau and a sojourn at Compiègne that his love was seen to grow with great rapidity. We are about to describe these sojourns at full length.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

At the age of Twenty-six

CHAPTER XLI

FONTAINEBLEAU

THURSDAY, November 11, 1852, the Prince-President left Saint-Cloud to go to Fontainebleau, where he intended to spend several days and receive a certain number of guests. He arrived there at three o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by M. Achille Fould, Minister of State, General Roquet, first aide-de-camp, the Duc de Caumont-Laforce, senator, General Vaudrey, governor of the national palaces, Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, and Baron de Pierres, one of whom acted as first and the other as second equerry. The homage he received gives an idea of the sort of wild flattery of which he was then the object. As he descended from the train the mayor of Avon said to him: "Prince, the commune of Avon is happy to possess the Fontainebleau station on its own territory. This procures it the privilege of being presented to Your Imperial Highness and of uniting its feeble voice to that immense concert which salutes you from all points of France. Obscure as it may be, you will not disdain this homage; you are the friend of the humble and the poor; you especially love the

country people, and when they present themselves to you with their naïve simplicity, they please you as well as the city with its magnificent honors."

The 6th regiment of hussars, commanded by Colonel Edgard Ney, was drawn up in line in the court of the station. It escorted the Prince, who went from the station to the château on horseback. At the entrance of the city a triumphal arch had been erected, before which he halted. The mayor of Fontainebleau at the time was General Comte Heraclias de Polignac, a near relative of the minister of Charles X. The general made the following speech: "Monseigneur, the city of Fontainebleau is happy to receive Your Imperial Highness at the solemn moment which is to alter the destiny of France. It repeats with conviction: 'The Empire is peace,' while adding: 'It is prosperity, it is glory, not the glory of conquests, but that which is given by good institutions and the people's love.' To-day, Monseigneur, the city of Fontainebleau forms but a single wish, which is that, having been the last to salute the Empire, it may be the first to salute Napoleon III. Emperor." M. Charpentier, the archpriest, surrounded by the clergy, was still more enthusiastic in his allocution: "Religion and justice," said he, "are the two rails of the human way. For an instant we dreaded to see these salutary lines, so deeply embedded in French soil, carried away by the torrent of revolutions. But God protects France, and when the car of state was about to be dashed to

pieces in the abyss, Providence raised you up to sustain it. Your advent to the imperial crown will therefore be a source of great joy to all the people, and on the day when its grateful voice shall have placed the diadem upon your august brow, the Church will intone a hymn of hope and gladness: Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!" Twenty-five young girls robed in white offered baskets of fruit and flowers to the Prince, who rode very slowly, on account of the greatness of the crowd. Bouquets rained from every window, and all the houses were hung with flags. At four o'clock the procession arrived in front of the château gate. The Prince crossed the celebrated court of the Adieux, where he seemed still to see Napoleon embracing General Petit and pressing the eagle to his heart. Then he ascended the horseshoe staircase and entered his apartments, which were those that had been inhabited by his uncle.

The next day, November 12, the guests arrived from Paris by a special train. Among them were the Princesse Mathilde, Prince Napoleon, General de Saint-Arnaud, Minister of War, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, Lord Cowley, ambassador of England, and Lady Cowley, M. de Maupas, Minister of Police, General, Madame, and Mademoiselle Magnan, the Marquise de Contades, daughter of General Castellane, the Comtesse de Montijo and her daughter, Mademoiselle Eugénie. No one as yet suspected

that three months later the young and brilliant Spanish woman would be Empress of the French. She and her mother were modestly lodged at the château in the Louis XV. wing, where they occupied rooms on the second story, looking out on the English garden.

There was a great hunt with the hounds in the forest on November 13. The rendezvous was at Belle-Croix. From the picturesque point of view nothing can surpass the forest of Fontainebleau when illuminated by a radiant autumnal sun. The trees have a nameless air of unreality. Beside leaves that are still green glimmer other leaves, red, some of them, as blood, others yellow as gold. It is a sight that borders on apotheosis and enchantment. In this marvellous scenery Mademoiselle de Montijo, riding a horse from the Prince's stables, was like an intrepid amazon. She followed the chase with a fearlessness admired by all the cavaliers. In the evening the ceremony of the "Curée aux flambeaux" took place in that magnificent and gracious oval court at one end of which rises the baptistery of Louis XIII.

It pleased the Prince to show a young girl whom he greatly admired those two masterpieces of nature and art, — the forest and the palace of Fontainebleau. We do not believe there is a forest in the world which has more charm, more poetry, than this one which has inspired so many great landscapists. As to the palace, it is assuredly the most interesting, the most varied, the most fairy-like of the imperial or royal residences. Every epoch, from that of Saint

Louis to our own days is represented there by admirable specimens of architecture, decoration, and furniture. What a frame to set in full light the beauty of a woman is this château where so many enchantresses have shone, and where lively imaginations call up spirits so magnificent! In passing through the galleries of Francis I. and Henri II., does not one seem to catch a glimpse of the heroines of the Valois court, the demoiselles of honor of Catherine de' Medici, the radiant Mary Stuart, the magical Diane de Poitiers? Has not the château become a place haunted by the phantoms of the princesses and favorites of other days? Having a veneration for the memory of Marie Antoinette, Mademoiselle de Montijo wished to visit the apartments occupied by the martyr queen in her days of splendor; the salon of her ladies of honor, her music room, the boudoir with her monogram incrusted in the solid mahogany floor, the bedroom, which has been called the chamber of the five Maries, in memory of five sovereigns who inhabited it: Marie de' Medici, Marie Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV., Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, and Marie Amélie. When pausing there, in deep emotion, had Mademoiselle de Montijo a presentiment that this legendary chamber would soon be hers?

The four days spent by the Prince's guests at Fontainebleau passed very agreeably. They breakfasted and dined in that glittering gallery of Henri II. where the architecture and art of the six-

teenth century have said their last word in the way of elegance and splendor. How beautiful is that gallery of fêtes with its gigantic windows, deep-embrasured, five on the garden, five on the oval court; its ceiling divided into octagonal panels outlined on a ground of gold and silver; its richly panelled floor; its monumental fireplace; its tribune for musicians; its walls adorned with oaken wainscoting covered with monograms and gilded emblems up to the height where mythological frescos, painted from the designs of Primaticcio by Niccolo dell' Abbate, begin to bloom in dazzling colors! In the evenings they chatted or walked a little in the salons adjacent to the gallery; some of the guests played a charade got up by General de Saint-Arnaud.

On Sunday, November 14, they heard Mass in the chapel of the château, that château of the Holy Trinity built by Francis I. on the site of the oratory of Saint Louis. Between the columns of the altar, appear in niches marble statues of Charlemagne and Saint Louis, and above, four bronze angels attributed to Germain Pilon. The altar is surmounted by colossal statues of two angels who support the escutcheons of France and Navarre; opposite, at the other extremity of the sanctuary, is the tribune with the arms of the Bourbons and the Medici. It was in this chapel that the marriage of Louis XV. and Marie Leczinska took place, and also the baptism of the future Napoleon III., which was conferred November 10, 1810.

The 14th of November was the vigil of Saint Eugénie, Mademoiselle de Montijo's patron saint. The Prince offered her a bouquet. At the same time he presented her with the horse she had ridden on the day of the hunt, and whose admirable qualities she had fully appreciated. During the four days Louis Napoleon displayed the utmost respect for the young Spaniard, but without the slightest affectation, and no one suspected he had any idea of presently asking her hand.

The Prince would not leave Fontainebleau without giving largesses to the poor. He visited the hospital, the Brothers' school, the Sisters' house, and that of the orphans, leaving tokens of his munificence at each, and he gave from his privy purse two hundred thousand francs for the restoration of the parish church. On Monday, November 16, he went back to Paris with his guests.

In the evening of the same day they all met again at the Opéra Comique, where a representation had been commanded, which was a sort of continuation of the *series* of Fontainebleau. After the *Domino Noir*, a cantata entitled *Chant de l'avenir*, the words by Méry, the music by Adolph Adam, was executed. Flattery took every form to exalt him who was already emperor in fact. The cantata began thus: —

La France est satisfaite et le monde tranquille,
Car le monde a toujours les yeux sur nous ouverts,
Et quand la paix descend sur cette immense ville,
Le calme de Paris s'étend sur l'univers.

Sire, votre œuvre est faite ; oui, deux fois elle s'ouvre,
L'ère de Périclès, d'Auguste et de Léon.
Un aigle plane sur le Louvre,
Une croix sur le Panthéon ;
Et le peuple applaudit le soleil qui découvre
Ce rêve colossal des deux Napoléon.[1]

A couplet in honor of Queen Hortense, the crowned artist, touched the heart of her son. At the close of the representation the curtain at the back of the stage was lifted and displayed a scene representing the completed Louvre.

[1] France is satisfied and the world tranquil, — For the world always has its eyes open on us, — And when peace descends on this immense city, — The calm of Paris spreads over the universe. — Sire, your work is done ; yes, it opens twice, — The era of Pericles, of Augustus and of Leo. — An eagle hovers above the Louvre, — A cross above the Pantheon ; — And the people applauds the sun which discovers — This colossal dream of the two Napoleons.

CHAPTER XLII

THE EMPIRE

LOUIS NAPOLEON had accustomed men's minds to the Empire by astute gradations. At first he had been styled the President of the Republic, then the Prince-President; afterwards he was addressed as Monseigneur and Highness before the appellations of Sire and Majesty were given him. Finding no resistance either within the country or without, he had only to put out his hand to seize the crown. Even before the people had been convoked in their assemblies to change the form of government, he sent a message to the Senate, November 4, in which he said: "In the restoration of the Empire the people find a guaranty of their interests and a satisfaction of their pride; this restoration guaranties their interests by assuming the future, by closing the era of revolutions, by reconsecrating the conquests of '89. It satisfies their just pride because, lifting up freely and with reflection what all Europe overthrew by force of arms thirty-seven years ago, amidst the disorders of the country, the people nobly avenge themselves for their reverses without making victims, without menacing any inde-

pendence, without disturbing the peace of the world. Nevertheless, I do not shut my eyes to all that is to be dreaded in accepting and placing on my head at this time the crown of Napoleon, but my apprehensions are lessened by the thought that, representing by so many titles the cause of the people and the national will, it will be the nation which, in raising me to the throne, will crown itself."

The date of the plébiscite was fixed for November 21 and 22. The result was doubtful to nobody; it was a mere formality which gave rise to no manner of discussion in the country.

No real opposition existed except among the political refugees of London and Jersey. But there are times when governments are so favored by fortune that even attacks on them have no result but to increase their strength. Far from preventing the publication of the manifestoes of the refugees, Louis Napoleon had them inserted in the *Moniteur* of November 15, in the place devoted to official documents. The *Comité Révolutionnaire* of London thus expressed itself: "The democracy has had to impose upon itself several months of waiting and suffering before striking the brigand who sullies our country, in order to reorganize in spite of the Bonapartist terror. . . . As soon as you learn that the infamous Louis Bonaparte has received his just chastisement, whatever the day or hour may be, start from every point at once for the rendezvous agreed on between several groups, and from there

march together on the cantons, the arrondissements, and prefectures, so as to hem in with a ring of iron and of lead all traitors who, in taking the oath, have become the accomplices of their master. Purge France once for all of the brigands she has nourished, and who are preying on her."

The manifesto of the proscribed "sociate" democrats of France residing in Jersey, among other signatures, bears that of Victor Hugo, whose style is easily recognized in its composition: "M. Bonaparte finds that the moment for styling himself *Majesty* has come. He has not restored a pope to leave him nothing to do. He intends to be consecrated and crowned. . . . Friends and brothers, in presence of this infamous government, the negation of all morality, the obstacle to all social progress; in presence of this government raised up by crime, and which should be overthrown by justice, a Frenchman worthy of the name of citizen neither knows, nor cares to know, whether there are pretended ballotings, comedies of universal suffrage, and parodies of appeal to the nation; he does not inquire whether there is a herd called the Senate which deliberates, and another herd called the people which obeys; he does not ask whether the Pope is going to crown at the high altar of Notre Dame the man who — there is no doubt of it, it is the inevitable future — will be bound to the stake by the executioner; in presence of M. Bonaparte and his government, the citizen

worthy of the name does but one thing, has but one thing to do: to load his musket and abide the hour."

The *Moniteur*, having reproduced this manifesto, added: "It is regrettable to see a prince who endures his misfortune nobly also arrive, by an exaggerated sentiment of what he believes to be his duty, at denying the right of the people to choose their government," following up its remark by republishing the manifesto of the Comte de Chambord, written at Frohsdorf and dated October 25, 1852. The conclusion of this document was as follows: "I owe to myself, my family, and my country to protest openly against combinations which are deceptive and full of danger. I maintain my right, which is the surest guaranty of yours, and taking God as witness, I declare to France and the world that, faithful to the laws of the realm and the traditions of my ancestors, I will religiously preserve, until my latest breath, the charge of the hereditary monarchy which Providence has intrusted to my care, and which is the only port of safety wherein France, the object of all my love, can at last attain repose and happiness after so many storms."

Written in a grave and noble style, with great moderation of thought and language, this protest had a purely academic character. It was not the work of a conspirator. The Comte de Chambord was far from desiring anything analogous to the resort to arms of 1832. This attempt of his mother,

the Duchesse de Berry, was to be the last effort of the legitimist party, from the point of view of action. Twenty years later, even the Vendée had become imperialist. Not a recruit could have been found there for an insurrection in favor of the white flag.

The plébiscites of November 21 and 22 surpassed the expectation of the partisans of the Empire. Out of 8,140,060 voters, there were 7,824,189 ayes to 253,145 nays. December 1, the members of the Senate and the Corps Législatif carried this result to the new Emperor at Saint-Cloud. On this occasion he delivered an address which ended thus: "Aid me, all of you, to establish upon this soil, torn up by so many revolutions, a stable government based upon religion, justice, probity, and the love of the suffering classes. Receive here the oath that nothing shall cost me too dear which shall assure the prosperity of the country, and that even while maintaining peace, I will concede nothing that touches the honor and dignity of France." The next day, December 2, the new régime was inaugurated throughout the Empire.

In the morning, at Saint-Cloud, Napoleon III. signed a decree elevating Generals de Saint-Arnaud, Magnan, and Castellane to the dignity of marshal of France. At noon he set off on horseback from this château, escorted by the 12th dragoons and the division of cavalry reserve, carbineers and cuirassiers, to make a formal entry into Paris. At one o'clock the cannon thundered, and the drums beat a salute

to announce that the Emperor had just arrived at the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, and was passing under the gigantic vault of that monument consecrated by his uncle to the glory of the French army. At the same moment the sky cleared up and a ray of sunlight pierced the clouds. Greeted on all sides with acclamations, the new sovereign passed through the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, and, still on horseback and followed by his escort of cavalry, crossed the pavilion of the Horloge and on the Place des Tuileries and the Place du Carrousel reviewed the troops of all arms drawn up there, who saluted him with *vivats*. Several women, among others the Comtesse de Montijo and her daughter, had been invited to contemplate this spectacle from the windows of the palace, where Abd-el-Kader was also present. After the review the Emperor went up to the grand apartments which had been newly restored and whose magnificent decorations were admired by everybody. On reaching the hall of the Marshals he showed himself on the two balconies, one looking on the garden and the other on the court. At the same moment, Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, surrounded by generals on the Place des Tuileries, was reading to the army the proclamation of the Empire, Comte de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, accompanied by General de Lawoëstine and his staff, reading it meanwhile to the national guard on the Place de la Concorde. At nightfall the public edifices and many private houses were

covered with illuminations; in the evening there was a grand reception at the Tuileries. The Napoleonic propaganda, imprudently developed in the first place by the Liberals under the Restoration, and afterwards by the Government of July, was bearing its fruit. The prediction of M. Thiers was finding its fulfilment. The conspirator of Strasburg and Boulogne, the prisoner of Ham, was realizing his dream: the Empire was made.

CHAPTER XLIII

COMPIEGNE

IN December, 1852, at the château of Compiègne, the Emperor inaugurated those sojourns described as *series*, which were to become so famous, and invitations to which were as much sought after as were those of Louis XIV. to Marly. In the stays he made at Compiègne up to the end of his reign, Napoleon III. was much more like a great noble receiving his guests in a château than a sovereign surrounded by the prestige of a throne. But he desired his first residence in an illustrious palace to be characterized by a majestic display. At the beginning of the Empire he was minded to habituate people to monarchical pomp, and besides, he was glad to appear in all the brilliancy of supreme power before the young girl whom his heart had chosen. The journey was delayed for several days, the Emperor having determined to wait until Mademoiselle de Montijo should have recovered from a cold.

The arrival at the château was ceremonious. It was on Saturday, December 18, 1852. The rainy

weather suddenly cleared up and the sun was shining brightly, — the sun of Austerlitz, as the courtiers were pleased to say, — when, at three o'clock in the afternoon the great bell of the City Hall and the cannons of the national guard artillery announced that the imperial train had just entered the station of Compiègne. All the church bells began ringing, and at this signal the crowd flocked in compact masses to the approaches of the streets through which the procession was to pass. As the sovereign stepped down from the car the mayor, M. Deverson, said to him: "Sire, the Emperor your uncle loved Compiègne, which he loaded with his benefits; he often visited its palace, which was restored and embellished under his glorious reign. Let it be permitted us, Sire, to found upon this memory the hope of frequently greeting Your Majesty's presence within our walls by acclamations." After a few words of thanks, Napoleon III. entered the station, where sixty young girls dressed in white, with a wide green satin ribbon over the shoulder, were assembled to bid him welcome. One of them, Mademoiselle Deverson, niece of the mayor, made an address and offered him flowers. Then he mounted a horse, accompanied by a numerous staff. At the moment when he was leaving the platform, the oldest of the market-women, Madame Leguin, recited to him the following verses, composed by M. Alphonse Marcel, which we have found in one of the city newspapers, the *Progrès de l'Oise* : —

Compiègne est un grand livre où chaque feuille explique
Et votre oncle immortel, et son sublime nom.
Ce palais, ce jardin, ce berceau magnifique,
Tout rappelle Napoléon.

Napoléon! L'Europe à ce nom se découvre.
Son ombre vous protège, et dirige vos pas.
La guerre l'a grandi. Vous, que la paix couvre
De lauriers qui n'attristent pas!

A présent que le calme a béni les orages,
Que, grâce à vous, les flots apaisent leur fureur,
Sire, venez souvent sous nos riches ombrages
Méditer comme l'Empereur![1]

The national guards of Compiègne and the surrounding country formed the line on the right, and the troops of the garrison on the left. The sovereign passed them in review and then made his entrance into the city. A triumphal arch had been erected on the Oise bridge. After crossing the bridge and the City Hall place, the Emperor arrived at the church of Saint Jacques. The Bishop of Beauvais was waiting for him under the portal, and said: "When hardly yet proclaimed, the Emperor, at Paris, directed his steps toward the basilica of Notre

[1] Compiègne is a great book each leaf of which explains — Both your immortal uncle and his sublime name. — This palace, this garden, this magnificent arcade, — All recall Napoleon. — Napoleon! At that name Europe uncovers. — His shade protects you and directs your steps. — War aggrandized him. You, may peace cover — With laurels that do not sadden! — At present, when calm has blest the storms, — When, thanks to you, the waves appease their wrath, — Sire, come frequently beneath our plenteous foliage — To meditate like the Emperor!

Dame and the asylum of suffering; and to-day, before entering that palace which reminds him of so many souvenirs, Your Majesty desires to bow before the King of kings, from whom all empires are derived." Napoleon III. replied: "Monseigneur, it is my duty to have recourse to prayer to fulfil my mission on this earth. Prayer is the pledge of the benedictions of Heaven; by it and by assisting the suffering classes we attain the goal towards which we all should tend." On leaving the church, the Emperor mounted his horse and resumed his route. Acclamations resounded on every side.

On the Place du Château the crowd was so dense that the corporations ranged beneath their banners could not keep their ranks or distances. The old soldiers of the First Empire were nearly disbanded when a command made itself heard, and on the instant the old heroes rallied. It was M. Sézille, curé of Beaulieu, who by a sudden inspiration made his appearance as leader of the old phalanx. This venerable ecclesiastic, who was decorated the next day, had been a non-commissioned officer and had made nine campaigns and received four wounds in the armies of Napoleon I.

No palace lends itself better to the entry of a sovereign than the château of Compiègne, with its façade flanked by two pavilions projecting from the main front, its two wings united by an Ionic colonnade, crowned by an Italian gallery forming a terrace, its beautifully wrought grille, its vast court of honor,

its central building ornamented by a stone balcony and surmounted by a sculptured pediment representing the hunt of Meleager.

The sovereign traversed the entire court of honor, alighted from his horse, passed through the hall of columns on the ground floor, in which are the marble statues of Chancellors l'Hôpital and d'Aguesseau, ascended the grand staircase, entered the hall of the Guards, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the triumphs of Alexander, and gained his apartments. His chamber was that which had been used as a study by Louis XV., and a bedroom by Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. The bed has pilasters of gilded wood with a tent-like canopy supported by lances. The chamber is situated between two rooms, one of which was the study of Napoleon III. and the other the council hall of the ministers. The former, which had also served Napoleon I. as a study, has been very exactly reproduced in one of the principal scenes of Victorien Sardou's *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Unfortunately, all the shelves of his bookcase are now empty. Some one conceived the unlucky notion of transferring the books to the National Library. The only one that was respected has been placed under a globe; it is a volume which, in this very place, was struck by a Prussian bullet when the city was invaded in 1814. As to the council hall, once the bedroom of Louis XVI., one may still see there a large round table covered with green velvet, around which the ministers of Louis Napo-

leon assembled. These three rooms — the study, the Emperor's bedroom, the council hall — give on the park, like all those comprised in what are called the grand apartments of the château, and their windows form part of that façade of the park, so regular and so imposing in aspect, which stretches to a length of two hundred metres. Its ground floor corresponds with the first story of the buildings in the court of honor.

Before dinner, the Emperor found his guests assembled in the salon of the maps, so called because, instead of hangings, it contains three immense maps of the forest of Compiègne. Besides the Comtesse de Montijo and her daughter, the principal guests were Prince Napoleon, the Princesse Mathilde, Prince Murat, Lord Cowley, ambassador of England, and Lady Cowley, Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, Minister of War, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, the Comte de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, and the Comtesse Persigny, the Marquis de Valdégamas, Minister of Spain, the Duc de Mouchy, the General Prince de la Moskowa, father of the Comtesse de Persigny, the Marquis and Marquise de Padoue, Baron and Baroness de Pierres, the Marquis and Marquise de Las Marismas, the Marquise de Contades, daughter of the Marshal de Castellane. The Emperor chatted a few minutes with several of his guests, and then they went to dinner in the gallery of fêtes. This gallery, where the repasts were eaten during the Compiègne

series, was built by Napoleon I. and its paintings are by Girodet. Its ceiling, arranged as the covering of an arch, is supported by twenty columns in stucco with gilded capitals. This vast hall presents a magnificent aspect. After dinner they returned to the salon of the maps, where they assembled before meals, and there after dinner they chatted, played charades, and danced to the music of a mechanical piano which played but three tunes: a quadrille, a waltz, and a polka, the handle of which was turned by a chamberlain, and often by some greater person.

While the Emperor and his guests were spending the evening of December 18 in the salon of the maps, the whole city of Compiègne was *en fête*. An immense crowd circulated in the squares and streets. The public buildings and a great many houses were illuminated, and the working men's corporations gave a grand ball in the city theatre.

The next day, December 19, was Sunday. The Emperor heard Mass in the chapel of the château, which was built by Louis Philippe on the occasion of the marriage of his eldest daughter, Louise, with Leopold I., King of the Belgians. On the left of the hall of the guards there is a room called the salon of the chapel, which is hung with Gobelins tapestries representing the "Miracle of the Mass," "Heliodorus driven from the Temple," after Raphael, and the "Battle of Constantine against Maxentius," after Giulio Romano; the salon is on a level with the tribune in the chapel which the Emperor occupied

during divine service, and communicates with it. Mademoiselle de Montijo, her mother, and several other persons seated themselves in the tribune. Opposite, above the altar, there is a large window painted by Ziegler after designs made by the Princesse Marie, daughter of King Louis Philippe. It represents a woman in a violet robe, who holds a book on which may be read the word *Ama*, "love," and who is giving her hand to a young man in a red robe who carries a cross and looks upward. The future Empress kept her eyes on this window, whose device, *Ama*, was like an exhortation to love the sovereign who was to give her so great a proof of his own love. After Mass the Emperor received the national guards, the troops, and the working men's associations. The weather was superb. It was simply a long ovation.

December 20, there was a hunt with the dogs in the forest. The horses and carriages were brought in front of the park façade, on the terrace where the statues of Ulysses and Philoctetes may be seen. The hunting costume was the same as in the days of Louis XV. except in color, the royal blue with silver trimmings being replaced by the cabbage green of the imperial livery. No forest is better adapted to hunting than that of Compiègne with its 14,859 hectares, its 8 highroads, all meeting at the King's Wells, its 278 crossroads, its 27 streams, 16 ponds, and 15 fountains. The author of a pleasant book called *Compiègne*, M. Lefebvre Saint-Ogan, has

written: "This great quantity of water which the forest contains essentially distinguishes it for the painter from that of Fontainebleau, where there is none at all. The dry atmosphere of the forest of Fontainebleau gives the landscape clearer and more precise outlines. At Compiègne, the humid air imparts a softer brilliance. A silvery vapor floating before the eye softens the edge of the object perceived and reflects the light with intensity." Mademoiselle de Montijo followed the hunt on horseback. Never had a more graceful and intrepid amazon been seen. The Emperor, himself a bold and elegant rider, could not but admire her. In the evening, at eight o'clock, the dogs were fed by torchlight in the court of honor, footmen in full livery and with powdered hair holding the torches.

Tuesday, December 21, the Emperor, accompanied by one of his aides-de-camp, General Canrobert, left the palace in a two-horse carriage, at ten o'clock in the morning, to visit the city asylums. Entering the chapel of the hospital for the poor, he made a short prayer, after which he passed through the wards and decorated the Superior, Sister Massin. The saintly religious made some difficulty about receiving this recompense for all the services she had rendered to the hospital she had directed for many years.

A touching scene took place at the poor-asylum. The Emperor, who had been told that there was in this establishment a female pensioner who had witnessed his baptism at Fontainebleau, expressed a

wish to see her. Being infirm, the woman came forward with difficulty, in spite of the sovereign's express prohibition to disturb herself. He hastened toward her, shook her hand, and said some affectionate words.

Tuesday, December 22, there was a dramatic representation in the theatre of the château. Situated at the end of the north wing, near the chapel door, on the site of the old tennis court, this hall, which still remains unchanged, had been constructed by Louis Philippe for the festivities attendant on his daughter's marriage with the King of the Belgians. The representation of December 22, 1852, was the first of the forty-nine given there under the reign of Napoleon III. The troupe from the Paris Gymnase played *Un Fils de Famille*, a comedy-vaudeville in three acts by MM. Bayard and Biéville. The principal interpreters of the piece were Bressant, Lafontaine, Lesueur, Priston, and Rose Chéri. The imperial box, which faced the stage, could contain more than one hundred and fifty places.

The Emperor, his guests, and all members of his civil and military households who were on duty, seated themselves in this box. The beauty of Mademoiselle de Montijo centred all eyes upon it. The right and left sides of the gallery, separated from the imperial box only by light railings, were exclusively reserved for ladies. Officers, up to and including the grade of captain, all of them in uniform, occupied the orchestra and the pit. The superior officers and

the civil authorities were in the amphitheatre, which was between the pit and the imperial box, some two metres below the latter. A second row of boxes was filled with the château servants, and a second gallery with invited guests from the city and the suburbs. Between the acts the spectators of the orchestra, pit, and amphitheatre remained in a standing position facing the Emperor. Footmen in full livery passed ices, cakes, and other refreshments. The representation went off as well as could have been desired. Play and players had a real success, and the Emperor several times gave the signal for applause. At the end of the piece the actors sang some couplets composed by M. Lemoine-Montigny, director of the Gymnase. These lines, entitled *Repos de la France*, are far from remarkable; but we cite some of them because they give a very good notion of the sort of flattery of which the new Emperor was then the object: —

L'Empire est fait, un peuple immense
A parlé haut et librement
Et la grande voix de la France
Eclate avec entraînement
En un long cri de ralliement.
Salut règne de delivrance,
Grand nom que l'Univers connaît!
Sauveur d'un siècle qui renaît,
Donne le repos à la France. . . .

Oui, tout renaît, plus de misère.
Le travail est dans chaque main,
La maison du pauvre s'éclaire;
Il a de l'air, il a du pain,

Et l'épargne du lendemain,
Il sait qu'à guérir sa souffrance,
Le pouvoir s'applique aujourd'hui,
Et son fils, conseillé par lui
Bénit le repos de la France.

Peuples combattus par nos pères,
Ne voyez pas d'un œil jaloux,
Venir la fin de nos misères.
L'orage qui gronda sur nous
N'a point passé si loin de vous!
Ah! gardez-en la souvenance!
La France, on ne peut l'ébranler,
Sans vous faire tous chanceler.
Respect au repos de la France.[1]

This is the final stanza, which was sung by Rose Chéri; it was an homage paid to the memory of Queen Hortense, which was what touched the Emperor most: —

Reine, de grâce et de génie,
Mère d'un enfant glorieux,

[1] The Empire is made, an immense people — Has spoken aloud and freely, — And the grand voice of France — Bursts forth with animation — In a long rallying cry. — Hail reign of deliverance, — Great name known to the Universe! — Saviour of a new-born era, — Give repose to France. . . . — Yes, all revives, no more of poverty. — Work is in every hand, — The poor man's house brightens, — He has air and he has bread, — And money for to-morrow. — He knows that to relieve his sufferings — Power applies itself today, — And his son, advised by him, — Blesses the repose of France. — Peoples combated by our fathers, — Do not behold with envious eyes — The end of our miseries approach. — The storm which muttered over us — Did not pass so far away from you! — Ah! be mindful of that! — France cannot be shaken — Without making all of you totter. — Respect the repose of France.

On t'a vue, illustre bannie,
Pour sauver ses jours précieux,
Braver un destin rigoureux.
Lorsque tu vois, heureuse Hortense,
Le fils par tes soins conservé,
Sois fière aussi d'avoir sauvé,
Reine, le repos de la France.[1]

A second hunt in the forest on December 23, was as brilliant as its predecessor. The Emperor had at first intended to remain but four days at the château of Compiègne. He remained eleven, not returning to the Tuileries until December 28. For him the great attraction of Compiègne had been the joy of living under the same roof as Mademoiselle de Montijo, sitting with her at table, listening to her always lively and glowing conversation, and seeking to merit her heart. Accustomed as he was to master and conceal his emotions, he had not found it easy to restrain his passion. As much in love as a young man of twenty, he was softened, subdued, fascinated. And yet he never departed from the most correct reserve, nor gave the young girl so much admired any precedence which would have been contrary to etiquette. The bitterest enemies of Napoleon III. have never denied him the manners and sentiments of a perfect gentleman. His attitude

[1] Queen, of grace and of genius, — Mother of a glorious child, — Thou hast been seen, illustrious exile, — In order to save his precious life, — Braving a rigorous destiny. — When thou seest, happy Hortense, — The son preserved by thy cares, — Be proud also of having saved, — Queen, the repose of France.

throughout this first of the Compiègne *series* was absolutely irreproachable. Possibly his projected marriage was already settled in his own mind. But neither Madame de Montijo nor her daughter knew anything about it as yet. The courtiers treated the charming Spanish woman as a foreigner of distinction, worthy of all respect, but not at all as a future Empress. Those who could have believed that Napoleon III. thought for an instant of obtaining the favor of Mademoiselle de Montijo otherwise than by marriage could have had little knowledge of the character of this noble and haughty young girl and the profound respect in which the Emperor held her.

M. de Maupas relates in his *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*, that on one bright autumnal morning during this stay at Compiègne, the Emperor, accompanied by a few persons only, among whom were Madame and Mademoiselle de Montijo, was walking in the park. "The lawns," adds M. de Maupas, "were covered with an abundant dew, and the rays of the sun gave the drops still hanging on the herbage the glow and transparency of diamonds. Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, whose nature was full of poetry, took pleasure in admiring the capricious and magical effects of light. She especially called attention to a clover leaf so gracefully charged with dewdrops that one might have thought it a real gem, fallen from some ornament. When the walk was over, the Emperor drew aside Comte Bacchiochi, who started for Paris a few minutes later. The next

day he brought back a charming trinket, which was no other than a trefoil, each of whose leaves bore a superb diamond dewdrop. The count had caused the leaf so much admired by his future sovereign on the previous day to be imitated with rare perfection."

In the evening a lottery was drawn at the château. It was managed so that this trefoil should be gained by Mademoiselle de Montijo. In the Emperor's mind the trinket was the equivalent of an engagement ring. But no one except himself yet attached this idea to the poetic present the beautiful Spaniard had just received.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE FIRST DAYS OF 1853

NAPOLEON III. took his resolution definitively at the beginning of 1853. The information given on this head by the former preceptor of the Prince Imperial, M. Auguste Filon, appears authentic. He writes in his work, entitled *Mérimée et ses amis*, and dedicated to the Empress: "Between a sojourn at Fontainebleau and a sojourn at Compiègne — so an ocular witness tells me — the love of the Emperor was seen to increase with great rapidity. But how many people were interested in combating it! And, in the Prince's heart, policy and reasons of state were not yet vanquished. I have not to relate the incident which occurred at the Tuileries, in the hall of the Marshals, on the evening of December 31, 1852. On that evening the Emperor showed himself a different man from the one who had allowed Marie Mancini to depart." The incident to which M. Filon alludes is, we believe, the following: Mademoiselle de Montijo, who was leaning on the arm of Colonel de Toulongeon, having passed in front of the wife of a high official, the latter gave vent to her ill-humor in some offensive words. Very much moved,

Mademoiselle de Montijo complained to Napoleon III. and made him understand that she could remain no longer in a court where she was treated in such a way. The Emperor answered her, "I will avenge you." And the next day he asked her in marriage. She was then living with her mother at No. 12 Vendôme place, on the first story, very near the Rhine Hôtel where Louis Napoleon was lodging when he was elected president of the Republic. The Place Vendôme had brought happiness to each.

January 3, there took place at Paris a ceremony calculated to touch the heart of the young girl whom the Emperor was about to take as his companion. Very Catholic, like nearly all Spaniards, it pleased Mademoiselle de Montijo to see the capital rendering homage to Sainte-Geneviève, and the solemnity which coincided with the Emperor's offer of marriage seemed a good omen to the future Empress. At nine o'clock in the morning, the relics of the patroness of Paris were taken in great pomp from the Metropolitan church, and carried through the most populous quarters of the capital, to resume the place they had formerly occupied under the vaulted roof of the Pantheon. The crowd pressed piously around the venerated reliquary. The basilica was chiefly occupied by working people, and their presence imparted a popular character to the ceremony. At the end of the Mass the Archbishop of Paris, mitred and holding the crosier, ascended the pulpit, and recalled the numerous vicissitudes en-

countered by France, and the temple restored by the Emperor to Catholic worship. "And now," said the archbishop, "sweet and glorious protectress of Paris, resume the place prepared for you on the summit of this mountain by the piety of fourteen centuries. The glory of to-day effaces the misfortunes of yesterday. Turn by your powerful intercession, turn from this capital, storms like those that have stricken it so often for more than half a century, since the day when impiety drove you from your tutelary throne. Then protect this Emperor, who repairs the insults of the past, and augments the glory of this sanctuary."

To religious festivals worldly fêtes very speedily succeeded. January 12, 1853, the grand balls of the Second Empire were inaugurated at the palace of the Tuileries. The guests all arrived at nine o'clock precisely. The reception-rooms of the palace had never been so brilliant. People went up the grand staircase and entered the vestibule of the gallery *des Travées*. The luminous emblem of Louis XIV. had been substituted for a heavy rosette which disfigured the ceiling, and around the emblem of the Sun-King M. Vauchelet had fitted in two medallions and four cameos representing Wisdom, Justice, Science, and Force, with their attributes. He had completed the decoration of the ceiling by a picture which represented Glory, holding a palm in one hand and a crown in the other. The guests crossed the gallery *des Travées*, then the gallery of Peace, where, over the chimney-piece, hung a portrait of

Napoleon III. on horseback, in the uniform of a general of division, painted by Charles Louis Müller. Next they entered the hall of the Marshals, entirely renovated by the architect Visconti. Four doors had formerly given entrance to it; but now two more had been opened, corresponding with the two principal façades of the château. The decoration of the vaulted ceiling had been entirely modified. Four arches had been disposed in full relief, the springs of which, resting against the four corners of the hall, were hidden by four great trophies, surmounted by eagles, and inscribed with the names of the victories gained by Napoleon in person. The hall contained full-length portraits of the fourteen oldest marshals of the great man and twenty-two busts of his generals.

The women wore magnificent costumes, and all the men were in uniform or court dress. "Strange thing!" wrote M. de Mazade, the chronicler of the fortnight in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* "how many men there were a few years ago, who made it a point of honor to defy etiquette and appear at court in democratic costume! It is no longer the same nowadays, and etiquette resumes its empire. We certainly do not complain because the great functionaries of the State give fêtes, because ceremonies have their pomps and regulations, and one must dress properly in order to appear at court. Very likely there are industries which are well content that people shall wear velvet, and silk stockings become in-

dispensable; but besides these external things, there is evidently a profounder task, which consists in leading society back to the cult of its own dignity; to the superiorities which make its strength; to the distinction which has established the influence of France in the world. This inner and profound task once accomplished, the transformation of manners and usages will follow its course. It will go as far as it can, and be arrested by the limits set by our time and modern life."

While the guests were reaching the hall of the Marshals, the sovereign left his apartment, and entered the salon of Louis XIV., likewise called the Emperor's cabinet. A copy of Lesueur's Olympus decorated the ceiling of this hall, which was adorned by three pictures: a superb portrait of the Great King, by Rigaud; a copy of Gérard's celebrated canvas, representing the Duc d'Anjou (Philippe V.) receiving the Spanish ambassadors at Versailles; and, finally, a composition by Mignard, which represented Anne of Austria giving instructions to her young son, Louis XIV. Napoleon III. afterwards passed through the throne-room, which had just been splendidly restored. The canopy of the throne was surmounted by an eagle with outspread wings. The draperies of crimson velvet, sown with golden bees and bordered with laurel leaves, were attached by rich bands to two candelabras, of which the extremities supported a globe and a crown. A platform, raised on three circular steps, upheld the throne, the

pedestal of which formed a footstool. This throne had been used on a solemn occasion, — the crowning of Napoleon I. On the background of the draperies, surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel, appeared the imperial escutcheon, embroidered in gold, accompanied by the hand of justice, the sceptre of Charlemagne, the insignia of the Legion of Honor, and surmounted by a helmet and a crown.

Leaving the throne-room, the Emperor passed through the hall of Apollo, so called because the panel at the farther end represented Apollo surrounded by the Nine Muses, and then entered the white salon (designated afterwards as the salon of the First Consul), where the members of his family, the officers of his household, the diplomatic corps, the ministers, and the great dignitaries were waiting for him. The pictures, the gildings, the cameos of Nicolas Loyr had just been restored, and fourteen Boule cabinets, supporting very costly objects of art, adorned the intermediate spaces. In this salon of Apollo the presentations were made and the sovereign's cortège formed. A decree of January 10 had just regulated the rank of princes and princesses related to the Emperor but forming no part of the imperial family; the decree decided that these princes and princesses should take precedence immediately after the diplomatic corps when united in a body, and after the ambassadors when the diplomatic corps should not be thus united. A great many foreigners of distinction were presented by the

ambassadors and heads of legations. Then, at half-past nine o'clock, an usher cried, "The Emperor!" and Napoleon III. entered the hall of the Marshals as the orchestra struck up the air of *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by Queen Hortense. The Emperor wore the uniform of a general of division, with white cashmere knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. The chamberlains had scarlet frock coats, the equerries green ones, the masters of ceremonies violet with gold ornaments, while those of the orderly officers were light blue, embroidered in silver, with shoulder knots. Several rows of benches for women surrounded the hall of the Marshals. In the middle, on a slightly raised platform, was a large armchair for the Emperor. The chamberlains formed and maintained the circle reserved for dancing, and the ball opened with a quadrille of honor, which Napoleon III. danced with the ambassadress of England, Lady Cowley. He danced another quadrille with Mademoiselle de Montijo, whose resplendent beauty and extreme elegance excited general admiration. Of all the women present she was assuredly the most beautiful, but no one suspected that before the end of the month she would reign as sovereign in this palace, where she was still only an invited guest.

It was not Mademoiselle de Montijo, but the ambassadress of England, whom the Emperor led to supper in the theatre of the château, where four hundred ladies took their places. This theatre,

which adjoined the pavilion of Marsan in the body of the building which is now torn down, occupied the whole width and height of the palace. Built on a part of the site of the former machine-room and the site of the Convention, its grandiose proportions and the richness of its decorations gave it a fairy-like aspect. Filled with flowers, inundated with lights, it was a frame well adapted to bring out such beauty as that of Mademoiselle de Montijo.

Everything shone in this first ball of the Second Empire: the prestige of a new government, the return to monarchical pomps and elegance, the dazzling toilettes, the new uniforms all embroidered with gold and silver. There was a sort of apotheosis at the Tuileries. Doubtless no one thought of the dismal souvenirs inseparable from this fatal abode. Did any one reflect that evening that Louis XVI. had worn the bonnet-rouge in the salon of Apollo? Who dreamed then of the 20th of June and the 10th of August, 1792, of the Committee of Public Safety sitting in the pavilion of Flora, of the tumultuous and sinister sessions of the Convention, of the invasion of the château by the populace in 1830 and 1848, of Louis Philippe's throne broken in pieces and then delivered to the flames? The guests forgot the past, and no one dreaded the future. With what stupefaction would they not have been struck had some prophet of misfortune come to predict the fate reserved for this brilliant, radiant theatre where they were supping so gayly and pleasantly! And

Mademoiselle de Montijo, how she would have shuddered could she have foreseen the state in which she would find this supper-room in 1870, at the beginning of the fatal war! Then she would install an ambulance there. Instead of operatic decorations, foliage, flowers, rich vessels, dazzling lights, crowds of courtiers, the aspect and atmosphere of a hospital, the doctors, the surgeons, the wounded, the dying! Instead of the joyous sounds of the orchestra, cries of agony and the death rattle! Instead of women loaded with jewels, sisters of charity with their white cornettes! During the ball of January 12, 1853, while all the candelabras, all the sconces of the Tuileries were shedding such vivid lights, who could have caught a glimpse in the future of gleams more glowing still: the conflagration of 1871? But away with dismal forebodings, and let us return to the epoch when the young Empire, full of hope and confidence in itself, fancied that it had made a pact with happiness.

CHAPTER XLV

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE MARRIAGE

PEOPLE did not begin talking of the Emperor's marriage until after the Tuileries ball. Madame the Marquise de Contades (now Comtesse de Beaulaincourt) wrote to her father, Marshal Castellane, January 16, 1853: "You must hear, even so far away, the echo of the rumors of Paris, where nothing is talked of but the marriage of the Emperor and Mademoiselle de Montijo. Eh! well, between ourselves, that might happen. The Emperor has conceived a very violent passion for her, and he seems to me to take the thing quite in earnest. As for her, she conducts herself with reserve and dignity. From the political point of view this marriage seems at first glance to have inconveniences; but if it does not take place, it is more than probable that the Emperor will not marry at all, seeing that his repugnance to marriage up to now has been but too well proven, and that certain old *English chains*, which are still very near, and which are the terror of those who love him, may restrain him." Speaking of Mademoiselle de Montijo, the Marquise de Contades added: "This young girl is pretty, good,

and witty; and along with this I believe she has much energy and nobility of soul. I have been watching her a good deal of late and I have observed nothing but what is good."

At the same time, Marshal Castellane's other daughter, the Comtesse de Hatzfeld, wife of the Prussian minister at Paris, wrote to her father: "They are talking in the city of the Emperor's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montijo; this news needs confirmation. If it is true, he will at least have a beautiful wife; that is something for him. It means preferment by choice."

The Marshal, who was then commanding the army of Lyons, responded: "For my part, I am glad of it. I hardly suspected when Madame her mother came to me at Perpignan, July 29, 1834, leading her and her sister by the hand, for she had two little girls with her and a little boy named Paco, that she would be Empress of the French one day. The Comtesse de Montijo was then fleeing from Spain, and I gave her letters of recommendation to our relatives in Toulouse. I find her described in my notes of the period as between thirty and thirty-five years old, tall, fine looking still, and with a remarkable mind. Madame de Montijo was very kind when I saw her again in 1849, with her daughter Eugénie. In Mademoiselle de Montijo the Emperor will have a very beautiful, very intelligent, and, I think, a very good wife. Madame de Montijo will have realized a fine dream."

The rumors concerning the Emperor's betrothal still encountered many unbelievers until the following lines were published in the *Moniteur* of January 19, 1853: "The bureau of the Senate, the bureau of the Corps Législatif, and the members of the Council of State will meet on Saturday at the Tuileries to receive a communication from the Emperor in relation to his marriage. The members of the Senate and the Corps Législatif may join their colleagues." Thenceforward all Paris knew that Napoleon III. was affianced to Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba. The news occasioned surprise, but in general men of feeling received it sympathetically and appreciated the noble and chivalric sentiments which had inspired the Emperor's resolve. If there were adverse criticisms, they proceeded from statesmen who would have desired a princess of royal or imperial blood for Napoleon III. They came especially from a small group of coquettish and ambitious women, who, jealous already of the striking beauty of Mademoiselle de Montijo, could not see her elevated to the supreme rank without a spiteful pang. But these murmurs were stifled by the great voice of the masses, always affected by thoughts springing from the heart; and the speech delivered by Napoleon III. appealed to popular sensibility. This discourse, at once reasonable and sentimental, full of familiar ideas and romantic aspirations, captivated the French nation and found an immense echo throughout the world.

At noon on Saturday, January 22, the three great constituent bodies assembled in the throne-room of the Tuileries to listen to the communication from the sovereign. Standing in front of the throne, with King Jérôme on his right and Prince Napoleon on his left, he read the following discourse in a vibrant and emphatic voice: —

"Gentlemen, I comply with the wish so often manifested by the country, by coming to announce to you my marriage.

"The union which I contract is not in accord with the political traditions of ancient times; therein lies its advantage. (*Sensation.*)

"France, by its successive revolutions, has been rudely separated from the rest of Europe; all judicious government should seek its return to the pale of the ancient monarchies; but this result will be much more surely attained by a frank and upright policy, by loyal transactions, than by royal alliances, which create false securities and often substitute family interests for those of the nation. Moreover, the examples of the past have left superstitious beliefs in the minds of the people; they have not forgotten that for the last seventy years foreign princesses have ascended the steps of the throne only to see their offspring scattered by war or revolution. (*Profound sensation.*) One woman alone has seemed to bring happiness and to live longer than others in the people's memory, and this woman, the good and modest wife of General Bonaparte, was not the issue

of royal blood." This homage paid to his grandmother, the Empress Josephine, was greeted with applause and cries of "Long live the Emperor."

"Yet it must be recognized," added Napoleon III., "that in 1810 the marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise was a great event: it was a pledge of the future, a real satisfaction for the national pride, since people beheld the ancient and illustrious house of Austria, which had so long made war upon us, seeking an alliance with the elected chief of a new empire." There was great tact in this allusion to the Empress Marie Louise. Perhaps that which the Emperor made afterwards to the Princess Hélène de Mecklenburg-Schwerin, widow of the Duc d'Orléans, was less opportune. "Under the last reign, on the contrary, was not the self-love of the country wounded when the heir of the crown vainly solicited during many years the alliance of a sovereign family, and obtained in the end a princess who was doubtless accomplished, but only of secondary rank and of a different religion?" Many persons thought that Napoleon III. would have done better not to mention an unfortunate princess who was still living and suffering from an unjust exile.

On the other hand, the following passage was greeted with enthusiasm: "When, in face of old Europe, one is carried by the force of a new principle to the height of the ancient dynasties, it is not by attributing age to his blazon and seeking at any cost to introduce himself into the family of kings that he

makes himself acceptable. Far rather is it by always remembering his origin, by preserving his own character, and frankly taking the position of a new-comer in the face of Europe, a glorious title when one arrives by the free suffrages of a great people. (*Unanimous applause.*)

"Thus, obliged to deviate from the precedents followed up to this day, my marriage was simply a private matter. There remained only the choice of the person."

Here the Emperor expressed with emotion all his affection for his betrothed: "She who has become the object of my preference is of lofty birth. French by education, by the memory of the blood shed by her father for the cause of the Empire, she has as a Spaniard the advantage of having no family in France to which honors and dignities must be given. Gifted with all the qualities of the soul, she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the hour of danger she would become one of its courageous supporters. Catholic and pious, she will address to Heaven the same prayers that I do for the welfare of France; gracious and good, she will, in the same position, I firmly hope, renew the virtues of the Empress Josephine."

Happily for Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie was much more virtuous than Josephine. One excuses a grandson for praising, possibly with exaggeration, a grandmother who, in spite of excellent qualities, did not possess all the "virtues," and the

phrase about the first wife of Napoleon I. was received with applause.

The Emperor terminated his discourse by these really eloquent words: "I come then, gentlemen, to say to France: I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to an unknown person, the advantages of an alliance with whom would be mingled with sacrifices. Without showing disdain for any one, I yield to my inclination, but after consulting my reason and my convictions. Finally, in placing independence, the qualities of the heart, family happiness, above dynastic prejudices, I shall not be less strong, because I shall be more free. Very soon, in betaking myself to Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and the army; the confidence they have in me will assure their sympathy for her whom I have chosen, and you, gentlemen, in learning to know her, will be convinced that this time also I have been inspired by Providence."

Seldom do words springing from the heart fail to move an audience. When the Emperor had concluded his discourse, it was replied to by unanimous and sincere applause.

For several days the approaching marriage of the sovereign was the only theme of conversation in Paris. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. de Mazade summed up the general impression very well in these lines: "There are events which as soon as they occur have the singular privilege of eclipsing all others and of creating diversions in political affairs

even while linking themselves to the general course of things. People talk about them, comment on them; for some days they become the inexhaustible aliment of conversation. Doubtless this is explainable by their importance, and also because on some side or other they address themselves to the imagination, — the imagination which has played so great a rôle in our history. The Emperor's marriage is certainly one of these events. But a few days since it was not thought of at all. The Emperor has acted as he often does, surprising those who ought to be or might be the most prescient, disconcerting them perhaps as much by the rapidity of his resolutions as by the secrecy of his private deliberations, and suddenly lifting, by the mere fact of his station, a private act of his own will to the level of a political event. . . . A new path opens for the brilliant Spanish woman, linked at this moment to the Empire, and is not the same path opened for French society as a whole?"

As soon as the Emperor had announced his betrothal to the great bodies of the State, Madame de Montijo and her daughter quitted their apartment in Place Vendôme and installed themselves in the Elysée palace, where they were to remain until Sunday, January 30, the date fixed for the celebration of the religious marriage at Notre Dame. Until then the Emperor made daily visits to the Elysée, where he paid his court to his betrothed and carried her bouquets. The historic souvenirs attaching to

this charming palace are not all of good omen. It was from the Elysée that Napoleon I. started for Waterloo. It was to the Elysée that he returned to sign, in cruel anguish, his second abdication. It was from the Elysée that the Duc de Berry went out, February 13, 1820, to fall on the threshold of the Opéra beneath an assassin's poniard. But no one was thinking now of these sinister pages of history. Mademoiselle de Montijo was especially remembering that since 1848 the Elysée had brought good fortune to her betrothed, that he was installed there after his election to the presidency of the Republic, and that there, overcoming the greatest difficulties, he had prepared the Empire.

People read in the *Moniteur* of January 27: "This morning, at ten o'clock, Monseigneur the Bishop of Nancy, first almoner to the Emperor, celebrated Mass in the Elysée chapel, in the presence of His Majesty and Her Excellency the Comtesse de Teba (the official name borne by Mademoiselle de Montijo from the announcement of her betrothal to the celebration of her marriage). His Majesty and Her Excellency received Holy Communion from the hand of His Grandeur."

Napoleon III., in spite of his youthful errors, had always respected religion and believed the Christian verities. Like all men who form a marriage of inclination, he was sincere in promising God and himself to be always faithful to the companion whom his heart had chosen. Convinced that the greatest

happiness of life is in love legitimately shared, he thanked Heaven on finding that his betrothed loved and understood him. Never had he felt so happy at any period of his existence. On her side, Mademoiselle de Montijo, touched by the affection she inspired, joined herself from the depths of her soul to all the sentiments and all the hopes of the Emperor. Very devoted to the Catholic Church, she longed above all things that her husband should merit the name of "Most Christian Majesty."

On the eve of ascending the throne, the *fiancée* had a charitable inspiration which pleased the Parisians. On January 28, at the opening of the session of the Municipal Council at the Hôtel de Ville, the prefect of the Seine read a letter addressed to him by Mademoiselle de Montijo as soon as she learned that the Council had determined to present her with a set of diamonds. This letter ran as follows: "Mr. Prefect, I am much affected on learning the generous decision of the Municipal Council of Paris, which thus displays its sympathetic adhesion to the union the Emperor is contracting. Nevertheless, I experience a painful sentiment when I think that the first public act attaching to my name at the moment of the marriage is to be a considerable expense for the city of Paris. Permit me then not to accept your gift, however flattering to me; you would make me happier by employing in charity the sum you have fixed upon for the purchase of the ornaments the Municipal Council wished to offer me. I desire

that my marriage shall not be the occasion of any new expense to the country to which I belong henceforward, and the sole thing I aspire to is to share with the Emperor the love and esteem of the French people. I beg you, Mr. Prefect, to express all my gratitude to the Council, and to receive for yourself the assurance of my distinguished consideration. Eugénie, Comtesse de Teba. Elysée Palace, January 26, 1853."

Moved by this simple and noble letter, the Municipal Council unanimously agreed that in conformity with the intentions of the future sovereign, the sum of six hundred thousand francs, which had been destined for the purchase of a set of jewels, should be employed in founding an establishment where poor young girls should receive a professional education, and which they would leave only when provided with suitable positions. This establishment was to bear the name of the Empress and be placed under her protection.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE CIVIL MARRIAGE

THE civil marriage was celebrated at the Tuileries on Saturday, January 29, 1853. At eight o'clock in the evening the Duc de Cambacérès, grand master of ceremonies, went to the Elysée palace with two escorted carriages, to seek the Emperor's betrothed and conduct her to the Tuileries. The first carriage was occupied by two ladies of the palace and the master of ceremonies; the second received Mademoiselle de Montijo, her mother, the Marquis de Valdegamas, Minister of Spain at Paris, and the Duc de Cambacérès. The cortège entered the château by the gate of the pavilion of Flora. The Duc de Bassano, grand chamberlain, Marshal de Saint-Armand, grand equerry, Colonel Fleury, first equerry, two chamberlains, and the orderly officers on duty were awaiting the imperial betrothed at the foot of the staircase. At the entrance of the first salon she found Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, and all passed on to the family salon. The first chamberlain announced the arrival of his affianced to the sovereign. The Emperor, surrounded by his uncle, King Jérôme, the members of his family whom

he had designated,—Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Murat, Princess Bacciochi Camerata, Princess Lucien Murat, the cardinals, marshals, admirals, secretaries of state, great officers of the crown, officers of his civil and military households, French ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary on furlough,—appeared in the uniform of a general of division, with the collar of the Legion of Honor worn by Napoleon I., and the collar of the Golden Fleece which had belonged to the Emperor Charles V. He came forward to meet the Comtesse de Teba, and at nine o'clock the cortège moved toward the hall of the Marshals, where the civil marriage was to be performed.

At the back of the splendidly lighted hall, in front of the embrasure of the window giving on the garden, two precisely similar armchairs had been placed on an estrade, the one on the right for the Emperor, the other for his betrothed. On the right King Jérôme and Prince Napoleon took their places, on the left the Princesse Mathilde, the Comtesse de Montijo, the Spanish minister, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Murat, Princess Bacciochi, and Princess Murat. On the left side of the estrade, and below it, was a table on which lay the register of the civil condition of the imperial family, going back to the reign of Napoleon I. The first act recorded in it, dated March 2, 1806, is the adoption of Prince Eugène as son of the Emperor and Viceroy of Italy.

The last act, immediately preceding the marriage act of Napoleon III., is that of the birth of the King of Rome, dated March 20, 1811. M. Achille Fould, Minister of State, and of the Emperor's household, acting as officer of the civil State, and assisted by M. Baroche, president of the Council of State, stood beside the table. The first bench was reserved for the wives of the ministers and great officers of the crown, and the widows of great dignitaries of the First Empire and of marshals and admirals of France. All the women rose on the entry of the Emperor and the future Empress, and remained standing, as did all the spectators, until the close of the ceremony. The Duc de Cambacérès, having invited M. Achille Fould to present himself in front of the Emperor's armchair with M. Baroche, the betrothed couple rose, and the following words were exchanged between them and the Minister of State: —

"Sire, does Your Majesty declare that he takes in marriage Her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, here present?"

"I declare that I take in marriage Her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, here present."

"Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, does Your Excellency declare that she takes in marriage His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III., here present?"

"I declare that I take in marriage His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, here present."

The Minister of State then pronounced the marriage in these terms: "In the name of the Emperor, of the Constitution and of the Law, I declare that His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the national will, and Her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, are united in marriage."

After these words had been pronounced, the masters and aids of ceremonies took up the table on which lay the civil register, and placed it in front of the armchairs of the Emperor and Empress. Then they proceeded to the signing of the act, the preamble of which was thus worded: "We, Achille Fould, Minister of State and of the Emperor's household, and Pierre-Jules Baroche, president of the Council of State, notified by the grand master of ceremonies, have presented ourselves before the Throne, with intent to proceed, in virtue of the sealed letter herein below transcribed, to the ceremony of marriage between the Emperor Napoleon III., born in Paris, April 20, 1808, and Her Excellency Marie-Eugénie Guzman y Palafox Fernandez de Cordova, Leyva y la Cerda, Comtesse de Teba, de Banos, de Mora, de Santa-Cruz, de la Sierra, Marquise de Moya de Ardalles de Osera, Vicomtesse de la Calzada, etc., grandee of Spain of the first class, born in Grenada, May 5, 1826, daughter of His Excellency Cipriano Porto-Carrero y Palafox, Comte de Montijo, Duc de Penaranda, Marquis de Valderravano, Vicomte de Palacios de la Valduerna,

Baron de Quinto, etc., grand marshal of Castile, grandee of Spain of the first class, chevalier of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem and of the Legion of Honor, who died at Madrid, March 15, 1839, and of the Comtesse de Montijo and de Miranda, Duchesse de Penaranda, grandee of Spain of the first class, honorary grand mistress of Her Majesty the Queen of the Spains, dame of the order of the noble dames of Mademoiselle Louise and dame of the Society of Honor and Merit, Her Excellency Eugénie Guzman, Comtesse de Teba, being authorized by Her Excellency the Comtesse de Montijo, her mother, and assisted by His Excellency the Marquis de Valdegamas, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Her Majesty Isabella II., Queen of the Spains."

On the request of the grand master of ceremonies, the president of the Council of State presented the pen to the Emperor, and then to the Empress. Their Majesties signed it sitting, without leaving their places. The Comtesse de Montijo, the princes and princesses, the Spanish minister, afterwards received the pen from the hands of the president of the Council of State, and approaching the table signed according to their rank. Then the other persons designated by the Emperor affixed their signatures, and, the act being terminated, the Duc de Cambacérès announced to Their Majesties the close of the ceremony. The spectators, to whom were added a large number of invited guests, then repaired to the Palace Theatre. A few moments

later Their Majesties, accompanied by the princes and princesses, ministers, foreign ambassadors, and great officers of the crown, made their entry into this hall, where, in their presence, a cantata was sung for which Auber had composed the music.

The Empress was afterwards reconducted to the Elysée with the same ceremonial observed for her arrival at the Tuileries. Thenceforward she was to be treated as a sovereign. The *Moniteur* of January 26 had already made known the formation of her household, which was composed as follows: grand mistress, the Princesse d'Essling; lady of honor, the Duchesse de Bassano; ladies of the palace, the Comtesse Gustave de Montebello, Madame Feray, the Vicomtesse de Lezay-Marnesia, the Baronne de Pierres, the Baronne de Malaret; grand master, General Comte Tascher de la Pagerie; chamberlain, the Vicomte de Lezay-Marnesia; equerry, the Baron de Pierres.

The religious marriage, which was to be celebrated at Notre Dame the day after the civil marriage, was to be one of those solemnities with which the whole world concerns itself. Since the betrothal of the Emperor had been known, all the journals of Europe were full of comments on the resolution he had taken.

We will cite some extracts from journals published in two countries, to whose opinion Napoleon III. attached special importance, — England and Spain: —

The *Standard:* "The Emperor Napoleon has at

last concluded to marry. His Majesty being now at the mature age of forty-five, no one can say that his marriage is hastily undertaken; and his betrothed being young, beautiful, amiable, and of spotless reputation, such a union cannot be described as imprudent. . . . We think the conduct of the Emperor of the French a good one to imitate. We think that in taking a wife whom he loves for herself, he has obtained guaranties of happiness, and that it is the best example he could give to the people who have chosen him as their chief."

The *Morning Post:* "Napoleon is inspired by love, and for almost the first time since less civilized periods, we see a potentate elevate to the throne a woman not of royal blood. Romance has carried the day against policy. . . . There is a tinge of independence in this which cannot fail to please the French nation. For ourselves, we are glad of it. Experience has thus far proved that Napoleon has followed nothing but his own impulsion, and we think he will persist in that line. The marriage will give the nation new hopes; it will create a new tie between the Emperor and his people; it will add a new consideration to his court."

The *Globe:* "We think the Emperor's marriage appeals more favorably to public opinion in England than any event of his career."

The *Times:* "We shall speak of the future Empress of the French with all the deference due to her, for it is impossible to have remarked the

attractions of her person, the distinction of her manners, and the vivacity of her mind (as many of us have been able to do in her visits to England), without taking a more than ordinary interest in her extraordinary destiny. . . . By birth she combines the energy of the Spanish and Scottish races, and if our opinion of her is correct, she is made not merely to adorn the throne, but to defend it in the hour of danger."

The *Morning Herald:* "Napoleon III. has appealed to honest hearts and the universal conscience. His people will not leave him because they see at his side a beautiful, gracious, and courageous Empress, whom he marries for reasons which all men respect at the bottom of their hearts."

The same note is struck in the majority of the European journals. The imagination of the public was impressed, and as Napoleon I. had said: "It is imagination which governs the world."

The Spanish journals manifested a satisfaction blended with a sentiment of patriotism. In the *Heraldo* of Madrid, of January 25, one reads: "The French mail brings us very important news. . . . She who is about to assume the crown as Empress is one of the most distinguished women of Madrilene society: the Comtesse de Teba, daughter of the Comtesse de Montijo, and sister of the Duchesse d'Albe, she is as remarkable for beauty as for wit, and has been known by all Madrid since her childhood."

The *España*, of January 26, thus expressed itself: "It is a Spanish woman who is going to impart to the throne of a great nation the lustre of her grace. The Comtesse de Teba, who charmed us by her affability, and was the ornament of our reunions, is about to assume the purple of the Cæsars, and share the destiny of him who is at once the heir of the man of the century and the conqueror of anarchy. It is our sympathetic compatriot who is chosen to reign on the social heights of a great people. It is the bright and witty Spanish woman who is to preside over the development of the sciences, arts, industries, and civilization in France. At this moment we envy Spaniards who reside in Paris; we doubt not that on seeing our fair compatriot amid the solemn pomps of the august ceremony, they will be proud, finding her worthy of the majesty of the throne. . . . The lustre of a throne, however brilliant, will not eclipse the lustre of Marie-Eugénie's eyes, and the fortune which is crowning her with its gifts will not alter the noble serenity of her heart. For the glory of our country, we express the wish, and have the firm expectation, that the former pearl of Castilian aristocracy will be the best of Frenchwomen."

All nations sent the new Empress the homage of their sympathy and admiration. No woman, for many years, had attracted general attention to so great a degree, and never had beauty won so great a triumph.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE MARRIAGE AT NOTRE DAME

ON Sunday, January 30, 1853, all Paris is *en fête*. A clear sky, a spring-like temperature, favor the ceremony in preparation. An innumerable population is thronging to every point which the imperial procession is to pass: the Carrousel, the court of the Louvre, the rue de Rivoli, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the quai Gesvres, the bridge of Notre Dame, the quai Napoléon, the rue d'Arcole, the space in front of the cathedral. Two squadrons of guides are drawn up in battle array in the court of the Tuileries. On the Place du Carrousel appear in serried columns a brigade of cuirassiers, a brigade of carbineers, a squadron of the gendarmerie of the Seine. The national guard and the army form a double line from the palace of the Tuileries to Notre Dame. Bodies of working men from Paris and its outskirts, deputations of young girls dressed in white, old soldiers of the First Empire, are grouped already along the line of the procession. The Place du Louvre, the rue de Rivoli, the Hôtel de Ville, the wharves, are decked with masts, pennants, panoplies, and escutcheons bearing the monogram of the Emperor and Empress.

It is half-past eleven o'clock. Two court carriages, escorted by a picket of cavalry, go to seek the bride and conduct her from the Elysée to the Tuileries. In one of them are seated the Princesse d'Essling, grand mistress of her household, the Duchesse de Bassano, her lady of honor, the Comte Charles Tascher de la Pagerie, her first chamberlain; in the other the Empress, the Comtesse de Montijo, and the General Comte Tascher de la Pagerie, grand master of Her Majesty's household. Her equerry, Baron de Pierres, rides on horseback beside her carriage.

At noon the cannon of the Invalides thunder joyous salvos, the clarions sound, the drums beat a salute. It is the moment when the sovereign arrives at the Tuileries by the gate of the pavilion of Flora. She alights from the carriage in front of the pavilion of the Horloge, on whose threshold she finds the grand chamberlain, the grand equerry, the first equerry, four chamberlains, and the orderly officers on duty. Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde are awaiting her at the foot of the grand staircase. She ascends its steps and crosses the gallery of Peace, the hall of the Marshals, the white salon, the salon of Apollo, the throne-room. Accompanied by King Jérôme, the ministers, marshals, and admirals, the grand marshal of the palace and the grand master of the hounds, Napoleon III. advances beyond the salon of the Emperor to meet the Empress, leads her into this salon, and giving her his hand, appears on the balcony with her. Both are received with immense applause.

Carriages are ranging in line before the pavilion of the Horloge. Now the procession begins its march. It is preceded by the band of the 7th lancers, the staff of the national guard, the mounted national guard, a squadron of the 7th lancers, the staff of the army of Paris and of the first military division, the staff of the place of Paris, a mounted platoon from the staff school, the 7th lancers, the band of the 12th dragoons. Next come the two-horse carriages: those of the household of the Princesse Mathilde, the Empress's ladies of the palace, her first chamberlain, the officers of the Emperor's civil household, the secretaries of state. Then three carriages drawn by six horses: that containing the grand marshal of the palace, the grand chamberlain, the grand master of ceremonies, the grand master of the Emperor's household, and the lady of honor; that of the Princesse Mathilde and the Comtesse de Montijo; that of King Jérôme and Prince Napoleon (which is the coach used in 1811 for the baptism of the King of Rome).

Now comes, preceded by a squadron of guides and the general officers not provided with commands, all on horseback, in white pantaloons and military boots, the eight-horse carriage; that of the Emperor and the Empress. It is the magnificently gilded coach, surmounted by an imperial crown, which, on December 2, 1804, conveyed Napoleon and Josephine to Notre Dame for the ceremony of the coronation. The marshal of France, grand equerry, and the general commandant superior of the national guard of

Paris ride on the right-hand side of the carriage; the marshal of France, grand master of the hounds, on the left. The Emperor's aides-de-camp, equerries, and orderly officers escort the carriage, the aides-de-camp on a line with the horses, the equerries on a line with the hind wheels, the orderly officers behind.

The procession had just begun to move when an accident occurred which might be considered an unlucky omen. General Fleury gives this account of it in his Memoirs: "At the moment when the carriage which conveyed Their Majesties left the arch of the Tuileries, the imperial crown that surmounted it became detached and fell to the ground. It was necessary to replace it as quickly as possible and to suspend the march. This could not be done without creating a certain sensation. An old servitor of the First Empire pointed out that the same thing had occurred under precisely the same conditions at the time of the marriage of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. It was the same carriage, surmounted by the same imperial crown, and it was the same accident. Napoleon III. inquired the reason of this delay. When I explained it to him, his impassive countenance betrayed, as usual, no emotion. But in any other circumstance, he, who knew the history of the Empire as if he had been part of it, would not have failed to tell me what happened at the time of the marriage of Napoleon I."

To come back to the ceremony of January 30, 1853. After the imperial carriage came a squadron

of guides, the 6th and 7th cuirassiers, the 1st and 2d carbineers, a squadron of the gendarmerie of the Seine, and a squadron of the municipal guard.

Mingled with the crowd in the court of the Louvre, I saw the procession pass. Seen through the windows of the glittering carriage, the Empress appeared an ideal being. Her pallor enhanced her sculpturesque profile. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by this sweet and radiant image. A nameless presentiment told me that like all incomparably beautiful women, like Cleopatra, like Mary Stuart, like Marie Antoinette, this admirable sovereign was destined to calamities as exceptional as her fortune and her beauty. I asked God to bless the Empress, to remove the chalice of bitterness from her lips, and not to make her some day expiate immense joys by immense sorrows.

The dazzling vision had gone by. The procession was pursuing its route amid acclamations. It passed through the rue de Rivoli, which had just been finished and resembled a triumphal road. Women waved their handkerchiefs and scattered flowers; the soldiers and the national guard presented arms. There was an ovation at the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. At one o'clock the sounding of trumpets and the acclamations of the people announced that the cortège had just arrived at Notre Dame.

In front of the portal a gothic porch had been erected, the panels of which represented the saints and kings of France. The two principal pilasters

upheld equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Napoleon. Nine green banners, sown with bees, with the monogram of the Emperor and Empress, floated above the great windows and the rose window in the middle. The flags of eighty-six departments overhung the balustrade of the great gallery. Four eagles and two tricolored banners looked down from the summit of the towers. The Archbishop of Paris, with mitre and crosier, preceded and followed by his clergy, had moved processionally beneath the portal. The great door opened, and the Emperor, giving his hand to the Empress, made his entry into the cathedral under a dais of red velvet lined with white satin, an orchestra of five hundred musicians executing a nuptial march meanwhile. In crossing the threshold of the ancient basilica where so many generations had kneeled, the Empress turned pale. The dazzling perspective of the cathedral, lighted by fifteen thousand candles, with its pillars hung to their capitals with red velvet bordered with golden palms, seemed to her a mystical, supernatural apparition. Advancing as in a celestial dream, with her trained robe of white satin, her cincture of diamonds, her diadem wreathed with orange blossoms from which fell a lace veil which enveloped her like a cloud and fell to the very ground, the gentle and majestic sovereign experienced an emotion which communicated itself to all the spectators. There was something so tender and so frightened in her glance. Timid, and as if doubtful of herself, modest

and seeming all astonished at her triumph, she appeared to be asking envy and hatred to spare her. She was imploring the affection of her new country. She was like an august suppliant.

Two seats had been placed in the middle of the transept, one for the Emperor, the other for the Empress. The imperial arms were embroidered on the backs of the armchairs, the kneeling-benches, and the cushions. Above the platform rose a magnificent canopy, sown with bees, and surmounted by a gilt eagle with outstretched wings. At the foot of the platform, on the right, chairs had been reserved for Prince Jérôme, Prince Napoleon, and the Princesse Mathilde. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Murat, the Princesse Bacciochi Camerata, the Princesse Lucien Murat, and the Comtesse de Montijo occupied faldstools on the left. The ministers were placed on the right of the transept in front of the tribune of the Senate. On the left side of the altar sat the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and members of the metropolitan chapter. The husband and wife sat down on the two armchairs. The grand mistress of the Empress's household, her lady of honor, and her ladies of the palace took their places on a bench behind her. The great officers and the officers of the Emperor's household remained standing, as did the grand master of the Empress's household, her first chamberlain, and her equerry.

The emotion of the Empress constantly increased. General Tascher de la Pagerie, who was behind her

throughout the ceremony, thought several times that she was going to faint, and heard the Emperor trying to strengthen her with tender words.

Notified by the Duc de Cambacérès, the Archbishop of Paris bowed to Their Majesties, who went forward to the foot of the altar and stood there, holding each other by the hand. "You present yourselves here," the archbishop said to them, "to contract marriage in the presence of Holy Church?" They replied, "Yes, sir." The first almoner of the Emperor then presented on a silver-gilt plate the gold pieces and the nuptial ring to the archbishop, who blessed them, and the following words were exchanged between the prelate and the married pair:—

"Sire, you declare, you recognize before God and His Holy Church that you now take for wife and legitimate spouse Madame Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, here present?"

"Yes, sir."

"You promise to observe fidelity to her in all things, as a faithful husband should to his wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Madame, you declare, you recognize and swear before God and His Holy Church that you now take for your husband and legitimate spouse the Emperor Napoleon III., here present?"

"Yes, sir."

"You promise and swear to observe fidelity to him in all things, as a faithful wife should to her husband, according to the commandment of God?"

"Yes, sir."

The archbishop then presented the gold pieces and the ring to the Emperor, who first gave the pieces to the Empress, saying, "Receive the sign of the matrimonial conventions made between you and me;" then, placing the ring on her finger, he said, "I give you this ring in token of the marriage we are contracting."

Then the spouses kneeled down, and the archbishop, extending his hand over them, pronounced the sacramental formula and the prayer: *God of Abraham, God of Isaac.* They afterwards returned to their armchairs and the Mass began. The *Credo* chanted was that of Cherubini's Coronation Mass. The wax candles of the offertory were presented to the Emperor by Prince Napoleon and to the Empress by the Princesse Mathilde. The musicians executed the *Sanctus* of Adolphe Adam's Mass, the *O Salutaris* of Cherubini's and the *Domine Salvum fac Imperatorem* instrumented by Auber. The Mass being ended, Lesueur's *Te Deum* was chanted. At this moment, the archbishop, accompanied by the curé of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, the parish church of the Tuileries, approached the married pair and presented the register on which was written the act of the religious marriage, for their signatures. The witnesses for the Emperor were Prince Jérôme and Prince Napoleon, and for the Empress, the Marquis de Valdegamas, Minister of Her Catholic Majesty at Paris, the Duc d'Ossuna, and the Marquis de Bed-

mar, grandees of Spain, the Comte de Galve, and General Alvarez Toledo.

The religious ceremony was ended. Old people who had been present since the beginning of the century at the great solemnities of Notre Dame, said that neither the Empress Josephine on the day of her coronation nor the Duchesse de Berry on the day her marriage had had an *éclat* comparable to that of the Empress Eugénie.

The archbishop and his metropolitan chapter reconducted the spouses to the portal of the cathedral, five hundred musicians executing, meanwhile, the *Urbs Beata* of Lesueur. The procession reformed on the parvis of Notre Dame, and the return to the Tuileries was effected amidst cordial acclamations.

The route followed was the rue d'Arcole, the quai Napoléon, the quai aux Fleurs, the Pont au Change, the quays on the right bank, the Place de la Concorde, the garden of the Tuileries, where the married pair found corporations of working men and deputations of young girls in white, with banners at their head, who offered them flowers. They reentered the château by the pavilion of the Horloge. Then they made a turn in a carriage round the Place du Carrousel, where the troops were massed, and were received with unanimous *vivats*. Then they ascended the grand staircase, went to the hall of the Marshals, and showed themselves successively on the two balconies, the one giving on the court, the other on the garden. Those who then saw the Empress saluting

the crowd will never forget what elegance and affability, what grace and majesty, were in that salute. In casting a long look of exquisite and penetrating sweetness upon the surging crowd, and bowing in a manner at once so imposing and so modest, the new sovereign seemed to be saying to the army and the people, "Love me and protect me." So terminated this day of triumph and of apotheosis of which the Empress Eugénie was reminded in the hour when she quitted the château of the Tuileries forever.

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